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IG-ZAG JOURNEYS

IN THE

BRITISH ISLES



VACATION RAMBLES

IN
HISTORIC
LANDS



RICHMOND
& CASTLE.





1. Great Britain - Deser. and trans;
1850-1900.

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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

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THE ZIGZAG SERIES.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS.

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*ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE BRITISH
ISLES.*

ESTES AND LAURIAT, Publishers,

BOSTON, MASS.

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Christmas
From Mother.



HAMPDEN IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS

IN THE

BRITISH ISLES;

OR,

VACATION RAMBLES IN HISTORIC LANDS.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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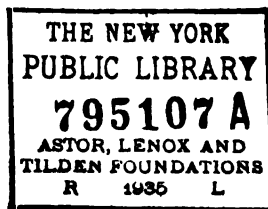
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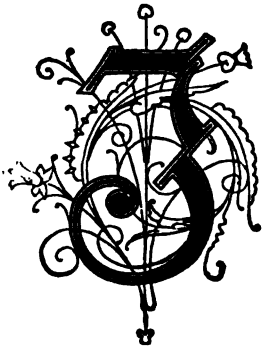
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PREFACE.



IN this volume — the eleventh in the Zigzag series — an American family go abroad to seek the evidences of one of their home traditions that John Hampden, the English patriot, came to America in 1623 to prepare a colony for the patriots in case the popular cause should fail; that he visited Massasoit, and learned of a plot to destroy the Pilgrims, which was prevented by this disclosure. The traditional visit was a secret one, and occurred between the two Parliaments of James.

The family visit the land of Moore and Goldsmith in Ireland; the English Lake District of the poets; Abbotsford; Scrooby, the land of the Pilgrims; old Boston; Great Hampden, Windsor, and the scenes of Gray's poetry; the west of England and the Isle of Avalon, the scene of the King Arthur legends.

The volume contains a miscellany of English wonder-stories, many of them associated with American history, and like the preceding volumes is designed to be entertaining and educational. While purposely *zigzaggy*, a connected and definite purpose under-

lies each volume. It is the purpose of this book to show by a shifting scene of stories, legends, and pictures what noble men our English ancestors were.

The author has published some of these sketches in the "New York Independent" (1868-70) and in the "Youth's Companion," and one (George III.) in the "Atlantic Monthly." The Arthur legends are edited from the old Saxon Chronicle.

H. B.

28 WORCESTER STREET,

January 5, 1889.

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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

BRITISH IN THE ISLES.



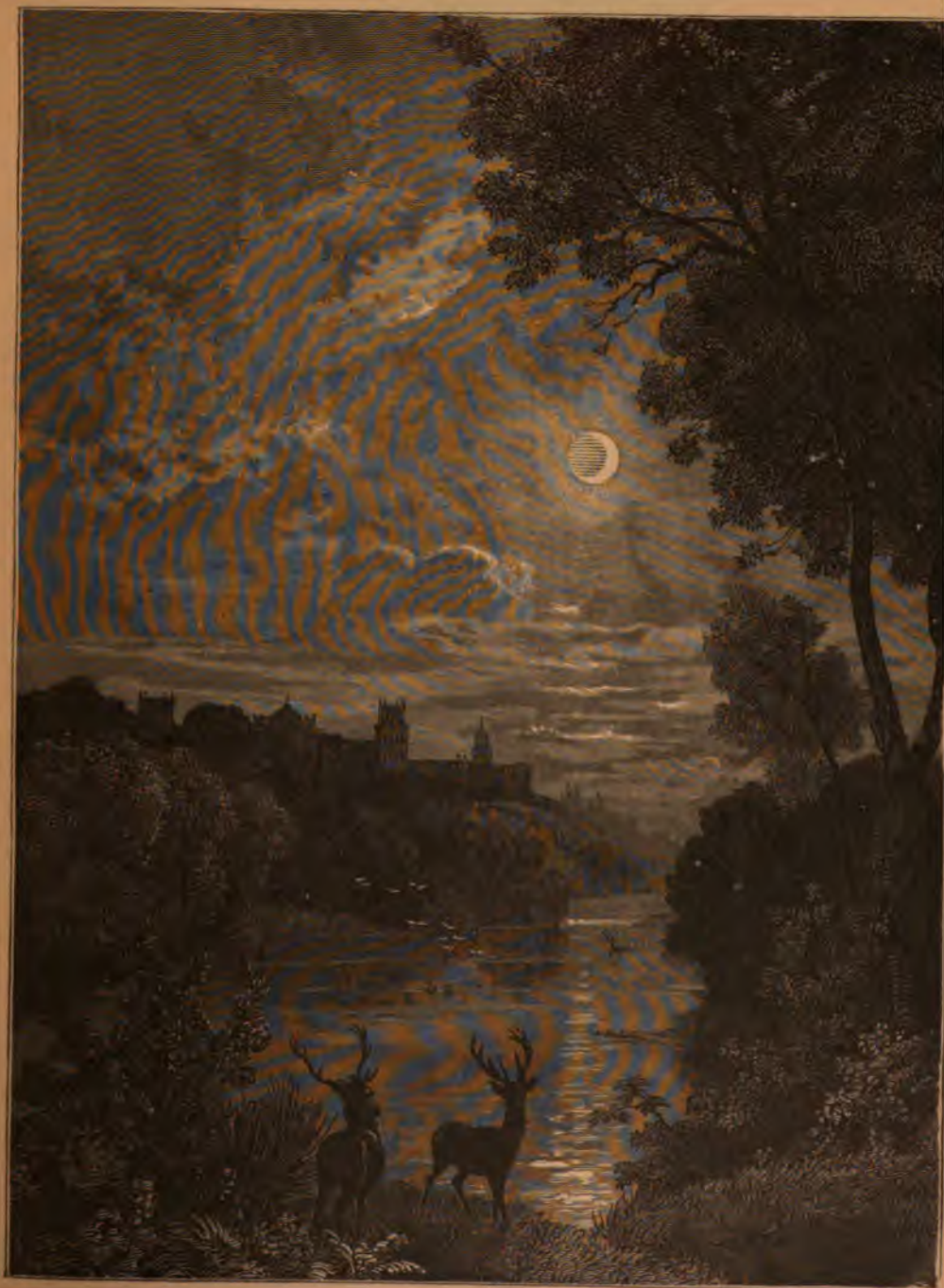
THE Hampdens lived on the Mount Hope Lands. The reader may know little about these historic fields that lie between the Narragansett and Mount Hope Bays, and the rivers that flow into them. They form a long, narrow peninsula. It was on the shores of these Lands that Leif Ericson is supposed to have landed, and to have made the first temporary settlement in what is now the United States. This was about the year 1000. A stone is still to be seen at the Narrows, near Mount Hope, which bears a supposed Northman inscription similar to that on Dighton Rock. The Skeleton in Armor found at Fall River, near Mount Hope Bay, doubtless belongs to the same expedition and period.

On the Mount Hope Lands — which are now Bristol, Warren, and parts of Swansea, the first two in Rhode Island and the latter in Massachusetts — lived Massasoit, the protector of the Plymouth Pilgrims for forty years. Roger Williams came here when driven from Boston, and lived during a part of a winter in one of the lodges of Massasoit. Here, too, as is supposed by Belknap and a recent English writer,

came the great English patriot John Hampden, to what is now Warren, Rhode Island, as a companion of Edward Winslow, to visit Massasoit and to see the country. Hampden was a young man then, and had recently married, and was doubtless intent, as he was afterward, on schemes of colonization in America. His visit was a hasty one, between the two great Parliaments. America seems ever afterward to have been his dream; and here he would probably have come had the popular cause against the king, and the king's claims of divine right over the people, failed. He found Massasoit sick, and helped nurse him back to health again. The scene, which is worthy of poet or painter, is associated by circumstantial tradition with the Massasoit Spring, near one of the old decaying wharves in Warren.

King Philip lived on the Mount Hope Lands, as all readers know. Here probably the interesting Queen Wetamoo, who lived on the other side of the bay, used to visit him, and join him in his war-dances. Here was the old Indian town of Pokanoket, on the Kike-muit River,—an arm of the bay. Here lived Church, the Indian fighter. Here came Washington, to visit Bradford, the Rhode Island patriot and statesman, who lived at Mount Hope. Dessalines caught the air of liberty from Mount Hope Bay, and went to the tropic islands to liberate Hayti, if the old tradition be true. General Burnside made his home here. The first Baptist Church in Massachusetts was here established at the end of the beautiful peninsula, near the old Miles Bridge. This region is a wonderland of stories,—Indian stories, Kidd stories, Revolutionary stories, ghost stories, witchcraft stories. The old houses and places were full of stories. A volume might be made of them. A romancer would make it a place of historic resort and pilgrimages, and fill the old hotels of Bristol and Warren with tourists.

The region is one of great beauty. The water scenery from its green hills has the spirit of romance in it, so attractive to the eye of



BLENHEIM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

the painter and poet. The old New England orchards here abound, surrounded by heavy stone-walls built by the strong men of the early generations, and overgrown with mosses and vines. Great trees, with osprey's nests, line the bays and rivers. In the spring when the orchards are in bloom, and in the autumn when the apples are ripe, the old places have a peculiar beauty; and also late in the fall when the fields are yellow with corn and pumpkins, and the pastures full of golden-rod and blue gentians. The apple-orchards in New England were introduced by Governor Winthrop, in honor of which Governor's Island in Boston Harbor was given him, — an island once covered with apple-trees. The apple found its true home in Rhode Island, and the orchards of the Mount Hope Lands became especially famous for their fine fruit.

The Hampden family consisted of John and Mary Hampden, and their two children, Helen and Charles. The father was a captain of one of the Narragansett Bay steamers, and as the port was Providence, he was much away from home. A maiden sister of Captain Hampden, Helen Mar Hampden, who was familiarly known as Aunt Mar, lived with his family. Mary Hampden had taken great interest in the education of her two children, and had especially instructed them in the local history of the region. But, careful as she was in this respect, her efforts were exceeded by those of her sister-in-law, Aunt Mar.

Aunt Mar was a natural story-teller. Like many New England girls, she had in her early days been a diligent student of Sir Walter Scott's works, and also of those of Irving and Cooper, thus cultivating a taste for the traditions of her own State and neighborhood. She had been a fine singer, one of the traditional church choir, and she delighted in the old ballads of Scott, Moore, Burns, and the musical compositions of Bishop and Malloy. To Aunt Helen Mar had been largely intrusted the education of Captain Hampden's children. She had done her work well, and her pupils were a credit to her. Helen

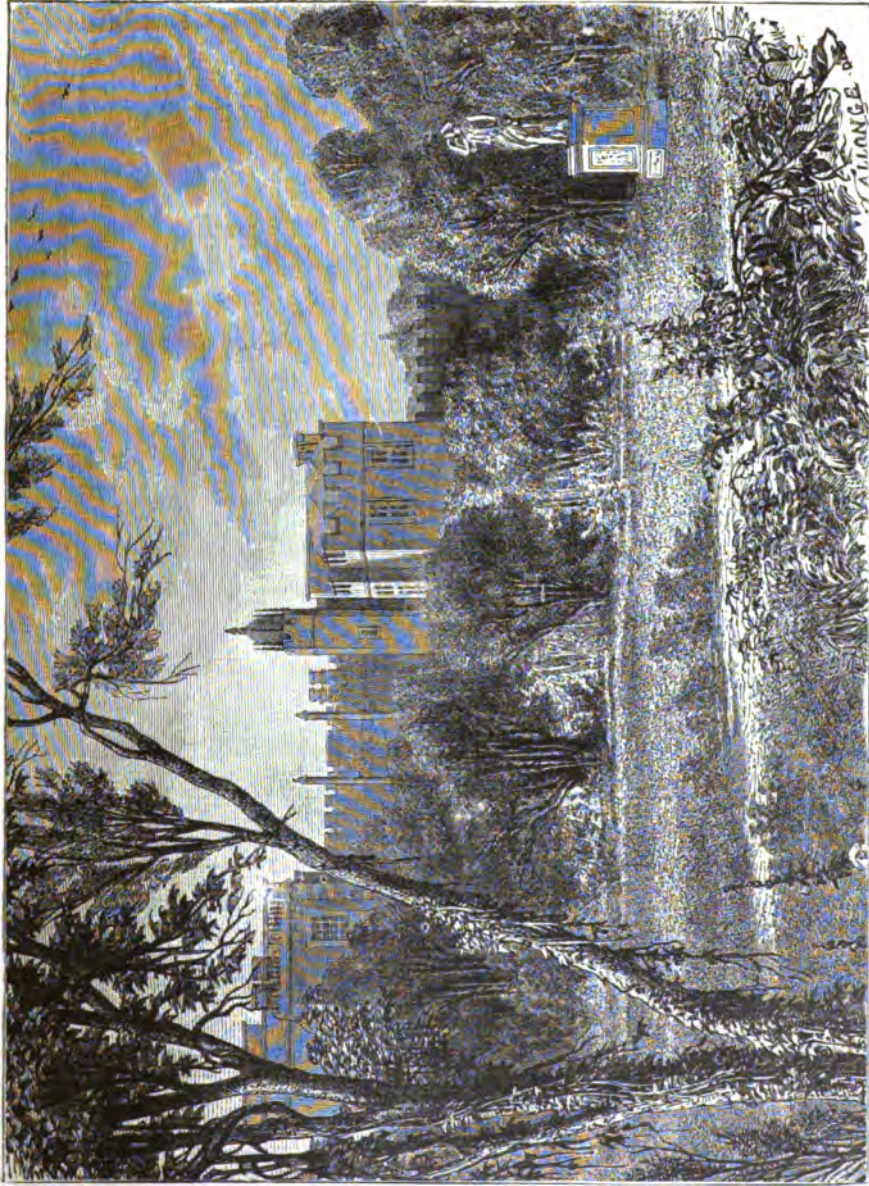
Hampden was now sixteen years of age, and Charles was fourteen. Both were well prepared for a collegiate course.

Aunt Mar had means. She had been left a small amount of property in her girlhood. This had been invested for her in the savings banks, after the old New England way, and it now amounted to a considerable sum. The maiden ladies of most of the old New England country families are well to do, and use their means with a prudent benevolence.

From girlhood Aunt Mar had wished to visit England. During all her intelligent years she had been interested in England, Scotland, and Ireland. She had read so much of the wonderful palaces, castles, and cathedrals, that she longed to see for herself the glories of Blenheim and Hampton Court. She had especially desired to visit the places associated with the founders of the American colonies, — Sir Walter Raleigh, the Plymouth Pilgrims, Penn, Lord Baltimore, Oglethorpe; to go to old Boston, and Plymouth, and Bristol, and especially to the places where John Hampden had struggled for the liberties of the English race. She had often promised Helen and Charles that she would one day take them on such a journey. "To visit the places of the American pioneers," she used to say, referring to the old English towns, "would be a historic education."

The home of the Hampdens was on what is called Bristol Neck, on the highlands overlooking the Narragansett and Mount Hope Bays, the towns of Warren, Bristol, and old Swansea, the city of Fall River, and the island of Rhode, where beautiful Newport looks out on the sea. It was not far from the old Indian town of Pokanoket, that Indian fishing-camp where enormous heaps of shells are still found buried in the hillsides. Here the summers are cool and bright, and the long winters invite studious pursuits.

"When I have finished my part of your education," said Aunt Mar one day to Helen and Charles, "I hope to be able, as I have said, to spend a summer with you in Great Britain; and I shall



HAMPTON COURT.

make it a part of your present education to tell you legends and stories of the places that I hope to see." So historical story-telling became a part of Aunt Mar's methods of education.

Aunt Mar's stories were peculiar. Their historical basis was always correct, but she took a poet's license in telling them. She had one of those poetic minds that like to find a foundation stone of truth and build a palace of fancies upon it. The greatest minds have pursued the same methods,—Shakspeare, Scott, Goethe, following Homer, Herodotus, and the ancient dramatists; and with such examples it is not strange that the most simple neighborhood storyteller should love to create and build. Every imaginative mind likes to make its own world. So much are people governed by imagination, that few minds like the rude corrections which critics make of their favorite stories. Few people like to be told that Dido and Æneas did not live in the same age; that Duncan died in his bed, and not by the red hand of Lady Macbeth; that the Iser was far from the battlefield of Linden; that the "high hall" where "Belgium's capital" gathered "her beauty and her chivalry" was a small room; or that our own stories of Captain John Smith and the lovely Indian princess, and General Gates and the Boston boys, will not bear the critic's spectacles. A historical legend comes to stand for a truth, and it is the most dramatic representation of it that people like. There are but few books of real history. Most history is romance,—creations and colorings, that follow the theories of their writers. Carlyle's "French Revolution" is really an epic poem; and works like John S. C. Abbott's "Napoleon Bonaparte" are colorings of the past.

Aunt Mar had a very active imagination, and used very emphatic and often provincial language to express her glowing thoughts. But the impressions left by her stories were usually correct historically and morally. We say morally, for she only claimed that her stories were based on facts, and that the picturing was only what she thought

it to be. She saw the whole world through her own New England spectacles, after the manner of many greater minds.

It was a quiet winter evening on the Mount Hope Lands, and in the home of the Hampdens at Pokanoket. The short lonesome



DEVONPORT.

days of November were over; the first December snows had fallen, and the long nights of the holidays were drawing near. Captain Hampden was in Providence; the rest of the family were gathered around the open fire; the studies of the day were done, the books closed, and Aunt Mar had prepared the usual historical story that concerned one of the places she hoped to see when she should visit England with her niece and nephew.

"I have a story of old Plymouth, which I am going to tell to-night," she said. "Old Plymouth, you know, is one of the places

that we shall wish to see when we go abroad. It is an old seaport and market town in Devonshire, about two hundred and fifty miles from London. We could reach it in a single day from London. It is situated at the mouth of the Plym,—Plym-mouth. It was from Plymouth that the approach of the Spanish Armada was first



PLYMOUTH.

seen. It is a city of ships as well as forts and houses. Hence sail the vessels for the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, and the Mediterranean, and hence sailed some of the ships that brought the first colonists of New England. It is a place full of legends and stories; and one of the most curious of its old stories concerns the romantic old admiral Sir Francis Drake, and I will call it—

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND HIS SHIP OF GOLD.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE once lived on a beautiful estate upon the Tay, but he was born upon the Tavy. His father was poor, and had twelve children, and he hardly could have believed, had an astrologer told him so, that any one of his twelve children would ever become a knight. Young Francis' life was passed among the sailors of the seaport towns, like that of any common sailor-boy. But he was what would be called a bright boy, and he found a warm friend in the owner of a vessel; and when this friend died, he left to him his vessel, and the young man's fortune began with the gift.

While coasting on the shores of England he chanced to hear of the wonderful exploits of Hawkins in the New World. Francis seems to have been all ears and imagination, and to have had perfect confidence that he could do what any one else had done. Boys who reap golden fortunes commonly have golden dreams, and with it a strong will to turn their imaginings into solid events. He resolved to go to Plymouth, and to join one of the expeditions of Hawkins to the Spanish Main. He did so, and failed, returning poorer than when he started. But his imagination and will did not fail; and as long as these last there is hope of the success of any man. He fitted out a ship of his own; and as England was hostile to Spain at this time, he began to plunder the Spanish Main. A sea-robber or a pirate he would be called to-day; but robbing the seas of hostile nations was not so badly regarded at that time. He became such a successful sea-robber that he was made an admiral, or vice-admiral, with great powers. Queen Elizabeth once banqueted on board one of his ships, and made him a knight, as you have seen in the pictures of old histories. You well know how he defeated the Invincible Armada of Spain. He was made a member of Parliament, and built a beautiful estate, on which he lavished the spoils of Peru and the treasures of the Indies.

But my story does not so much concern the wonderful career of the knight, as an incident of it that shows how greedy is poor human nature, and how little people understand the selfishness there is in the human heart.

The New World was at this time regarded as one vast storehouse of gold and gems, and the return of a ship from these rich regions was an event that occasioned the greatest excitement in the port to which she



SEIZURE OF SPANISH TREASURE-SHIPS BY DRAKE.

came. The whole country turned out at such times to see her enter the harbor. Men went away poor, and returned in ships full of riches. As the spoiling of Peru had enriched Spain, so the spoiling of the Spanish Main in turn enriched England. The story of the Incas and their wealth had filled all Europe; and though the golden empires of the Incas no longer existed, people still regarded South America and the islands of the Spanish Main as places of mountains of mines and valleys of treasures. To them the very name of America meant gold. Sir Francis was the discoverer of California,¹ and the first to find gold there. He would have found gold there or anywhere, had there been any to find, as you may well believe. To him gold was the world, and few men ever gained a larger share; and he was the first to sail around the golden world and to find out how great and rich it was.

Among the great conquests of Sir Francis Drake on the Spanish Main was the surprise and capture of Nombre de Dios, near the Isthmus of Darien, a town rich with treasures, which he plundered, loading his ship with spoils. After this exploit he crossed the isthmus and saw the Pacific, and then prepared to return to England with his treasures, expecting to reach the port of Plymouth late in the summer.

It was Aug. 9, 1573. The good people of Plymouth had made their way to church, and many of them had become drowsy under the sermon in the sultry air. The minister was giving them a long discourse, possibly on selfishness and the evil of laying up treasures on earth and conforming to the world. The great sea stretched away from the mouth of the Plym, a gentle breeze perhaps breaking the languid air. Suddenly, amid these tranquil surroundings, a British flag was seen rising above the sea. The church clerk saw it first, and was startled, and grew worldly-minded, and whispered his discovery to the beadle.

"I will slip out and see," said the beadle. And he quietly vanished, saying as he went, "I will return in a few minutes."

But the beadle did not return.

The flag rose higher, and came more distinctly into view. The clerk whispered to one of the vestrymen, "I think that there is a ship coming into port."

"I will slip out and see," said the vestryman. And he too vanished, saying, "I will be back soon."

¹ It had been visited before by an adventurer at the time of Cortez.

But he did not come back.

The other vestryman was partly asleep, when the clerk touched him.

"There is a ship coming into port," said the clerk.

"What of that?" whispered the vestryman, drowsily.



BRIDGE OVER THE PLYM (PLYMOUTH).

"It may be laden with gold — from the Americas."

"Gold! gold! Where's my hat?" And he too vanished, promising to be back soon.

The boys heard the whispered word "gold," and gazed from the open window toward the sea. "A ship of gold," said one. In a moment he was gone, and all the others followed him.

The good old rector became disturbed, and he may be supposed to have grown very emphatic at this point against worldliness.

"A ship of gold!" whispered one to another.

"A ship of gold!" it ran through the church.

"Sir Francis Drake and a ship of gold," was the low-voiced murmur.

As often as the good rector bent down his head to quote the Scriptures, one after another of the men slipped out of the door. The women followed; for when did there ever appear a sight of good fortune that the women did not follow the men to see it?

The old rector wondered that every time he raised his eyes from the good Book his congregation should look so thinned. Where had they gone? What had happened?

At last, after scrutinizing a very hard passage, he raised his head and found the church empty, — all except one old man who was blind, and one old man who was deaf, and one old sailor who was fast asleep.

"Where is my congregation gone?" exclaimed the rector. "What have they done? What has come to pass?"

"I heard something said of a ship of gold," said the blind man. "Where is the door?" And he too felt his way toward the open street, and tried to follow the crowd.

The good rector was now left to preach to the deaf man and the sleeping sailor. But the deaf man could see. The congregation had gone, and not for nothing, he well knew. There must have been something wonderfully powerful to cause them to leave, — something to be gained somehow, he reasoned.

"I cannot hear, anyhow," he said to the parson; "so I will go and see what has happened."

The old rector went on with his discourse.

Presently the sailor awoke, and found the church empty. He stared about him, wondering if he had lost his senses. "What has happened?" said he.

"Gold," answered the parson.

"Gold! Where? where?"

"They are crying in the streets, 'A ship of gold! a ship of gold!' Do you not hear them?"

"A ship of gold, and you preachin' about the old patriarchs! Why did you not wake me up before?"

The sailor made a few strides, and the church was indeed empty.

"It is evident that it is the will of the Lord that I should go too," said the rector. "The empty benches do not need a preacher." So the good rector took off his gown and followed his flock to the wharves, and looked out on the summer sea. And the ship of gold came slowly in, and the people hailed the returning adventurer.

That night the pastor and his people had sufficient relief from the hot day's

excitement to think. They consulted together, and agreed that a Sunday had been lost, and that it was a great mystery how there should be so much worldliness in the world.

For many years the little port of Plymouth was wont to recall the lost Sunday of Francis Drake and his Ship of Gold.

CHAPTER II.

A PROPOSED JOURNEY TO THE SCENES OF THE OLD ENGLISH FIRESIDE STORIES.



JOURNEY to see the scenes and associations of the old English legends and historical stories,—how best could it be made? This had been a study of Aunt Mar for several years. The good lady was not rich, so she must practise economy.

“I think we will go by the way of Quebec and the Straits of Belle Isle, and return by the way of Halifax,” she said one day. “That plan would give us so much historical ground on the way. Besides, we should be only five days on the open ocean from the Straits of Belle Isle, and that would be quite enough. People have to get used to the ocean, I am told.”

“Where should we land?” asked Charlie.

“At Liverpool, — the world’s great city of ships.”

“Where should we go from Liverpool?”

“We should wish to visit the English Lake District. Here lived the so-called Lake poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and there wrote De Quincey and Christopher North (Professor Wilson). It is a region of stories. We should wish to see the scenes of Wordsworth’s ballads, and of the ‘Excursion.’ You remember Wordsworth’s ‘Goody Blake and Harry Gill,’ and Coleridge’s ‘Ancient Mariner,’

and Southey's 'Battle of Blenheim,' and Christopher North's 'A Child carried away by an Eagle.' The Lake District is only a few hours' ride from Liverpool."

"And then?" asked Charlie.

"We would go to the land of Burns. I always wished to see the scenes of 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon.'"



ABOVE QUEBEC.

"And I, of 'Tam O'Shanter,'" said Charlie.

"And I, of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,'" said Helen.

"Then we would go to Abbotsford," said Aunt Mar. "There we should be in story-land indeed. The Tweed, the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and the very places that inspired Scott would all have tongues for us."

"We should wish to visit old Boston," said Helen.

"Yes," said Aunt Mar, "old Boston and Lincoln, whence the founders of Boston came. We might go by the way of Wakefield, as our visit is to be one to stories. There are the old homes and places of the following people that we should certainly wish to find: Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia; the Plymouth Pilgrims and the Colonists of Massachusetts Bay; Henry Hudson; William Penn and Roger Williams; Lord Baltimore, Oglethorpe, and John Hampden, who was the real father of English and American liberty." Aunt Mar, who was very proud of her name, made the last remark with great emphasis.

"We also wish to go to Ireland and see the scenes associated with the poetry of Moore," said Helen.

"Yes," said Aunt Mar; "and to prepare you for the journey, we will read together the ballads of Wordsworth, South-

ey, Burns, Scott, and Moore. Ballads are the voices of nations that live, and that tell what is worth being remembered. It is only the voice of the poet that long lives. Poets are the prophets of the ages. To know the poets of all lands is to know the

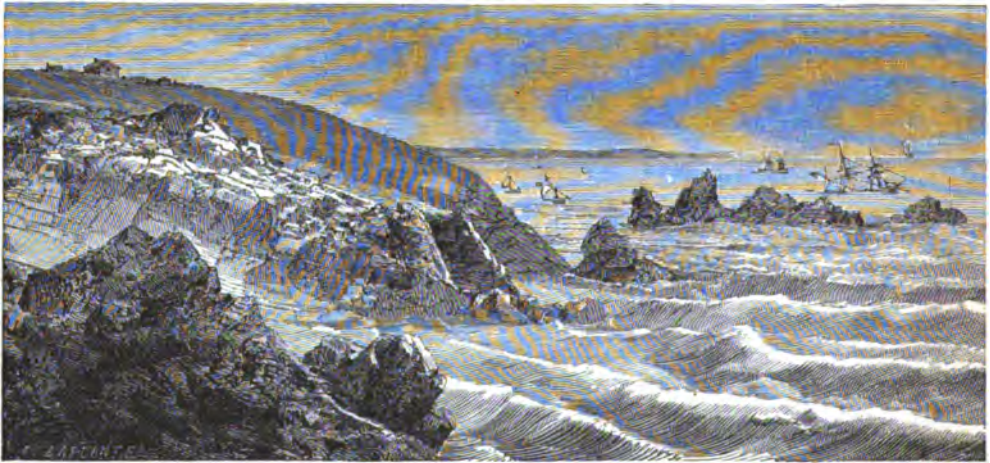


SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

soul of the history of all lands. But not all poetry is written in rhyme."

"The most interesting associations of Raleigh's life would be in the London Tower," said Helen. "Whence did Roger Williams come?"

"He was born in Gwinear, Cornwall, and that will be one of the last places that we shall see in our journey. It is near the Land's End.



LAND'S END.

Sir Roger Williams, after whom the founder of Rhode Island was probably named, was the proprietor of Llangibby Castle and the priory of Uske, in the county of Monmouth. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his gallantry."

"Where did William Penn live in England?" asked Helen.

"He was born in London and educated at Oxford. He was a son of Admiral Penn. He spent a part of his early life in Ireland, where his father had fine estates. He died in Luscombe, Berkshire, a few hours' ride by rail from London. I hope that we may be able to visit his grave."

"And Lord Baltimore?" asked Helen.

"He was born in Kipling, Yorkshire. He was Sir George Calvert. He was raised to the Irish peerage of Baltimore by James I. He also was educated at Oxford."

"Had Oglethorpe a like history?" asked Charlie. "The founders of America seem nearly all to have been educated at Oxford. If we go to Oxford we find the early scenes and associations of nearly all the American pioneers."

"Yes; he entered Oxford in 1714," answered Aunt Mar. "He was born in London. He served in the army under the great Marlborough and Prince Eugene."

"Was John Hampden educated at Oxford?" continued Charlie.

"Yes; at Magdalen College."

"How much America owes to Oxford!" said Charlie.

"And what noble men they all were!" said Helen, meaning the founders of the Provinces. "We must spend as much time as we are able at Oxford."

Stories? That was the topic of the next talk in the family.

"What are the associations of the old English stories that you would most like to see?" said Charlie to Helen.

"The Round Table Stories of King Arthur, the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, and the English legends and histories used by Shakspeare are such as would interest a traveller," said Helen. "But really, the scenes of the old ballads and household stories would more please me. I want to go to Kenilworth, but more to see it on account of the ballad of 'Cumnor Hall' than the great novel that Walter Scott built upon the ballad. Do you want to know what I like best of all the old English stories?"

"Yes."

"Whittington and his Cat."

"Why?"

"Because it means something."

"How?"

"The spirit of it is—struggle and persevere and you may be somebody."

"I do not know the story," said Charlie. "I have not been much given to reading pussy-cat books."

"You had better get Aunt Mar to tell it to you some evening."

"I will."

Charlie did so that evening, and he learned the following curious facts or beliefs about the wonderful man who was thrice lord mayor of London.

THE TRUE STORY OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

THE story of Whittington and his cat is not more remarkable than that of the so-called "Lord" Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, or of several American merchants who became rich in unexpected ways. It used to be considered merely a child's tale; but the researches of Rev. Samuel Lysons, A. M., show that it is substantially true. I have seen a copy of an old picture of Whittington and his cat. Under it was written, —

"This is a true portraiture of Richard Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London,
A Virtuous and goodly man,
Full of good works, and these famous.
He builded the Gate of London, called Newgate;
He builded Whittington College,
And made it an Almshouse for poor people;
Also he builded a great part of ye hospital of St. Bartholomewes;
He also builded ye beautiful library at ye Grey Friars in London, call Christ Hospital;
Also he builded Guilde Hall Chappell, besides many other good works."

There certainly was such a man as Richard Whittington. He was the model merchant of the Middle Ages. He was Lord Mayor of London, and that his advancement began with his cat was believed in his own times, and was represented in the pictures and statues of that period and of later years. His early home was at Pauntley, near Gloucester. When he was born we do not quite know; but his father died in 1299. Richard seems to have had a



SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.

restless desire for business when a boy. He had heard of the great merchant city of London, and to London he must go. He entered London on foot. He did not walk all the way from Pauntley, for we are told that he occasionally obtained a lift from a friendly carrier, after the custom of the time.

Richard had heard that London was paved with gold. We hardly can think that old London was paved at all at this time. The value of the property on London streets to-day would pave them with gold; and to make London what it has since become, was the dream of his public life. We are told that Richard had a very hard time in his early days in London. He obtained employment, but he was not treated well, especially by the cook where he lived. It was not the only time that working boys have not been treated well by the cook. He fared so badly that he at last became discouraged, and determined to walk home again. So one day he started to leave London, which he did not find paved with gold, and to go back to the simple village of Pauntley.

He went out of London in the morning as far as the first milestone, and there sat down, possibly under one of the old crosses, and looked back on the city. It was high ground, and the morning sun fell on the city's towers and spires. Ought he to run away? he questioned himself over and over. Was he not leaving the scene of his great opportunity? The sun came up; the cool shadows began to fade.

Presently the still air was broken by sweet, mellow sounds. It was Bow Bells. They seemed to speak to him: —

“Go back, go back !
Turn again, turn again !
Once — ding,
Twice — dong,
Thrice — bell !
Thou shalt be mayor of London !”

He listened, and wondered not at the Bow Bells, which he had often heard before, but at what they said: —

“Turn again, turn again !
Turn again, turn again !
Go back, go back !
Once — ding,
Twice — dong,
Thrice — bell !
Thou shalt be mayor of London !”

This part of his history may be as we would like to have it, and not as it was. Story-tellers have taken much liberty with it; but that Bow Bells seemed



LORD WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

(From an old print.)

to summon him to return is doubtless true. It was not strange that he should think that they were voices, for he felt that he was running away from duty;

and in such a state of mind the church bells would be likely to seem to have such a sound.

He heeded the bells, and went back and made the best of his hard life. He seems to have believed that the Bow Bells were prophets, and that he would somehow one day become a man of influence. When a boy begins to believe in himself, he is likely to become successful. It is a good thing for a boy to hear the church bells say,—

“Turn again, turn again,”

when tempted to leave a hard way of duty.

Richard's master was now a rich merchant, and fitted out ships to trade on the rich African coast. He thus began to learn the ways of foreign trade.

Richard had a love for little animals. His favorite was a cat, and he had one which was particularly affectionate and friendly, and which he made his companion. Wherever he went when out of work hours she doubtless followed him. If London seemed unfriendly, and he was lonesome, kitty was always true to him. He greatly loved his cat, and the boys in the employ of his master noticed the happy attachment.

One day his master called his apprentices together, and said: “I am about to send out a ship to Guinea to trade. If you wish to venture anything to sell to the natives, you may do so, and have the profits.”

Here was a model merchant indeed! The apprentices all sent something,—knives, ornaments, anything that would sell. They all found something with which to make a venture,—all but Richard.

“Well, Richard,” said the master, “how now! Have you nothing to send?”

Richard hung his head. “No; I am so poor that I have nothing at all.”

“He might send his cat,” said one of the boys.

His cat,—his truest friend in London!

“How much did your cat cost you?” asked his master.

“A penny.”

“I will take her. We shall want a cat on board. If I can sell her I will give you the profits.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the boys; “Richard is a merchant now. He is going to trade his cat.”

The master took the cat. Richard parted from her with much grief. So pussy found her way to the coast of Barbary or Guinea. The cat became a great favorite on board the ship. Some cats are very winning, and this one was indeed so.

On the arrival of the vessel at a certain place on the African coast the king of the country asked the captain of the ship to dine with him. He accepted the invitation, but was greatly surprised to find the rich table overrun with rats.

"Why do you not keep a cat?" asked the captain.

"A *cat*! What is a cat?" asked the king.

"An animal that destroys rats," said the captain.

"I never saw one," said the king.

"We are not troubled with rats in England," said the captain. "The people all keep cats."

"I would give a fortune for such an animal," said the king. "Have one sent to me from England."

"I have one now on my ship," said the captain.

"Bring it to me," said the king.

The next day Richard's cat was brought, and placed on the table. The king, queen, and court were there. The rats appeared, but the cat leaped toward them and caught one, and the rest fled. The queen was delighted. She must have the cat at any price. So the king and queen offered a fortune in gold and jewels for the wonderful cat.

The captain was an honest man,—what a fine period of trade, this was!—and when he returned to London he gave all the treasure that he had received for the cat to Richard, and it proved the beginning of the young man's fortune; and it was by this strange venture that he became "Once, twice, thrice, Mayor of London."

We must accept some story-telling embellishments, but they do not alter the main facts. It is all one of those true stories that we wish to be true. I like it the best of all the English stories.

"And so do I," said Helen.

"And I," said Charlie.

CHAPTER III.

THE ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR AND CORDELIA. — WINSLOW'S JOURNEY TO
POKANOKET TO VISIT MASSASOIT.



UNT MAR'S English stories filled Helen and Charlie with an eager desire to visit the old story-land of their ancestors, not as tourists merely, but as romancers among the scenes of the past. Aunt Mar herself delighted in these stories, and she made the family circle most cheerful with them in the long winter evenings when the winds drifted the snow over the bay and the long low hills of the Mount Hope Lands. One evening she told them the original story of King Lear and Cordelia, as given in the Old Saxon Chronicles.

THE ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR AND CORDELIA.

(FROM THE SAXON CHRONICLE.)

LEAR nobly governed his country sixty years. He built upon the river Soar a city called in the British tongue Kaerleir, in the Saxon, Leircestre. He was without male issue, but had three daughters, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordelia, of whom he was dotingly fond, but especially of his youngest, Cordelia. When he began to grow old, he had thoughts of dividing his kingdom among them, and of bestowing on them such husbands as were fit to be advanced to the government with

them. But to make trial who was worthy to have the best part of his kingdom, he went to each of them to ask which of them loved him most. The question being proposed, Gonorilla, the eldest, made answer that she called Heaven to witness, she loved him more than her own soul.

The father replied, "Since you have preferred my declining age before your own life, I will marry you, my dearest daughter, to whomsoever you shall make choice of, and give with you the third part of my kingdom."

Then Regan, the second daughter, willing, after the example of her sister, to prevail upon her father's good-nature, answered with an oath that she could not otherwise express her thoughts but that she loved him above all creatures. The credulous father upon this made her the same promise that he had made to her eldest sister; that is, the choice of a husband, with the third part of his kingdom.

But Cordelia, the youngest, understanding how easily he was satisfied with the flattering expressions of her sisters, was desirous to make trial of his affection after a different manner.

"My father," said she, "is there any daughter that can love her father more than duty requires? In my opinion, whoever pretends to it must disguise her real sentiments under the veil of flattery. I have always loved you as a father, nor do I yet depart from my purposed duty; and if you insist upon extorting something more from me, hear now the greatness of my affection which I always bear you, and take this for a short answer to all your questions: Look, how much you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you."

The father, supposing that she spoke this out of the abundance of her heart, was highly provoked, and immediately replied: "Since you have so far despised my old age as not to think me worthy the love that your sisters express for me, you shall have from me the like regard, and shall be excluded from any share with your sisters in my kingdom. Notwithstanding, I do not say but that, since you are my daughter, I will marry you to some foreigner, if fortune offers you any such husband, but will never, I do assure you, make it my business to procure so honorable a match for you as for your sisters; because, though I have hitherto loved you more than them, you have in requital thought me less worthy of your affection than they." And without further delay, after consultation with his nobility, he bestowed his two other daughters upon the Dukes of Cornwall and Albania, with half the island at present, but after his death the inheritance of the whole monarchy of Britain.

It happened after this, that Aganippus, King of the Franks, having heard of the fame of Cordelia's great beauty, forthwith sent his ambassadors to the king to demand her in marriage. The father, retaining yet his anger toward her, made answer that he was very willing to bestow his daughter,



LEAR DISOWNS CORDELIA.

but without either money or territories, because he had already given away his kingdom, with all his treasure, to his eldest daughters, Gonorilla and Regan. When this was told Aganippus, he, being very much in love with the lady, sent again to King Lear to tell him that he had money and territories enough, as he possessed the third part of Gaul, and desired no more than his daughter only, that he might have heirs by her.

At last the match was concluded, and Cordelia was sent to Gaul and married to Aganippus.

A long time after this, when Lear came to be infirm through old age, the two dukes on whom he had bestowed Britain with his two daughters



REGAN CASTS OUT HER FATHER.

fostered an insurrection against him, and deprived him of his kingdom and of all regal authority, which he had hitherto exercised with great power and glory. At length, by mutual agreement, Maglanus, Duke of Albania, one of his sons-in-law, was to allow him a maintenance at his own house, together with sixty soldiers, who were to be kept for state. After two years' stay with his son-in-law, his daughter Gonorilla grudged the number of his men,

who began to upbraid the ministers of the court with their scanty allowance, and having spoken to her husband about it, gave orders that the number of her father's followers should be reduced to thirty, and the rest discharged. The father, resenting the treatment, left Maglanus and went to Hennisus, Duke of Cornwall, to whom he had married his daughter Regan. Here he met with an honorable reception; but before the year was at an end a quarrel happened between the two families, which raised Regan's indignation, so that she commanded her father to discharge all his attendants but five, and to be contented with their service. This second affliction was insupportable to him, and made him return again to Gonorrilla, with the hope that the misery of his condition might move in her some sentiments of filial piety, and that he with his family might find subsistence with her. But she, not forgetting her resentment, swore by the gods he should not stay with her unless he would dismiss his retinue and be contented with the attendance of one man, and with bitter reproaches told him how ill his desire of vain-glorious pomp suited his age and poverty. When he found that she was by no means to be prevailed upon, he was at last forced to comply, and dismissing the rest, to take up with one man only. But by this time he began to reflect more sensibly with himself upon the grandeur from which he had fallen and the miserable state to which he was now reduced, and to entertain thoughts of going beyond the sea to his youngest daughter. Yet he doubted whether he should be able to move her commiseration, because he had treated her so unworthily. However, disdaining to bear any longer such base usage, he took ship for Gaul. On his passage he observed he had only the third place given him among the princes that were with him in the ship; at which, with deep sighs and tears, he burst forth into the following complaint: —

“O irreversible decrees of the Fates, that never swerve from your stated course, why did you ever advance me to an unstable felicity, since the punishment of lost happiness is greater than the sense of present misery! The remembrance of the time when vast numbers of men obsequiously attended me in the taking of cities and the wasting the enemy's countries more deeply pierces my heart than the view of my present calamity, which has exposed me to the derision of those who were formerly prostrate at my feet. Oh, the enmity of fortune! Shall I ever again see the day when I may be able to reward those according to their deserts who have forsaken me in my distress? How true was thy answer, Cordelia, when I asked thee concerning thy love to me, — ‘As much as you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you.’ While I had anything to give, they valued me, being friends not to

me but to my gifts; they loved me then, but they loved my gifts much more; when my gifts ceased, my friends vanished. But with what face shall I presume to see you, my dearest daughter, since in my anger I married you upon



CORDELIA RECLAIMS HER FATHER'S KINGDOM.

worse terms than your sisters, who, after all the mighty favors they have received from me, suffer me to be in banishment and poverty?"

As he was lamenting his condition in these and the like expressions, he arrived in Karita, where his daughter was, and waited before the city while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her to give relief to a father who suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordelia was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered that he had

only one man, who had been his armor-bearer, and was staying with him without the town. Then she took what money she thought might be sufficient, and gave it to the messenger, with orders to carry her father to another city, and there give out that he was sick, and to provide for him bathing, clothes, and all other nourishment. She likewise gave orders that he should take into his service forty men, well accoutred, and that when all things were thus prepared he should notify his arrival to King Aganippus and his daughter. The messenger, quickly returning, carried Lear to another city, and there kept him concealed till he had done everything that Cordelia had commanded. As soon as he was provided with his royal apparel, ornaments, and retinue, he sent word to Aganippus and his daughter that he was driven out of his kingdom of Britain by his sons-in-law, and was come to them to procure their assistance for recovering his dominions. Upon which they, attended with their chief ministers of State and the nobility of the kingdom, went out to meet him, and received him honorably, and gave into his management the whole power of Gaul till such time as he should be restored to his former dignity. In the mean time Aganippus sent officers over all Gaul to raise an army to restore his father-in-law to his kingdom of Britain; which done, Lear returned to Britain with his son and daughter, and the forces which they had raised, where he fought with his sons-in-law and routed them. He died in the third year after. Aganippus also died; and Cordelia, obtaining the government of the kingdom, buried her father in a certain vault which she ordered to be made for him under the river Soar, in Leicester, and which had originally been built underground to the honor of the god Janus. And here all the workmen of the city, upon the solemn anniversary of that festival, used to begin their yearly labors.

After peaceable possession of the government for five years, Cordelia began to meet with disturbances from the two sons of her sisters, both of whom were young men of great spirit, whereof one, named Margan, was born to Maglanus, and the other, named Cunedagius, to Henninus. These, after the death of their fathers, succeeding them in their dukedoms, were incensed to see Britain subject to a woman, and raised forces in order to create a rebellion against the queen; nor would they desist from hostilities till, after a general waste of her countries, and several battles fought, they at last took her and put her in prison; where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she killed herself.

WINSLOW'S JOURNEY TO POKANOKET, TO VISIT MASSASOIT
IN HIS SICKNESS.

DURING the time that the captain was at Manomet, news came to Plymouth that Massasoit was likely to die. Now, it being a commendable manner of the Indians when any, especially of note, are dangerously sick, for all that profess friendship to them to visit them in their extremity, either in their persons, or else to send some acceptable persons to them, therefore it was thought meet, being a good and warrantable action, that as we had ever professed friendship, so we should now maintain the same by observing this their laudable custom. To that end, myself, having formerly been there, the governor again laid this service upon myself, and fitted me with some cordials to administer to him; having one Master John Hamden, a gentleman of London, who then wintered with us and desired much to see the country, for my consort, and Hobamak for our guide. So we set forward, and lodged the first night at Namasket, where we had friendly entertainment.

The next day, about one of the clock, we came to a ferry in Corbatant's country, where, upon discharge of my piece, divers Indians came to us from a house not far off. There they told us that Massasoit was dead and buried. This news struck us blank, but especially Hobamak, who desired we might return with all speed. I told him I would first think of it. Considering now that he being dead Corbatant was the most likely to succeed him, and that we were not above three miles from Mattapuyst, his dwelling-place, although he were but a hollow-hearted friend towards us, I thought no time so fit as this to enter into more friendly terms with him and the rest of the sachems thereabout, hoping through the blessing of God it would be the means, in that unsettled state, to settle their affections towards us; and though it were somewhat dangerous in respect of our personal safety, because myself and Hobamak had been employed upon a service against him, which he might now fitly revenge, yet esteeming it the best means, leaving the event to God in his mercy, I resolved to put it in practice, if Master Hamden and Hobamak durst attempt it with me, whom I found willing to that or any other course which might tend to the general good. So we went towards Mattapuyst.

In the way, Hobamak, manifesting a troubled spirit, brake forth into these speeches: "Neen womasu sagimus, neen womasu sagimus," etc., — "My loving sachem, my loving sachem! Many have I known, but never any like thee;" and turning him to me, said whilst I lived I should never see his like amongst



WINSLOW REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO SEE MASSASOIT.

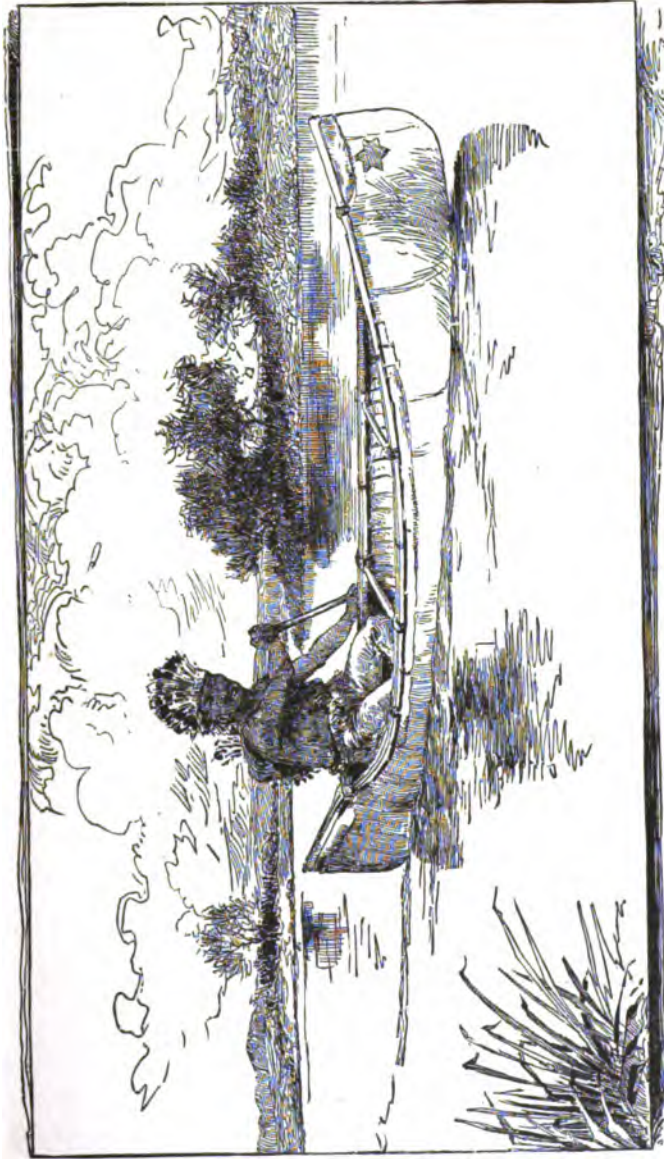
the Indians, saying he was no liar, he was not bloody and cruel like other Indians, in anger and passion he was soon reclaimed, easy to be reconciled towards such as had offended him, ruled by reason in such measure as he would not scorn the advice of mean men, and that he governed his men better with few strokes than others did with many, truly loving where he loved; yea, he feared we had not a faithful friend left among the Indians; showing he oft-times restrained their malice, etc.; continuing a long speech, with such signs of lamentations and unfeigned sorrow as it would have made the hardest heart relent.

At length we came to Mattapuyst, and went to the *sachemo comaco*, for so they call the sachem's place, though they call an ordinary house *witeo*; but Corbatant, the sachem, was not at home, but at Pakanokit, which was some five or six miles off. The squaw sachem, for so they called the sachem's wife, gave us friendly entertainment. Here we inquired again concerning Massasoit; they thought him dead, but knew no certainty. Whereupon I hired one to go with all expedition to Pakanokit, that we might know the certainty thereof, and withal to acquaint Corbatant with our there being. About half an hour before sunsetting the messenger returned, and told us that he was not yet dead, though there was no hope we should find him living. Upon this we were much revived, and set forward with all speed, though it was late within night ere we got thither.

When we came thither, we found the house so full of men as we could scarce get in, though they used their best diligence to make way for us. There were they in the midst of their charms for him, making such an awful noise as it dis-tempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick. About him were six or eight women, who chafed his arms, legs, and thighs, to keep heat in him. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends the English were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked who was come. They told him Winsnow, for they cannot pronounce the letter *l*, but ordinarily *n* in the place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him and they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me, which I took. Then he said twice, though very inwardly, "Keen Winsnow?" which is to say, "Art thou Winslow?" I answered, "Ahhe," that is, "Yes." Then he doubled these words: "Matta neen wonckanet namen Winsnow!" that is to say, "O Winslow, I shall never see thee again!"

Then I called Hobamak and desired him to tell Massasoit that the governor, hearing of his sickness, was sorry for the same; and though by reason of many businesses he could not come himself, yet he had sent me with such things for him as he thought most likely to do him good in this his extremity; and whereof if he pleased to take, I would presently give him, which he desired;

and having a confection of many comfortable conserves, etc., on the point of my knife I gave him some, which I could scarce get through his teeth. When it was dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed the juice of it; whereat those that were about him much rejoiced, saying he had not swallowed anything in two days before. Then I desired to see his mouth, which was exceedingly furred, and his tounge swelled in such a manner as it was not possible for him to eat such meat as they had, his passage being stopped up. Then I washed his mouth and scraped his tounge, and got abundance of corruption out of the same. After which I gave him more of the confection, which he swallowed with more readiness. Then he desired to drink. I dissolved some of it in water, and gave him thereof. Within half an hour this wrought a great alteration in him in the eyes of all that beheld him. Presently after his sight began to come to him, which gave him and us good encouragement. In the mean time, I inquired how he slept. They said he slept not in two days before. Then I gave him more, and told him of a mishap we had by the way in breaking a bottle of drink which the governor also sent him, saying if he would send any of his men to Patuxet, I would send for more of the same; also for chickens to make him broth, and for other things which I knew were good for him, and would stay the return of his messengers if he desired. This he took marvellous kindly, and appointed some, who were ready to go by two of the clock in the morning; against which time I made ready a letter, declaring therein our good success, the state of his body, etc., desiring to send me such things as I sent for, and such physic as the surgeon durst administer to him. He requested me that the following day I would take my piece and kill some fowl, and make him some English pottage, such as he had eaten at Plymouth, which I promised. After, his stomach coming to him, I must needs make him some without fowl before I went abroad, which somewhat troubled me, being unaccustomed and unacquainted in such businesses, especially having nothing to make it comfortable, my consort being as ignorant as myself; but being we must do somewhat, I caused a woman to bruise some corn and take the flour from it, and set over the grit, or broken corn, in a pipkin, for they have earthen pots of all sizes. When the day broke we went out, it being now March, to seek herbs, but could not find any but strawberry leaves, of which I gathered a handful and put into the same; and because I had nothing to relish it, I went forth again and pulled up a sassafras root and sliced a piece thereof, and boiled it till it had a good relish, and then took it out again. The broth being boiled I strained it through my handkerchief, and gave him at least a pint, which he drank, and liked it very well. After this his sight mended more and more, and he took some rest; insomuch as we with admiration blessed God for his blessing to such raw and igno-



"THE NOBLE INDIAN."

rant means, making no doubt of his recovery, himself and all of them acknowledging us the instruments of his preservation. That morning he caused me to spend in going from one to another amongst those that were sick in the town, requesting me to wash their mouths also, and give to each of them some of the same I gave to him, saying they were good folk. This pains I took with willingness, though it were much offensive to me, not being accustomed to such poisonous savors. After dinner he desired me to get him a goose or a duck, and make him some pottage therewith, with as much speed as I could. So I took a man with me, and made a shot at a couple of ducks some six score paces off, and killed one, at which he wondered. So we returned forthwith and dressed it, making more broth therewith, which he much desired. Never did I see a man so low brought, recover in that measure in so short a time. The fowl being extraordinary fat, I told Hobamak I must take off the top thereof, saying it would make him very sick again if he did eat it. This he acquainted Massasoit therewith, who would not be persuaded to it, though I pressed it very much, showing the strength thereof and the weakness of his stomach, which could not possibly bear it. Notwithstanding, he made a gross meal of it, and ate as much as would well have satisfied a man in health. About an hour after he began to be very sick, and straining very much cast up the broth again; and in overstraining himself began to bleed at the nose, and so continued the space of four hours. Then they all wished he had been ruled, concluding now he would die, which we much feared also. They asked me what I thought of him. I answered his case was desperate, yet it might be it would save his life, for if it ceased in time, he would forthwith sleep and take rest, which was the principal thing he wanted. Not long after his blood stayed, and he slept at least six or eight hours. When he awaked I washed his face and bathed and suppled his beard and nose with a linen cloth. But on a sudden he chopped his nose in the water, and drew up some therein and sent it forth again with such violence as he began to bleed afresh. Then they thought there was no hope, but we perceived it was but the tenderness of his nostril, and therefore told them I thought it would stay presently, as indeed it did.

The messengers were now returned; but finding his stomach come to him, he would not have the chickens killed, but kept them for breed. Neither durst we give him any physic, which was then sent, because his body was so much altered since our instructions; neither saw we any need, not doubting now of his recovery if he were careful. Many whilst we were there came to see him; some by their report from a place not less than a hundred miles. To all that came one of his chief men related the manner of his sickness, how near he was spent, how amongst others his friends the English came to see him, and how suddenly they

recovered him to his strength they saw, he being now able to sit upright of himself.

The day before our coming, another sachem being there told him that now he might see how hollow-hearted the English were, saying that if we had been such friends in deed as we were in show, we would have visited him in this his sickness, using many arguments to withdraw his affections and to persuade him to give way to some things against us which were motioned to him not long before. But upon this his recovery he brake forth into these speeches: "Now I see the English are my friends and love me; and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have showed me." Whilst we were there, our entertainment exceeded that of all other strangers. Divers other things were worthy the noting; but I fear I have been too tedious.

At our coming away he called Hobamak to him and privately (none hearing save two or three other of his braves, who are of his council) revealed the plot of the Massacheuseucks against Master Weston's colony, and so against us, saying that the people of Nauset, Paomet, Succonet, Mattachiest, Manomet, Agowaywam, and the isle of Capawak were joined with them.

Such is the old story. Aunt Mar, believing the John Hamden here mentioned to be the great English patriot, cherished this legend above all the others of the Mount Hope Lands. To visit Great Hampden in England, the ancient seat of the Hampdens and the country home of the patriot, had been her desire from her youth. Next to Great Hampden, Aunt Mar desired to see Scrooby, where the Pilgrim Fathers first formed the church in which New England and New England principles may be said to have been first organized, although no thought of Cape Cod or Plymouth entered into the plan at that time.

CHAPTER IV.

WAS JOHN HAMPDEN EVER IN AMERICA?—THE VOYAGE.—AMUSEMENTS AND
STORIES ON THE SEA.—STORY OF GRACE DARLING.



AS John Hampden ever in America? Did he in company with Edward Winslow visit Massasoit, and help nurse that chieftain when the latter had fallen sick at Sowams. (Warren, Rhode Island)? "One John Hampden, a gentleman of London," is represented in Winslow's narrative as doing these things. Was this "gentleman of London" the great English patriot?

Aunt Mar, who was a great lover of old history and genealogies, believed that this "gentleman of London," of the old New England chronicles, was none other than the great parliamentary leader who denied the divine right of the king to do wrong, and defended the divine rights of the people to follow their own consciences, and who arrayed the English patriots to resist the king. She was ambitious to establish this claim, because, as she said, "it would be such an honor to inherit the blood of the father of English and American liberty." But the claim, although defended by writers like Belknap, was disputed; and one of Aunt Mar's dreams of visiting England was to see some one of the family of Lord Nugent, the descendant and historian of Hampden, and establish her case.

"You do not think," said Helen to her one day, "that Lord Nugent or any of his family would receive us if we were to try to call upon him or them, do you?"

"Yes," said Aunt Mar with spirit. "Why not? I am one of their relatives, — we all are."

"But how would you seek such an interview?"

"I should write to Lord Nugent, and say that we were Hampdens, and a branch of his family in America, and that we wished to confer with him on a very interesting historical question. If he were a gentleman he would receive us, of course."

The good old rector of Warren had thrown doubt on Aunt Mar's theory of the visit of Hampden to America. She resented the suspicion that her view was not the correct one, and met the rector's objections at every point.

"If the John Hampden who came to America in 1623 and visited Massasoit had been the real John Hampden of the struggle of the Parliament and people against the king, he would not have been spoken of as 'one John Hampden, a gentleman of London,' in the old chronicle, would he?" asked the rector one day when he was visiting Aunt Mar.

"Yes."

"But why?"

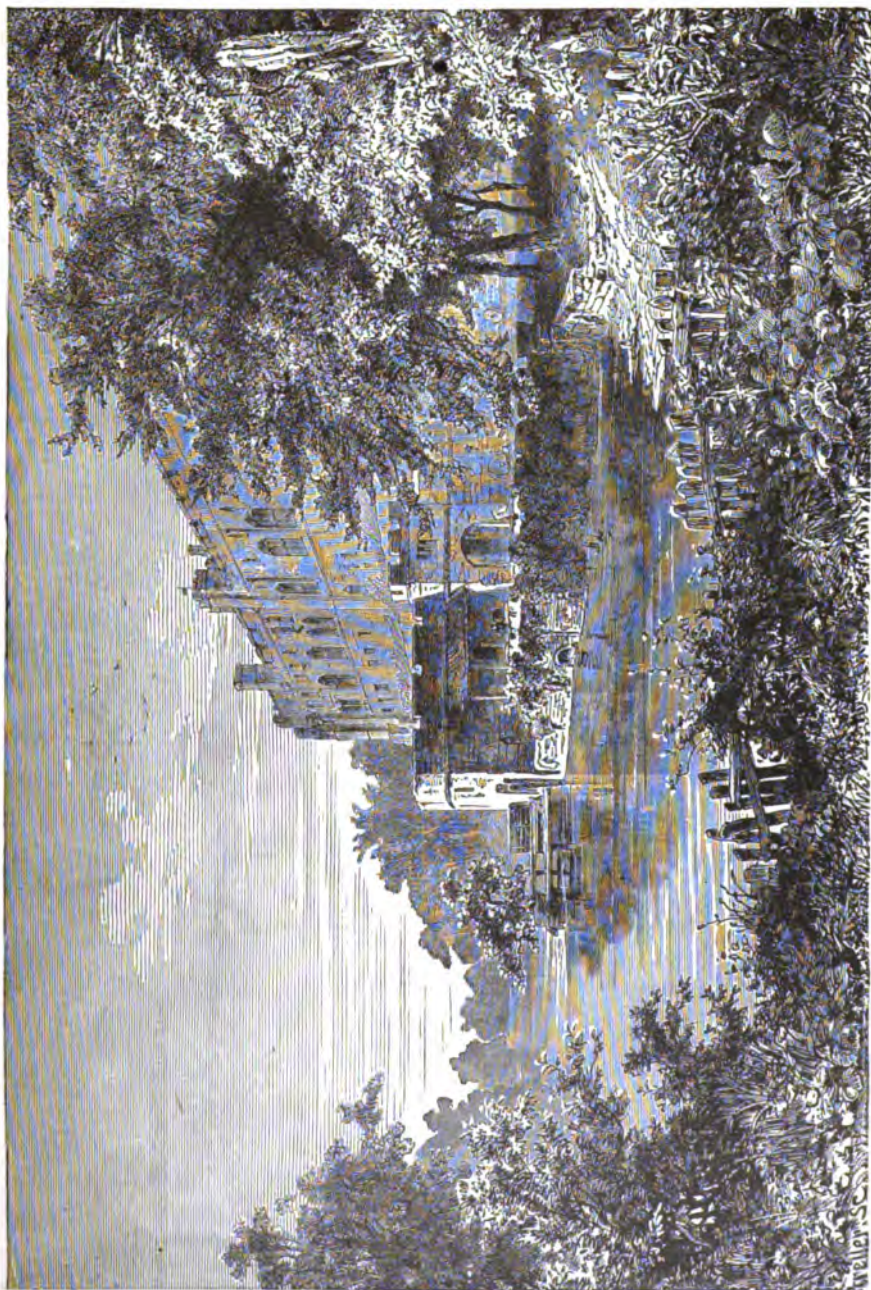
"He was visiting the country secretly."

"Why?"

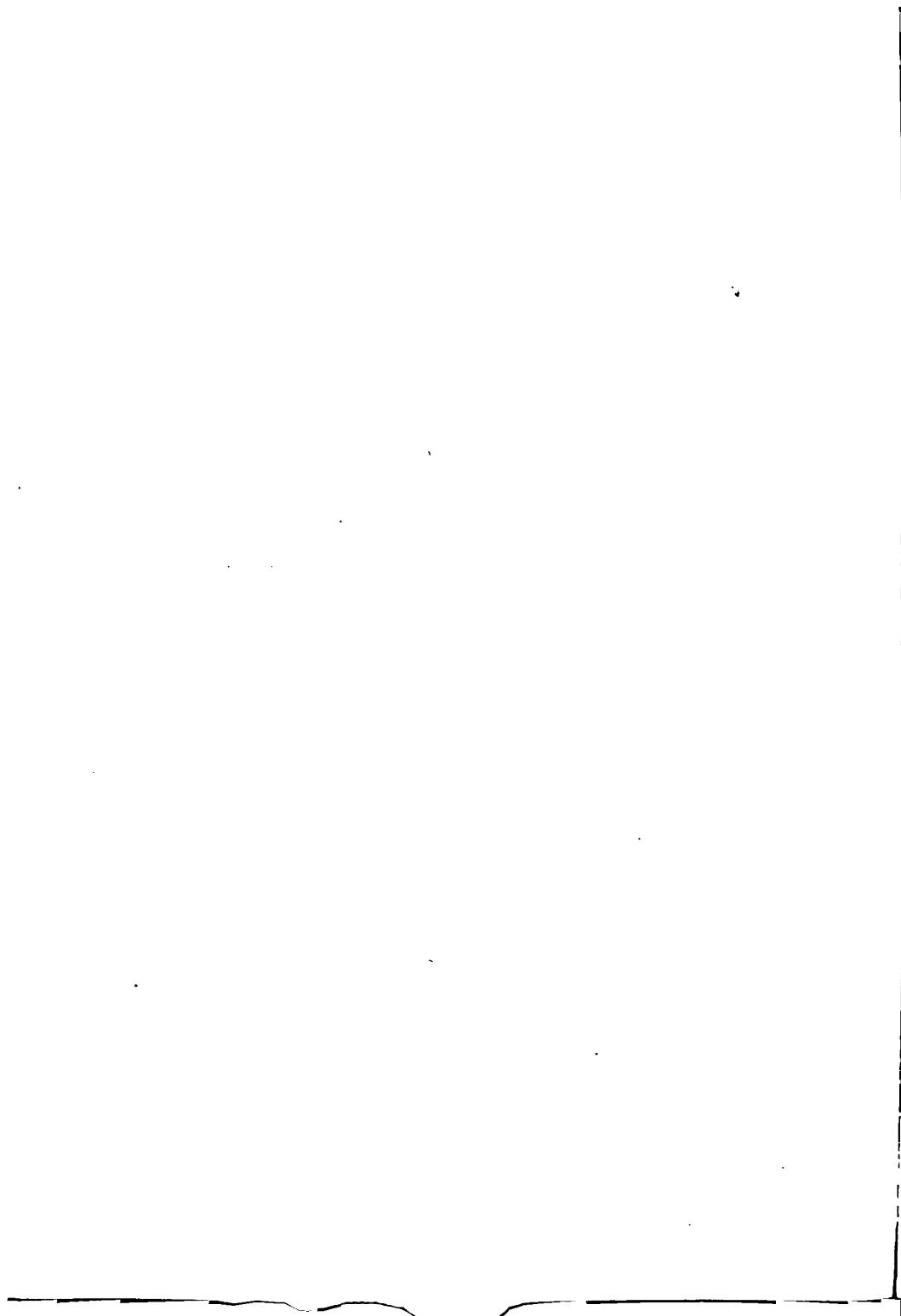
"So as to provide a home for himself and the patriots in case the popular cause should fail."

"The historian would naturally have written, 'John Hampden, a member of Parliament.'"

"No, not at all. Hampden came on a secret mission. He had the same purpose and spirit as Sir Harry Vane, Lord Baltimore, and other men of rank and fortune who were seeking to plant colonies in America for the purpose of civil liberty. He of course



THE FAMOUS WARWICK CASTLE.



would shun publicity. If the parliamentary cause succeeded, he would have no reason for planting a colony in America. He came to see the country in the interest of colonization in case the royal cause succeeded."

"But John Hampden at this time had but recently married."

"All the more reason that he should wish to provide a safe home for himself and wife. What would be the good of a husband who had forfeited his head?"

"But a parliamentary election was pending, and he was a candidate."

"Not at this time. He came to America in the interim of the two Parliaments."

"But Lord Nugent makes no mention in his history of any visit of John Hampden to America."

"No; that is why I wish to see him,—to explain to him how he omitted one of the grandest events in the patriot's life."

The good rector smiled. The picture of Aunt Mar teaching history to Lord Nugent was a comical one.

"You may laugh if you like," said Aunt Mar, "but it was all so. I feel it was so, and my impressions are always correct. Some people are born with prophetic impressions, and I think that I am such a person."

"I hope that your impressions are correct," said the rector. "It would be a noble picture of American history to make the great John Hampden one of the physicians of Massasoit, the protector of the Plymouth pilgrims. The act would have been worthy of his great heart; but I still have my doubts in regard to the identity."

"You shall know all the facts of the case when I return from Europe," said Aunt Mar.

In the preparation for the journey Helen made a study of the old English Christmas ballads and legends, under the direction of

her aunt. The two found the study a most agreeable recreation, and Aunt Mar used to entertain the whole family in the early winter evenings with facts about the holiday customs and folk-lore of England.

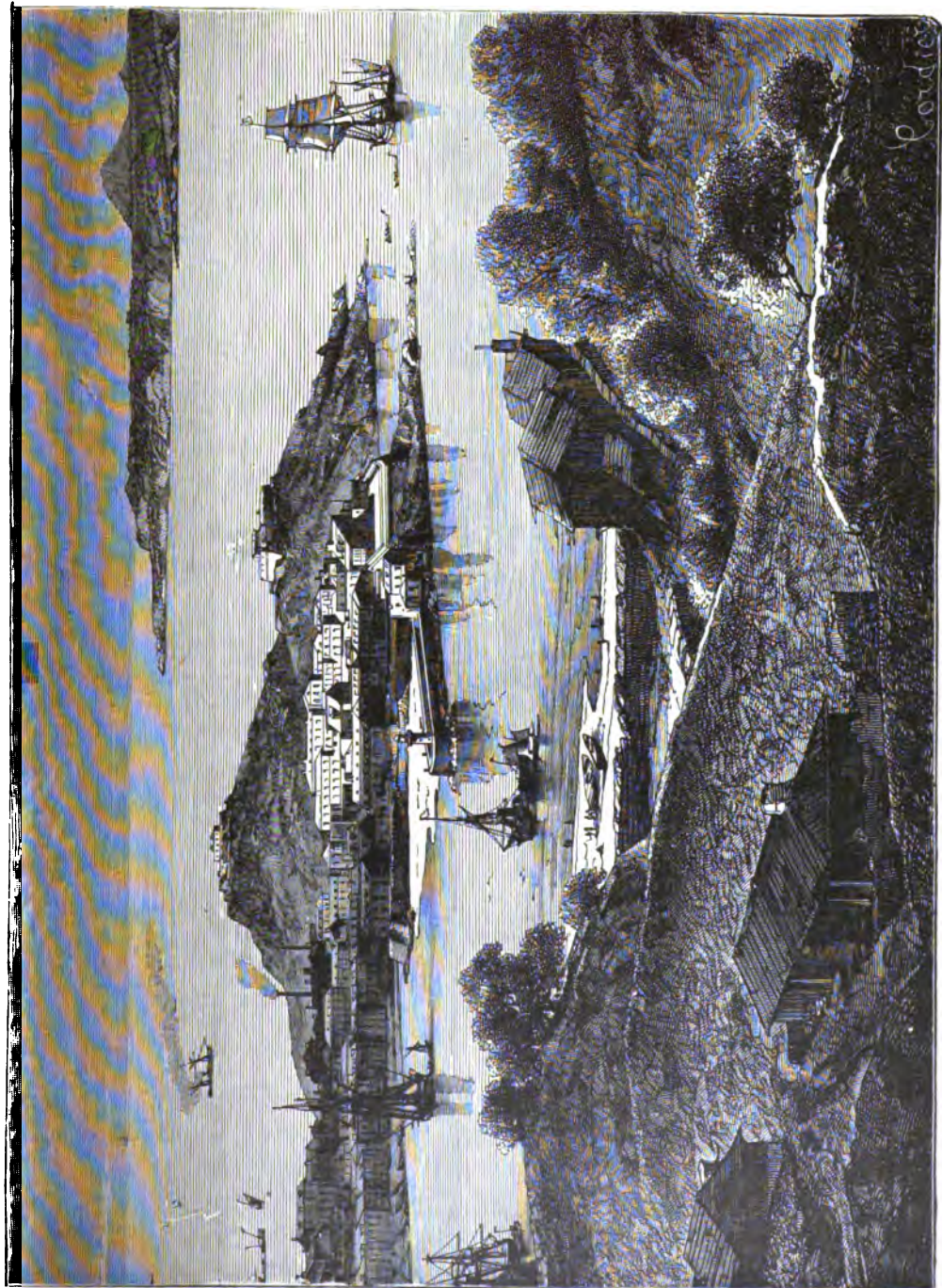
Our tourists left Bristol, Rhode Island, for Quebec, to take the "Parisian," of the Allan line of steamers, for Liverpool. The "Parisian" is the largest steamer in this service, and has the reputation of being a very "steady" boat in rough water. She makes the voyage from the Strait of Belle Isle to Liverpool in about five days, and in midsummer the Northern Atlantic is likely to be calm after months of wind and cold. No ocean route is more picturesque than that of this line of steamers between Montreal, Quebec, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Liverpool. The scenery of the St. Lawrence and of the coast of Ireland is among the most beautiful and interesting in the world.

At Quebec our tourists visited the scenes associated with stories of Parkman's histories, and with the local novel of the "Golden Dog." They spent an afternoon on the Terrace. The scene from the Terrace was wonderful: the French town below, the castle above, the mountains in the distance, and the procession of ships and steamers moving along the calm St. Lawrence. Few scenes for majesty and bold and dramatic beauty can be compared to the view from the Terrace on a summer afternoon.

The "Parisian" lay in sight in the deep water near the Terrace.

The voyage out from Quebec into the broad waters of the St. Lawrence was like a panorama. The boat was so steady and the water so calm, that the shores seemed passing the tourists rather than the tourists the shores.

The first sunset on the St. Lawrence was glorious. The broad waters seemed like a "sea of glass mingled with fire." The mountain-tops blazed like altars in the sky, and the little French towns on the



UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

hillsides and in the valleys lay in the restful shadows as the great light faded. There was a deep silence everywhere. Gulls followed the ship, their wings now rising into the crimson light, now sinking into the lower shadows.

The steamer stopped at Rimouski for the mail. She was three days in the St. Lawrence, and seemed to move without motion, and to be passing the shores by some magic power. She came in sight of the cool shores of Labrador, passed through the narrow strait, and was in the open ocean. The sea was still calm, and there was no sickness on board. The passengers read, promenaded the long deck, played games and conversed, and had concerts in the ladies' saloon in the evening. It was calm and pleasant all the way. The steamer was really only about four days out of sight of lighthouses. It was a quick passage. Almost before the passengers could realize it, the green shores of Ireland were in view.

After the fear of any serious sea-sickness had passed, there was a demand by the saloon passengers for stories and amusements. There is a piano in the ladies' saloon of the "Parisian," and a small but excellent library. The books were much read, and there was singing in the evening, and piano-playing.

There were two foggy afternoons in calm water. In these, various diversions were resorted to, to relieve the tedium. Aunt Mar's interesting qualities were soon discovered by the passengers. Among the amusements introduced were several that we will describe.

MYSTERIOUS CALCULATIONS.

I.

TELL a companion secretly to think of a certain number, as 2, 3, 4, or any of the nine digits, or 10, 20, 30, etc. Say to him, —

"Double it.

"Add to it (any number you choose to give).

"Halve the sum and from it subtract the number of which you first thought."

Now the remainder, in every case, will be one half of the number that you tell your friend to add. He will therefore be much surprised when you quietly say, —

“And the remainder is —” (the true remainder).

For example: He thinks of the number *five*.

Double it	10
Add 4	14
Halve the sum	7
Subtract the original number (5)	2

You say, “The remainder is *two*,” which is half of four, the number added. If he is not a clear-headed mathematician he will be much puzzled to ascertain how you arrive at the correct remainder.

II.

Say to a friend, —

“Write on a slip of paper a number of three or four digits” (as 324, 1245). When it is written, say, —

“Now we will add to it two other numbers, of which you may write one and I will write one; but before we do this I will write the sum of them all on the back of the paper.”

You subtract the number *one* from the number he has written, and prefix it to the number. Thus $324 - 1 = 323$. Prefixing 1 = 1323, which you will write on the back of the paper. You ask your friend to write another number under the first. He does so. You then write a number, but your number added to his last must make each digit of the sum nine. Thus, were his second number 432, you would be obliged to write 567, because $432 + 567 = 999$. You add the three numbers, turn over the paper, and the correct result appears on the back, placed there when only one number of the sum was written.

For example: —

He writes 240	
He writes 321	} 999
You write 678	

1239

And $240 - 1 = 239$. Prefixing 1 = 1239.

These were old tricks with figures, but only a few of the passengers were familiar with them, and so they filled an hour very pleasantly

as the boat glided silently along like a bird in the mist, through which the sun partly shone, making a yellow light, and giving one an impression that the shore was near at hand.

A diversion affording much amusement on both of the partly cloudy days, was called

SHOUTING PROVERBS.

ONE of a social party is selected to leave the room, and while he is out some one present selects a proverb, as, for instance: —

“Experience keeps a dear school.”

The party is formed into a class, and the one who selects the proverb gives the word “experience” to No. 1 of the class, “keeps” to No. 2, “a” to No. 3, “dear” to No. 4, and “school” to No. 5.

If there are others in the class he repeats the proverb in the same manner as before.

The person out of the room is now called in, and says, “One, two, three.” The class then shout the proverb together, as one voice. No. 1 shouts “experience,” No. 2 “keeps,” No. 3 “a,” No. 4 “dear,” etc.; but all shout at the same time.

If there be no bungler present to speak his word in an unusually high key, or out of time, the person selected to find out the proverb will have no easy task. He may require the class to shout again. If unable to guess the proverb he may now endeavor to find it in the following manner: —

He asks No. 1 two questions, and each answer must be so formed as to contain the word given to him (No. 1) in the proverb. The inquirer says, for example, —

“Do you like large parties?”

No. 1 must so form his reply as to contain the word “experience;” as, “I have not had much experience in such gatherings.”

The answers of No. 2 must contain the word “keeps,” and of No. 5 the word “school.”

If the person selected to guess the proverb is successful he may, if he chooses and the party consent, impose forfeits on those present for their want of shrewdness; if he is unsuccessful the party may exact a forfeit of him.

The more intellectual the company, the more shrewd and witty will be the answers.

Among the proverbs used were these : —

“ Never go to sea in a bowl.”

“ Lost time is never found again.”

“ One to-day is worth two to-morrows.”

“ There are no gains without pains.”

“ If you would know the worth of money try to borrow some.”

“ Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn of no other.”

“ It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.”

“ Many words will not fill a bushel.”

Recitations were given by several passengers, and readings by an elocutionist.

Aunt Mar related a number of stories, and Helen read a very appropriate selection, which was introduced by her aunt as follows : —

“ The strong and spirited poem that my niece is about to give you was composed under very interesting circumstances.

“ George W. Cutter, the author of some brilliant fragmentary poems, the most popular of which are ‘ E Pluribus Unum ’ and ‘ The Song of Steam,’ was the son of a British government agent in Canada. At the age of eighteen young Cutter removed from Canada to Terre Haute, Ind., where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He possessed versatile talents and many pleasant and amiable characteristics, and became so popular among the people of his adopted village, that even before he attained his majority he was elected to the State Legislature. While serving in this capacity at Indianapolis he became fascinated with a dashing young actress and married her.

“ The people whom Cutter represented in the Legislature were Quakers, and well knowing that they would never overlook his connection with an actress, he resolved not to return to his constituency, but to remove with his bride to Kentucky. He accordingly went to Covington. His wife possessed a small fortune, and here for a time they lived in luxury. Their extravagance at last exhausted

their means, and hard times and domestic infelicity followed as a consequence.

"He entered the army during the Mexican war, and served with considerable distinction as an officer. He was at this period very intimate with Colonel Clay, the son of the famous Kentucky statesman, who died in his arms. He became very intemperate, and his decline was sad to witness. An intimate friend says of him : —

" 'Mr. Cutter never did much good for himself after his return from the Mexican war. His friends once or twice got him a clerkship in some of the Government departments at Washington, but his love for wine always either consumed the results or got him out of the positions. He was never naturally disposed to labor of any kind. I do not know exactly what age he was when he died, but think he was very little if any over fifty. Old age did not lead him to the grave; he would doubtless have lived many years longer but for his unfortunate love of stimulants.'

"It was while living a fashionable life at Covington that he composed his famous 'Song of Steam.' Of this composition he once wrote to a friend : —

" 'I will tell you how that was done. It was one of my earliest efforts. I had been very busy in my garden all day, and after night I continued to work at something about the house till a very late hour. When my work was finished I felt in a kind of funny mood, — that is, I felt some kind of an elation of spirits, and so concluded to try my hand at writing a humorous poem. Steam suggested itself as my subject, and taking the pen I dashed off the song almost without stopping, and without any apparent effort, never for once suspecting that it amounted to anything. So little did I think of the production that I did not take the trouble to read it over before I retired.'

"It was first published in a local paper of a very limited circulation. It was copied by other papers, and became very popular, and won for its author sudden and unexpected fame."

Helen then recited

THE SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
But I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain !
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
'Neath the weight he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love, —
I could not but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne like a thunder-blast,
And laughed at my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurra ! hurra ! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline,

Time, space have yielded to my power, —
The world, the world is mine !
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline ;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below ;
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow ;

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade ;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I curry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf ;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain !

But with all these pleasant diversions, time as a whole passed heavily. The passengers remained at the tables as long as possible after meals, and as the port-holes near the tables were kept open in clear weather, they were afforded some fine pictures of the blue sunny sea. The sunsets at the close of the voyage were brilliant, and the afterglow was like a dream.

On the last evening before sighting Ireland the sky was all gold and roses. A schooner appeared and passed the steamer. She was named "Grace Darling." Her white sails seemed to float into the afterglow as into a crimson sea.



THE FARNE ISLANDS.

"How many ships and sea craft have been called 'Grace Darling'!" said a passenger.

"Who was Grace Darling?" asked Helen of Aunt Mar.

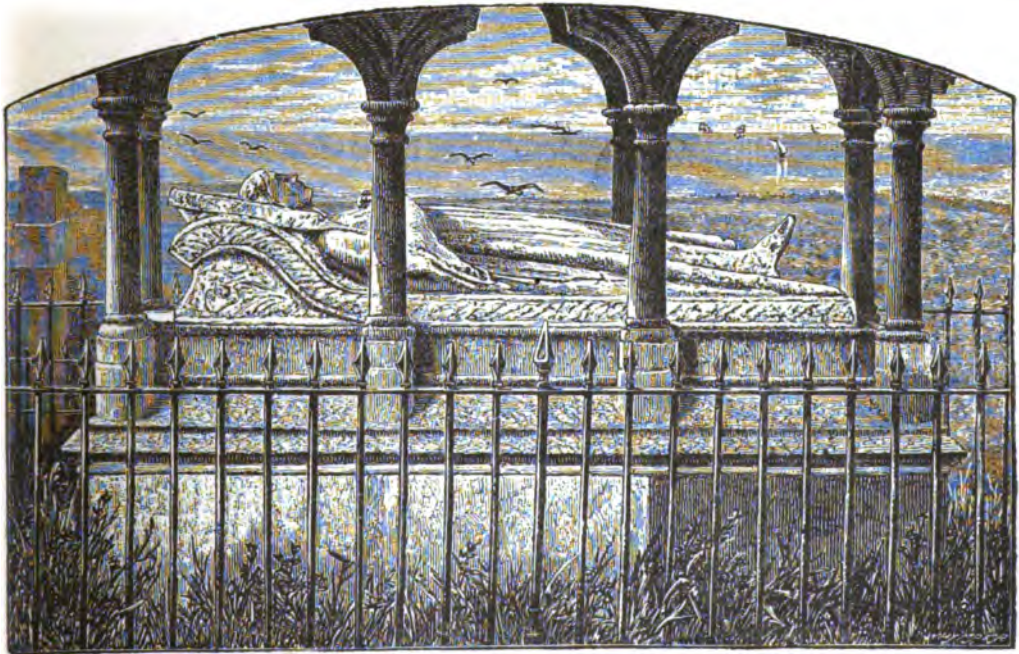
The passengers were interested in Helen's question.

Aunt Mar then related the following

STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

GRACE DARLING, by a single act of heroism, won the love of the world. The following are the most interesting particulars of her history: —

Her father was the keeper of a lighthouse on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. One wild boisterous morning, Sept. 7, 1838, during the abatement of a storm, the Darlings discovered a wreck at the distance of a mile



TOMB OF GRACE DARLING.

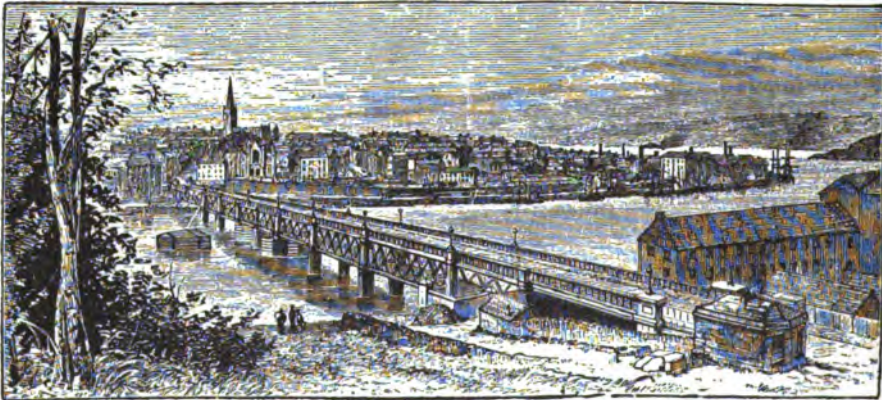
from the lighthouse. The morning twilight deepened, partly dissipating the fog, and by the aid of a glass they discerned forms of human beings clinging to the rocks and to the fragments of the wreck.

The tide among the Farne Islands runs strongly, even in the calmest weather, especially among the outermost group, "pouring and roaring in raging whiteness," as one describes the appearance of the sea at that place.

On the morning of the wreck the waters were unusually rough, even for the stormy coast of Northumberland, the breakers dashing against the rocks with great violence, impelled by a cold northern wind.

Captain Darling, the keeper of the light, decided that it would be impossible to rescue the sufferers; that a returning tide would shortly baffle any attempt to pass between the islands, and that for one to set out in a boat in the direction of the wreck would insure almost certain destruction. His daughter Grace, a delicate, sensitive girl of twenty-one summers, looked out on the scene of suffering with a heart overflowing with emotion.

"Launch the boat," she said with decision; "I will attempt the rescue,

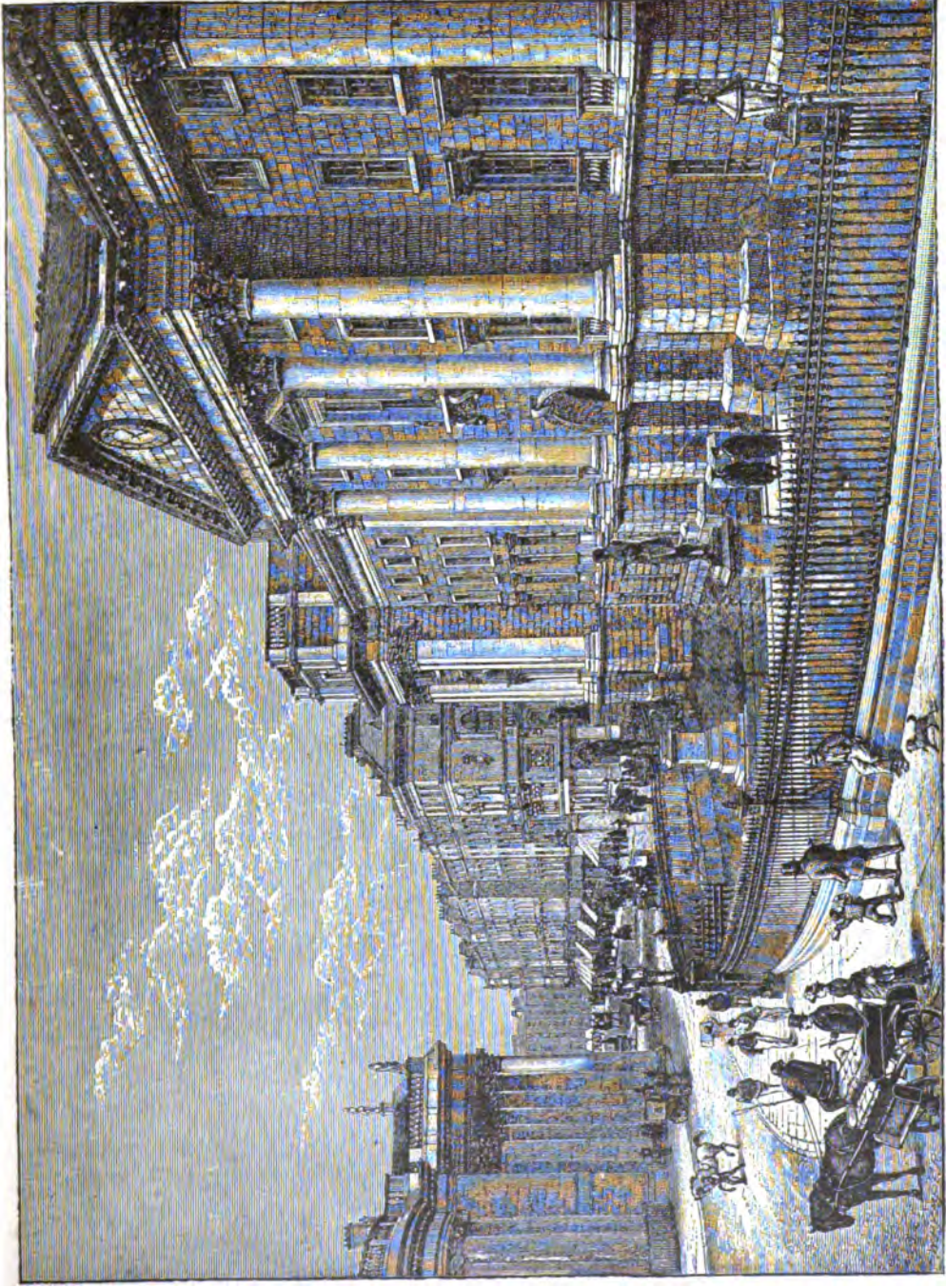


LONDONDERRY.

father, whatever be the peril or the consequence. Launch the boat. I will use one oar; will you not take the other?"

Captain Darling hesitated. Scenes of hardship and suffering had somewhat abated the force of his sympathetic feelings, and life was more dear to him than to the susceptible girl by his side. But he launched the boat, and the two made their way among the perilous rocks, the sea roaring and rushing beneath them, and the storm-birds screaming above. She rescued the survivors of the wreck, nine in number, and brought them safely over the rapids to her island home. The steamer had fifty-three persons on board at the time of the disaster, of whom thirty-eight perished.

The deed made the name of the heroic girl a household word throughout



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Europe, and caused the lonely lighthouse on the desolate island to become one of the most noted places on that rugged coast.

A public subscription was raised for Grace Darling, which amounted to seven hundred pounds. She died Oct. 20, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven. Her body was followed to the grave by a great concourse of people, four eminent gentlemen bearing the pall. Like all truly noble natures, she was simple and unaffected in appearance, and shrunk from publicity and applause.

The next morning the sun rose like a pillar of fire.

Charlie pointed to the east. "What a great bank of fog!" he exclaimed.

"That," said the steward, "is land. At noon we shall be at Moville, the port of Londonderry."

CHAPTER V.

THE LAND OF MOORE AND GOLDSMITH. — STORIES OF THE AUTHOR OF THE "DESERTED VILLAGE." — THE STORY AND LAST ADDRESS OF ROBERT EMMET. — GIANTS.



OUR tourists, on arriving at Moville, decided to stop a week or more in Ireland, and visit Dublin and the district of Longford.

They wished to go to Dublin by the coast route, and to return by the way of Longford, and so visit the poetic haunts of Moore and Goldsmith. They could have crossed directly from Dublin to Holyhead or Liverpool, England; but Helen was a lover of the works of Oliver Goldsmith, and said that she would rather visit the scenes of the "Deserted Village" than any other spot in all Ireland. Charlie wished to see the Giant's Causeway, and Aunt Mar wanted to go to the hills of Tara; so this circuitous route was chosen from Dublin to Liverpool, although when they would be in Dublin they would be in such easy distance from the English ports. The railway by Coleraine runs along the beautiful shores of Lough Foyle among the cliffs, and they could stop to visit the famous causeway. This consists of long ranges of basaltic pillars, like the ruin of a gigantic temple. The legend is that Fin McCoal constructed the causeway so that he—who was a giant—might meet a great Scottish giant, and that they thus might test their strength in a contest. Of course Fin McCoal, the Irish giant, was the victor; but he was a generous champion, for he allowed the Scottish giant to live in Ireland.

Our tourists rested at Belfast, which is the most prosperous city of Ireland. "If she has no houses that are more than one hundred

and fifty years old," remarks one, "she builds fifteen hundred houses per annum."

Belfast is the life and pride of modern Ireland. The magnificent monument known as the Albert Memorial, in the principal square, was much admired by our tourists.

A further journey brought our tourists to Drogheda, and to the neighborhood of Tara.

Drogheda is some thirty miles from Dublin, and is historically one of the most interesting places in Ireland. Near it is the famous hill of Tara, and about a mile from the town is the battlefield of Boyne Water. It is full of the memorials of old wars, crusades, and dramatic religious events.

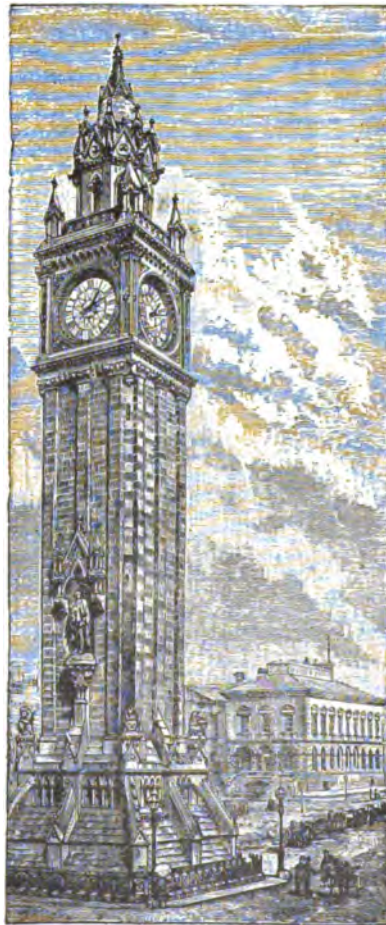
Our tourists turned at once to the hill of Tara. Aunt Mar had used to sing

"The harp that once through Tara's halls ;"

and nothing more tempts a traveller than the associations of an old song. The enchantment of an old historic ballad haunts one for life. But truly, truly, —

"No more with lords and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells."

Tara was but a collection of mounds on which the palace of the old Irish kings once stood, with its Coronation Stone — now in



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Westminster Abbey — and its minstrels and music-loving chiefs. How the palaces of earth lift their domes into the air and sink into the earth again! Tara to-day is a disappointment, except to those whose creative imaginations can people the past.

They next came to Dublin, the capital of Ireland, and the vice-royal seat. It fills the valley of the river Liffey. The estuary of



DROGHEDA.

the river expands into a beautiful bay,—the song-haunted Bay of Dublin. Our tourists were now in the oldest place that they had ever visited,—so old as to be mentioned by Ptolemy (A. D. 140). The beautiful bay interested them more than the grand state buildings. At Dublin University both Moore and Goldsmith were educated. The whole region is full of the spirit of Moore and his poetry. This is the poet-haunted land of Moore.



THE VALE OF AVOCA.

"O Bay of Dublin,"

sang Helen one morning as the sun shone into the windows of the hotel, and the noise of traffic began to fill the streets. She raised the window and beheld the waters glimmering afar, the morning splendors broken by black steamers and white sail.

"They sailed away from Dublin Bay,"

she sang again, and then suddenly exclaimed,—

"Oh, Aunt Mar, we must go —"

"Where, to Kerry?"

"No; but to the loveliest vale in all the world. You used to sing about it to me when I was a little girl."

"The Vale of Cashmere?"

"No, no; the Vale of Cashmere is not in Ireland!"

"Lucerne?"

"No, no; the Lucerne is not in Ireland!"

"But the Vale of Cashmere and the Lucerne are held to be the most beautiful valleys in the world,—if the Lucerne be a valley."

"Don't you remember, Aunt Mar, that you used to sing a song by Tom Moore, beginning

'There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale on whose bosom the bright waters meet.'"

"Oh, the Vale of Avoca; it is near Dublin, so it is,—in Wicklow Mountain region. Yes, we must visit the Vale of Avoca."

It was an easy and delightful journey to Wicklow, and thence to the hill country on the southeast of Wicklow country, where the poet Moore saw in the meeting of two rivers an emblem of life, and caught the spirit of an immortal song. The two rivers that meet in this valley are the Avonmore and Avonbeg. They form the river Avoca, which flows through a valley of wonderful

beauty. Castle Howard is here, situated on a wooded eminence, and completing a scene of rural enchantment.

Enchantment? Yes, but there are many vales in many lands as beautiful, which have not found a poet to give souls to them. People travelling follow the poets rather than the gazetteer. The poets are supposed to be the discoverers of beauty, to have the gift of interpreting Nature; and to the places of which the poet has sung the common world goes. But the poet usually sings of the scenes of his youth, and those places may be deemed especially fortunate that have given birth to poets. What would be the Doon without Burns? But the world is full of unsung places, scenes of beauty that await the poet's eye, tongue, and pen.

Two rivers have united and formed one placid stream among wooded hills in many lands; but only the Avonmore has found a poetic interpreter. So the world will long sing:—

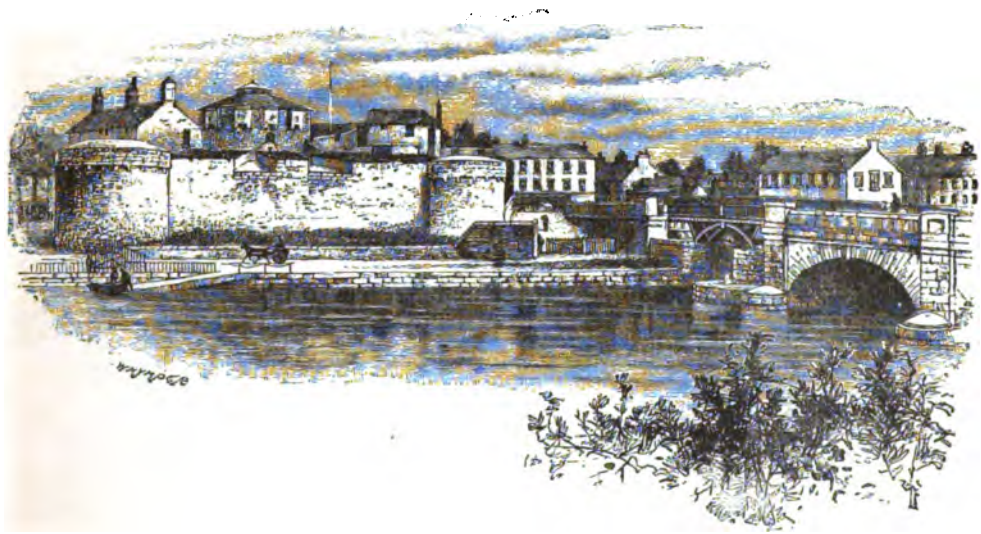
“Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
On thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
When the storms that we meet in this cold world shall cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.”

Our tourists went to Athlone, some eighty miles from Dublin, to visit the scenes of Oliver Goldsmith's early life, and the places that gave coloring to the immortal “Deserted Village.” Athlone has played a most dramatic and tragic part in the history of Ireland. The story of its wars would be long and tedious. In 1691 some twelve thousand cannon-balls were thrown into its castle. The town is divided by the Shannon, which here issues from Lough Rea. The bridge is commanded by the castle, and over all rises the famous round tower. Athlone is as beautiful as it is historically famous.

Our tourists here took a car for Longford through Ballymahon, stopping at the latter place. They were now amid the scenes of the immortal poem. They passed through the hamlet of Lessoy, or

"Auburn." This town, or hamlet, is "the loveliest village of the plain." It claims to be the place of the poet's birth, though Pallas, near Ballymahon, also makes the same claim.

"Full thirteen towns contend for Homer dead,
In which the living Homer begged his bread."



ATHLONE CASTLE.

The places abound in simple rural beauty, rustic cottages, and bright streams. Read the "Deserted Village," and you will have the perfect picture.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.¹

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, who for elegance of style and purity of sentiment ranks among the foremost English writers, can scarcely be said to have had a childhood. His joys were few, and the griefs and sorrows of his early years were many. He was bred in poverty, and too often suffered from neglect. Besides this, he was homely and awkward, and was apparently so dull a boy

¹ George M. Towle, in "Youth's Companion." (By permission.)

that he was made cruel sport of by his mates, — a victim of ill-natured sallies and tricks wherever he went. The small-pox left his face — the features of which were irregular and almost startlingly plain — permanently disfigured. Even this misfortune was made the subject of unfeeling joking and laughter among his schoolfellows. But though such treatment, continued for years, deeply wounded and saddened him, it did not dampen one of the warmest, most loving, and most unselfish hearts that ever beat. Through life he was affectionate and kindly, and no characteristic of his is more attractive or more noticeable than his great fondness for children.

He lived and died a bachelor. No sons or daughters of his own ever "climbed his knees the envied kiss to share;" but wherever he found children, whether they were rich and clad in velvet, or poor and only half covered with rags, he took the greatest delight in fondling them and joining in their games. He had far more troubles than most men. His progress through life was a constant and often a terribly bitter struggle. But if ever life seemed to have sunshine for him, it was when he found himself the companion and the play-mate of innocent childhood.

Soon after he left his native Ireland and went to try his fortunes as an author in the vastness of London, he lodged in a squalid little place called Green Arbor Court. Here lived, for the most part, washerwomen and their numerous families of ragged little ones. The poet soon made the acquaintance of this infantile colony. Down the rickety stairs which led from his bare and gloomy garret he would often go to frolic with them in the dismal court which was their world. He had learned in his boyhood to play the flute. While the washerwomen were busy at their work, he would call the children about him, station himself against a door, and make them dance to the tunes he played.

With this famous flute of his he took a journey on foot over Europe, wandering about in France and Switzerland. When he arrived at a pretty village he would begin to play the flute upon the green; crowds of peasants would soon gather about him, while their queerly-dressed children capered merrily to the music.

He was so poor that on this journey he had to beg many a night's lodging. And when the peasant women saw how heartily he enjoyed playing with the children, and how much he delighted them with his music and merry pranks, they could not find it in their hearts to turn him away without comfortable shelter and such a plain breakfast as they could provide. His love of children really won him his sustenance almost everywhere in the foreign countries which he visited.

A story is told of him after he became a famous author, and had written the beautiful romance of "The Vicar of Wakefield," which well illustrates the almost womanly patience and gentleness of his nature.

He was visiting Colman, at Richmond, one evening. As he sat at the table, he took little George, Colman's son, who afterwards became a famous



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

writer, upon his knee to amuse him. The boy happened to be out of humor, and in response to Goldsmith's caresses gave him an angry slap on the cheek.

His father at once marched him off and shut him up in the next room. The little fellow howled, and screamed, and kicked the door. Goldsmith was uneasy during these demonstrations, and in a moment arose and went to the boy, smiling and pleasant, but with his cheek still red with the blow he had received. He soothed him with kind words, and when he had spirited away the sobs and frowns, took the candle and set it on the floor, and then got down on his hands and knees. The child looked on with utter forgetfulness of his griefs, while the poet, taking three hats, put them on the floor, with a shilling under each of them. Then shouting, "Hey, presto, cockolorum!" he raised the hats, when all three of the shillings were found collected under one of them.

Little George was amazed, and years after used to tell, with much glee, about the great Goldsmith's "conjuring trick." After it was over, they had a merry game of romps, and the face-slapping and imprisonment were forgotten in roars of merry laughter.

Goldsmith seems never to have wearied of playing with children. He would, when visiting a friend's house, run up into the nursery and set its inhabitants wild with delight by dancing a droll imitation of a minuet, singing a funny Irish song with all the brogue in it, and putting his wig on wrong side foremost, while he made up grotesque faces to intensify the ludicrous appearance of his features. Somebody has said that Garrick liked to play with children to amuse himself; but that Goldsmith did so to please not himself, but the children.

Goldsmith had a tenderness in his treatment of the young which made him beloved by them wherever he went. Charles Lamb tells of an old school-mistress of his who was never tired of reading Goldsmith's poems, and who gave as a reason for her fondness for them, that many times, when she was a poor little girl living in a London court, Goldsmith came along and patted her on the head, talking cheerfully to her, and searching his pockets for pennies with which to buy her cakes or some other knick-knack.

Goldsmith, indeed, never could bear to see any one in distress, especially helpless little children.

When he was at college in Dublin, he used to write ballads to be sung in the streets, for which he got five shillings apiece; and he was often known to spend the five shillings — all the money he had in the world — in feeding some beggar woman and her tattered family, whom he met on his way back to his room. He many a time parted with his last pennies in London to ragged little fellows whom he found crying in the street; and there were many squalid courts which he used to visit, in order to relieve the distresses of his poverty-

stricken acquaintances, though he might not know at that very time where his next morning's breakfast was coming from.

At one time he thought of writing a book of fairy stories for children; and it is thought that he actually did write some of the stories, "Goody Two-Shoes," "Gill's Gingerbread," etc., which were published under the name of Griffith Jones.

Foster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," tells us how the poet was loved by the London poor. Speaking of the effect which the poet's death produced on the street beggars, he says: "The staircase in Brick Court (Goldsmith's last residence) is said to have been filled with mourners the reverse of domestic, women without a home, with no friend but him they had come to weep for, outcasts of that great wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable." The poet needed no other eulogy; he could have had no more eloquent witness to his goodness of heart and the usefulness of his sympathetic and self-forgetful life than the tears of the friendless and the poor.

ROBERT EMMET.

ROBERT EMMET, a young Irish enthusiast and revolutionist, was born in Dublin, 1780. He entered Trinity College, where he made himself conspicuous both by the brilliancy of his talents and the ardency of his feelings, but was finally expelled by avowing himself a republican. He became a member of the society of United Irishmen, whose object was to make Ireland an independent republic, and took a prominent part in the revolution of 1798. The republicans having failed in their efforts for independence, Emmet fled to France. He soon returned secretly to Dublin, reorganized the insurgents, and originated a plot to seize the fortifications of the city. The revolutionists lacked the daring and enthusiasm of their leader, and were repulsed and dispirited at the first onset.

Emmet fled to the Wicklow Mountains, and might have eluded the authorities, but for a circumstance as romantic as it proved melancholy. He was deeply in love with a young lady by the name of Curran, the daughter of the eloquent and famous Dublin barrister. He determined to steal back to the city and hold one more interview with her before he fled from his native country. He went back, was discovered, arrested, tried and convicted as a traitor, and sentenced to death. His last address to the court was one of deep pathos. His sentence was carried into effect, and he was hanged in Dublin. At the time of his death he was about twenty-three years of age.

Emmet was an intimate friend of that sweet musician and poet Thomas Moore. Two of the Irish melodies by Moore have direct, and several have indirect reference to the fate of Emmet. Seldom has poetry sung sweeter strains than in the little ballad in allusion to Miss Curran, commencing, —

“She is far from the land where her lost hero sleeps.”

Emmet's last words to the court, beginning, “Let no man write my epitaph,” is thus tenderly echoed in verse by his friend: —

“Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

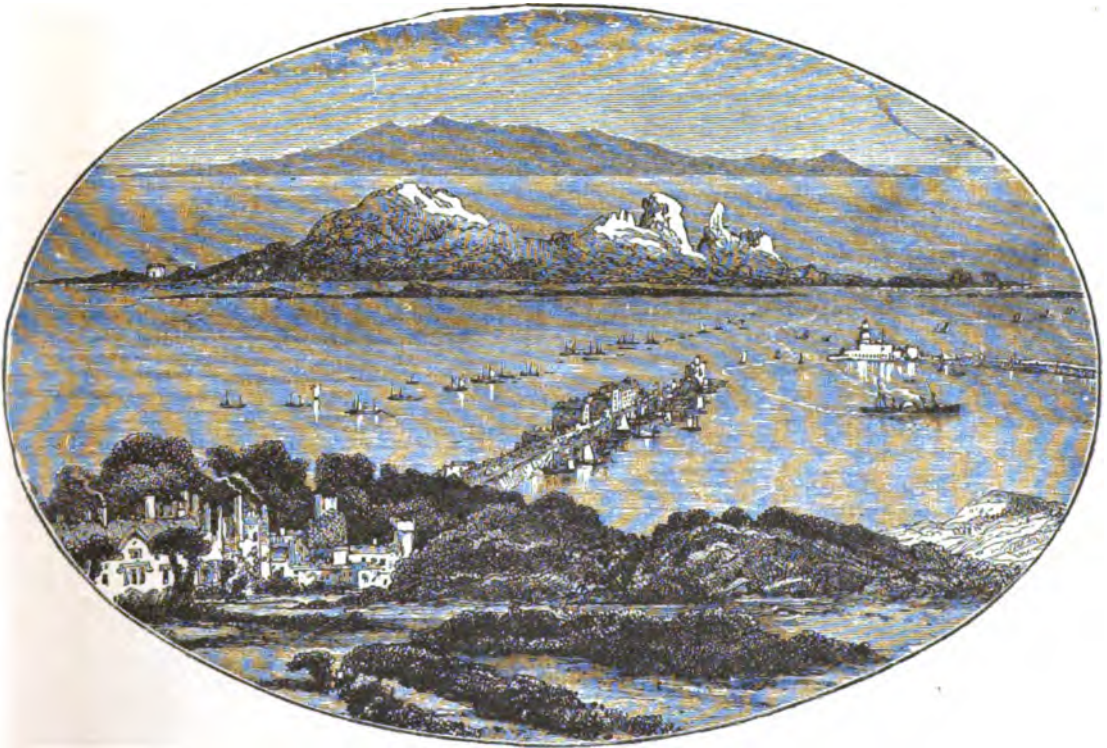
“But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in silence it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory dear in our souls.”

The following is the peroration of Emmet's last address to the court: —

“If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice; the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient. I have but a few words more to say: I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, — it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me remain in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.”

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, AND LEGENDS OF GIANTS.

THE word "giant" is from the Greek, and signifies earth-born. Frequent mention is made of giants by the sacred writers. It is recorded that among the inhabitants of Judea were the Anakites, a race of giants descended from the three sons of Anak, themselves men of marvellous stature. In Deuteronomy



DUBLIN BAY.

we are told of a certain people that "only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants," and that the bedstead of this king was made of iron, and was nine cubits in length and four cubits in breadth, "after the cubit of a man." (The ordinary cubit was about eighteen inches, but the cubit here mentioned may have been much longer.)

There was a famous ancient giant in Gath who had several sons of stature, of whom mention is made in the Scriptures. One of these, who had twelve fingers and twelve toes, was slain by Jonathan, the nephew of David.

Goliath, the champion of the Philistines, was nearly ten feet high, and possessed strength in proportion to his stature. The weight of his coat of mail was five thousand shekels of brass, a shekel being a half ounce (avoirdupois).

The organic remains of certain wonderful creatures, supposed to have been giants, which have been found at different times on the continent of Europe, present a subject for speculation sufficiently marvellous to satisfy the most aspiring.

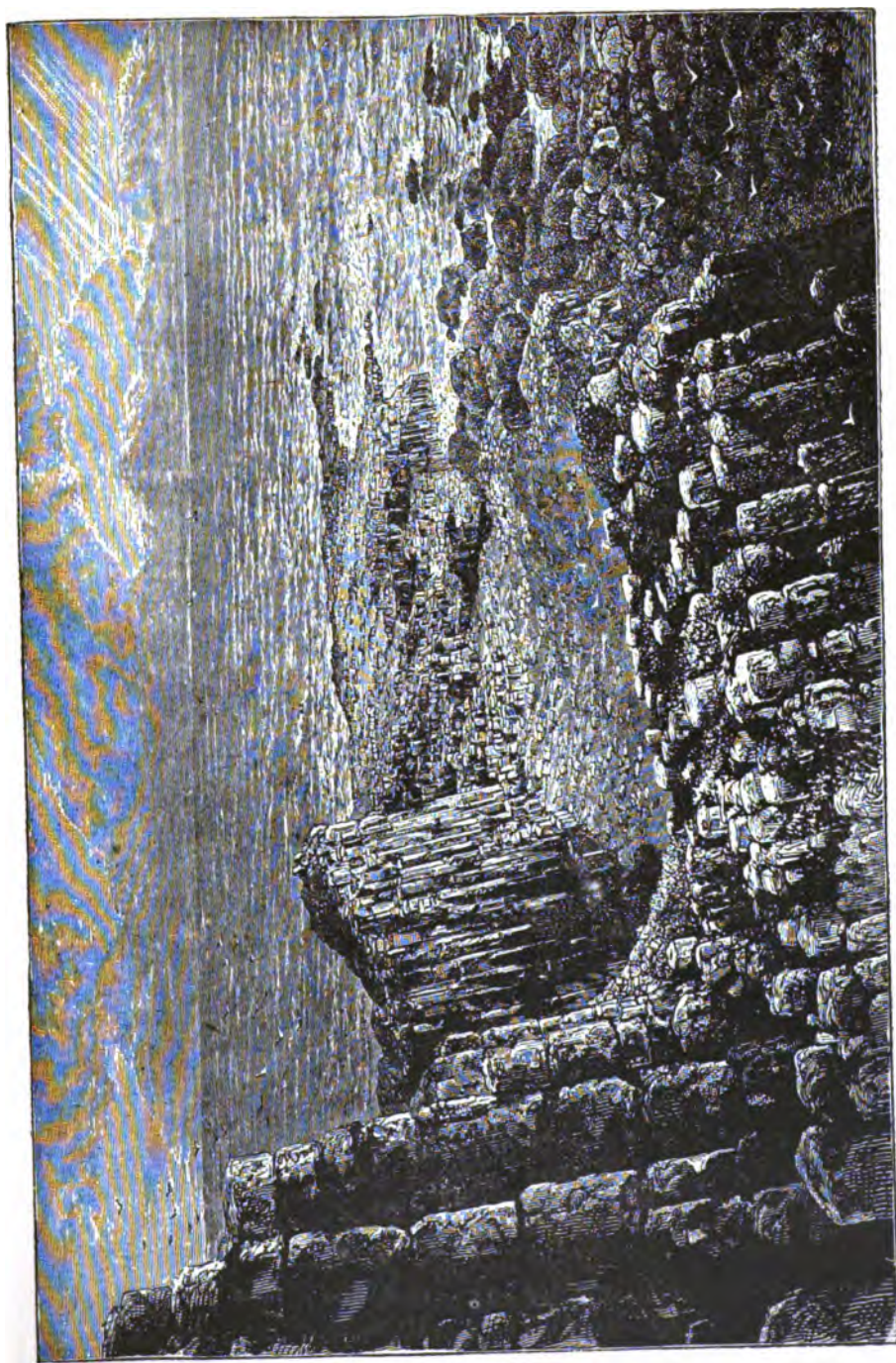
M. le Cat, a professor of anatomy, once read a paper before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, in which he made some statements that he himself professed to believe, but which other men of science have pronounced incredible. He stated that there were found near Mazarino, in Sicily, in 1516, the remains of a giant who was thirty feet high, and whose teeth each weighed five ounces; that the skeleton of another giant of the same stature was exhumed in the same country in 1548, and still another, who measured thirty-three feet, in 1550.

Imagine a man thirty-three feet tall walking the streets of Boston! He could peep into the windows of buildings—how many stories high?

As surprising as these statements may appear, they do not equal those of certain Athenians, who claimed to have found near their city the remains of two giants, one of which was thirty-four and the other thirty-six feet high. A skull, supposed to have been human, was found in Macedonia, in 1691, that held two hundred and ten pounds of corn.

The following remarkable story is told by Le Cat: There is in Dauphine, near the ruins of a very ancient castle, a locality known as the Giant's Field. As some masons were digging in this place Jan. 11, 1613, they discovered, at a depth of eighteen feet, a tomb of immense proportions, on which was inscribed *Theutobochus Rex*. It was thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet deep. On being opened it was found to contain the bones of a giant twenty-five and a half feet in length, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep through the chest. Thus a man of little less than ordinary stature might walk about in the trunk of the body as it lay on the earth. His teeth were the size of an ox's hoof.

We give the incidents as we find them cited by the great anatomist, but do not believe that they are trustworthy. Goliath was only about ten feet high, and Hercules was but seven. Buffon, one of the most celebrated naturalists of modern times, admits but fifteen well-authenticated cases of men of gigantic stature, and among these the tallest was only about eleven feet.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The following remarkable cases admit of doubt, but are better sustained. The giant Ferragus, killed by a nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. In the vicinity of St. Germain, Paris, there was to be seen in the seventeenth century the tomb of the giant Iforet, who, according to the anatomist Rioland, was twenty feet high. In 1505 a human skeleton was found in Rouen, of nearly the same stature. The remains of extinct species of gigantic animals are liable to be mistaken for those of the human species. We believe that few men have lived who have attained a stature of more than twelve feet.

The Scriptures make no mention of any such beings as Virgil and Homer sing, and as some modern naturalists claim to have existed.

The story of the Giant's Causeway is of course a fiction, but like all legendary fiction it doubtless had a basis of fact. There once existed men of gigantic stature in Ireland. There have been one or two cases of such people in the United States, and several in England in recent times.

Miles Darden, of Tennessee, was born in 1798. He attained a height of nearly eight feet. His corpulency was in proportion to his stature. In 1845 he weighed eight hundred and seventy-one pounds, and at his decease, which occurred in 1857, he weighed over one thousand pounds, or as much as seven moderate-sized men. It required two horses to carry him when he went abroad. His coffin was eight feet long and nearly three wide, and twenty-four yards of velvet were requisite to cover the sides and lid. Perhaps the reader will say that it is not much more improbable that a man should have attained the height of thirty-six feet, which is six times as much as the ordinary stature, than that a man should have reached the bulk of more than one thousand pounds, which is at least six times as much as the ordinary weight of the human body. We confess that there is force in such a deduction.

Daniel Lambert, who figured conspicuously during the latter part of the last century, presents a remarkable case of overgrowth. He was not quite six feet in height, but was so corpulent that he weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. He measured over nine feet around the body, and one inch more than three feet around the leg. The King of Poland had a favorite who was a dwarf. His name was Boruslawski. Lambert went to see the diminutive count, and the contrast between the largest and the smallest man in Europe presented a very uncommon spectacle. In the course of conversation Lambert asked the count how many coats he supposed could be made for

him from one of his own. "Not many," answered Boruslawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself, — almost tree-quarters of yard." A piece of one of Lambert's coat-sleeves would have been quite sufficient for such a garment. The dwarf felt of one of Lambert's legs, and started back in surprise. "Pure flesh and blood!" he exclaimed. "I feel de warm. No deception. I am pleased, for I did hear it was deception." Lambert asked him if his lady was yet living. "No, she is dead," he answered, with a droll gesture, "and I am not very sorry, for when I affronted her she put me on her mantel-shelf for punishment." The mantel-shelf to the little nobleman must have been like a precipice to an ordinary person, and we do not wonder at his indignation at being placed in so perilous a situation.

Patrick Cotter, commonly called Patrick O'Brien, was a man of gigantic stature, and used to figure at the Bartholomew fairs, at Smithfield, England. He attained the stature of nine feet, and was therefore almost as tall as Goliath of old. He was born in the county of Kinsdale, Ireland, in 1761. Some amusing anecdotes are associated with his history. When exhibiting himself at Smithfield he found it necessary to take exercise, and his engagements were such that he was obliged to do this by night. He used therefore to rise long before daybreak and walk about the town. In one of these excursions, wishing to light his pipe, he made use of the street-lamp hanging high in the air. A timid watchman, who was approaching at a distance, saw the remarkable spectacle, and thinking what he beheld was some dreadful phantom, he fell directly in a fit. Patrick was unable to travel in an ordinary vehicle, and therefore had a carriage built expressly for himself with a large box sunk below the axletrees to admit his legs. A highwayman seeing the singular vehicle approaching, and supposing it to contain some person of quality, stopped the driver and demanded a ransom. Cotter put his head from the carriage to discover the cause of the interruption. One glance at the prodigy unnerved the robber, and putting spurs to his horse he rode off in the greatest terror. Cotter died in 1806. His coffin measured nine feet and two inches in length, and to prevent the remains from being disturbed by anatomists, it was sunk to the depth of twelve feet in a solid rock.

Was Cotter a true descendant of the Irish Legendary Giants?

THE STORY OF THE GIANT'S DANCE.

(FROM THE SAXON CHRONICLE.)

THE enemies being now entirely reduced, Aurelius summoned the consuls and princes of the kingdom together at York, where he gave orders for the restoration of the churches, which the Saxons had destroyed. He himself undertook the rebuilding of the metropolitan church of that city, as also the other cathedral churches in that province. After fifteen days, when he had settled workmen in several places, he went to London, which city had not escaped the fury of the enemy. He beheld with great sorrow the destruction made in it, and recalled the remainder of the citizens from all parts, and began the restoration of it. Here he settled the affairs of the whole kingdom, revived the laws, restored the right heirs to the possessions of their ancestors; and those estates whereof the heirs had been lost in the late grievous calamity he distributed among his fellow-soldiers. In these important concerns of restoring the nation to its ancient state, repairing the churches, re-establishing peace and law, and settling the administration of justice, was his time wholly employed. From hence he went to Winchester to repair the ruins of it, as he did of other cities; and when the work was finished there, he went, at the instance of Bishop Eldad, to the monastery near Keaercaradoc, now Salisbury, where the consuls and princes, whom the wicked Hengist had treacherously murdered, lay buried. At this place was a convent that maintained three hundred friars, situated on the mountain of Ambrius, who, as is reported, had been the founder of it. The sight of the place where the dead lay made the king, who was of a compassionate temper, shed tears, and at last enter upon thoughts what kind of monument to erect upon it. For he thought something ought to be done to perpetuate the memory of that piece of ground which was honored with the bodies of so many noble patriots who had died for their country. For this purpose he summoned together several carpenters and masons, and commanded them to employ the utmost of their art in contriving some new structure for a lasting monument to those great men. But they, in diffidence of their own skill, refusing to undertake it, Tremonuns, archbishop of the city of Legions, went to the king, and said, "If any one living is able to execute your commands, Merlin, the prophet of Vortegion, is the man. In my opinion there is not in all your kingdom a person of brighter genius, either in predicting

future events, or in mechanical contrivances. Order him to come to you and exercise his skill in the work which you design." Whereupon Aurelius, after he had asked a great many questions concerning him, despatched several messengers into the countries to find him out and bring him to him. After passing through several provinces, they found him in the country of the Gewisseans, at the fountain of Galabes, to which he frequently resorted. As soon as they had delivered their message to him, they conducted him to the king, who received him with joy, and being anxious to hear some of his wonderful speeches, commanded him to prophesy. Merlin made answer: "Mysteries of this kind are not to be revealed but when there is great necessity for it. If I should pretend to utter them either for ostentation or diversion, the spirit that instructs me would be silent, and would leave me when I should have occasion for it." When he had made the same refusal to all the rest present, the king would not urge him any longer about



ON THE IRISH COAST.

his prediction, but spoke to him concerning the monument which he designed. "If you are desirous," said Merlin, "to honor the burying-place of these men with an everlasting monument, send for the Giant's Dance, which is in Killaraus, a mountain in Ireland; for there is a structure of stones there which none of this age could raise without a profound knowledge of the mechanical arts. They are stones of a vast magnitude and wonderful quality;

and if they can be placed here, as they are there, round this spot of ground, they will stand forever."

At these words of Merlin, Aurelius burst into laughter, and said: "How is it possible to remove such vast stones from so distant a country, as if Britain was not furnished with stones fit for the work?" Merlin replied: "I entreat your Majesty to forbear vain laughter; for what I say is without vanity. They are mystical stones, and of a medicinal virtue. The giants of old brought them from the farthest coast of Africa and placed them in Ireland while they inhabited that country. Their design in this was to make baths in them when they should be taken with any illness. For their method was to wash the stones and put their sick into the water, which infallibly cured them. With the like success they cured wounds also, adding only the application of some herbs. There is not a stone there which has not some healing virtue."

When the Britons heard this, they resolved to send for the stones, and to make war upon the people of Ireland if they should offer to detain them. And to accomplish this business they made choice of Uther Pendragon, who was to be attended with fifteen thousand men. They chose Merlin himself, by whose direction the whole affair was to be managed. A fleet being therefore got ready, they set sail, and with a fair wind arrived in Ireland.

At that time Gillomanus, a youth of wonderful valor, reigned in Ireland, who, upon the news of the arrival of the Britons in his kingdom, levied a vast army and marched out against them; and when he had learned the occasion of their coming, he smiled, and said to those about him, "No wonder a cowardly race of people were able to make so great devastation in the Island of Britain, when the Britons are such brutes and fools! Was ever the like folly heard of? What are the stones of Ireland better than those of Britain, that our kingdom must be put to this disturbance for them? To arms, soldiers, and defend your country! While I have life they shall not take from us the least stone of the Giant's Dance."

Uther, seeing them prepared for a battle, attacked them; nor was it long ere the Britons had the advantage, who having dispersed and killed the Irish, forced Gillomanus to flee. After the victory they went to the mountain of Killaraus, and arrived at the structure of stones, the sight of which filled them with both joy and admiration. And while they were all standing around them, Merlin came up to them and said, "Now try your forces, young men, and see whether strength or art can do the most towards taking down these stones." At this word they all set to their engines with one accord, and attempted the removing of the Giant's Dance. Some prepared cables, others

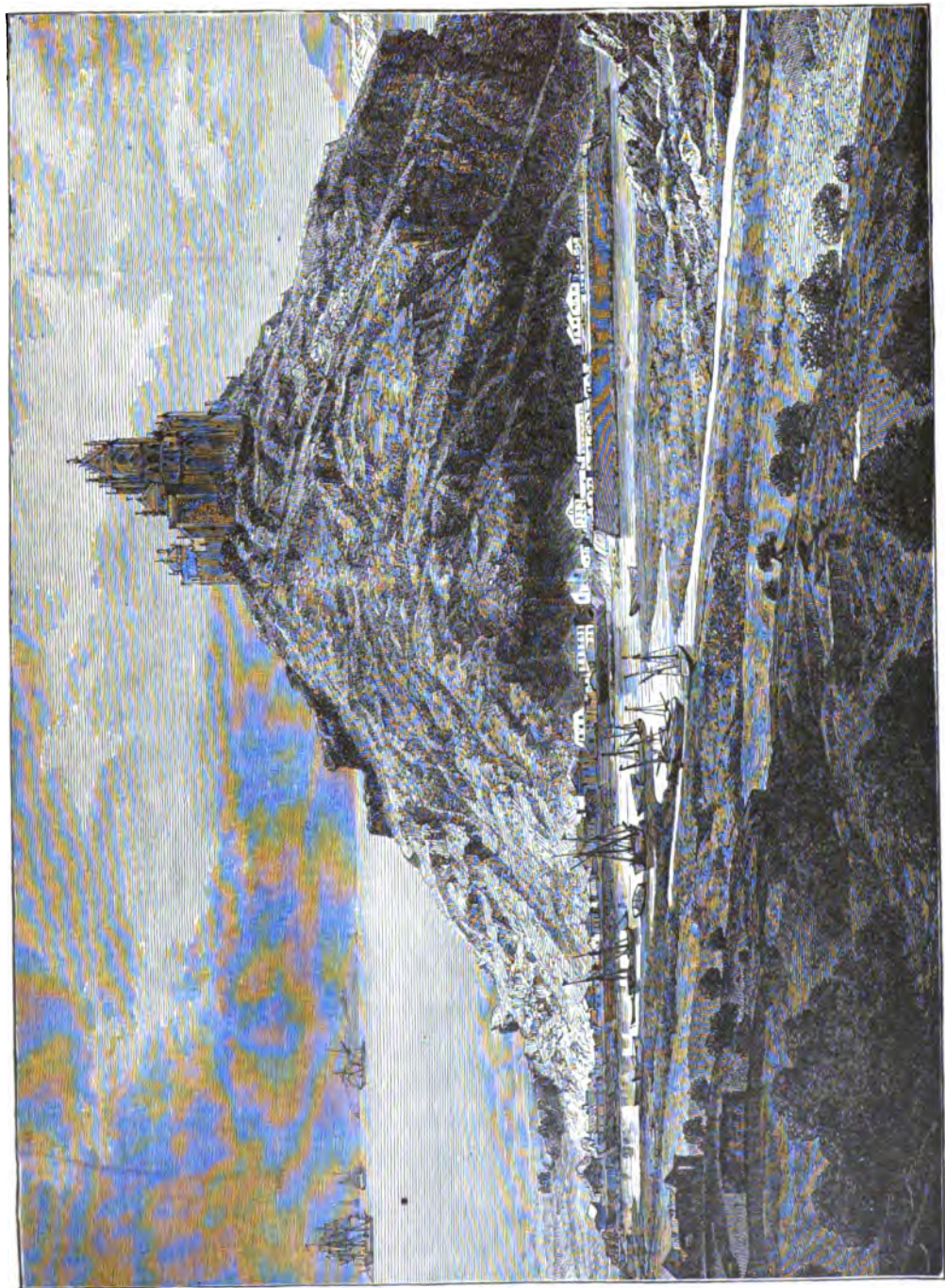
small ropes, others ladders for the work; but all to no purpose. Merlin laughed at their vain efforts, and then began his own contrivances. When he had placed in order the engines that were necessary, he took down the stones with an incredible facility, and gave directions for carrying them to the ships and placing them therein.

This done, they with joy set sail again, to return to Britain, where they arrived with a fair gale, and repaired to the burying-place with the stones. When Aurelius had notice of it, he sent messengers to all parts of Britain, to summon the clergy and people to gather at the mount of Ambrius, in order to celebrate with joy and honor the erection of the monument. Upon this summons appeared the bishops, abbots, and people of all orders and qualities; and upon the day and place appointed for their general meeting, Aurelius placed the crown upon his head, and with royal pomp celebrated the feast of Pentecost, the solemnity whereof he continued the three following days. In the mean time all places of honor that were vacant he bestowed upon his domestics, as rewards for their good services. At that time the two metropolitan sees of York and Legions were vacant; and with the general consent of the people, whom he was willing to please in this choice, he granted York to Sanxo, a man of great quality, and much celebrated for his piety, and the city of Legions to Dubricius, whom Divine Providence had pointed out as a most useful pastor in that place. As soon as he had settled these and other affairs in the kingdom he ordered Merlin to set up the stones brought over from Ireland, about the sepulchre; which he accordingly did, and placed them in the same manner as they had been in the mountain of Killaraus, and thereby gave a manifest proof of the prevalence of art above strength.

KING ARTHUR AND THE GIANT.

(FROM THE SAXON CHRONICLE.)

IN the mean time Arthur had news brought him that a giant of monstrous size had come from the shores of Spain, and had forcibly taken away Helena, the niece of Duke Hoel, from her guard, and fled with her to the top of that which is now called Michael's Mount; and that the soldiers of the country who pursued him were able to do nothing against him. For whether they attacked him by sea or land, he either overturned their ships with vast rocks, or killed them with several sorts of darts, besides many of them that he took and devoured half alive. The next night, therefore, at the second hour, Arthur, taking



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

along with him Pains the sewer and Bedver the butler, went out privately from the camp and hastened towards the mountain. For, being a man of undaunted courage, he did not care to lead his army against such monsters; both because he could in this manner animate his men by his own example, and also because he was alone sufficient to deal with them.

As soon as they came near the mountain they saw a fire burning upon the top of it, and another on a lesser mountain that was not far from it. And being in doubt upon which of them the giant dwelt, they sent away Bedver to know the certainty of the matter. So he, finding a boat, sailed over in it, first to the lesser mountain, to which he could in no other way have access, because it was situated in the sea. When he had begun to climb up to the top of it, he was at first frightened with a dismal howling cry of a woman from above, and imagined the monster to be there; but quickly rousing up his courage, he drew his sword, and having reached the top, found nothing but the fire which he had before seen at a distance. He discovered also a grave newly made, and an old woman weeping and howling by it, who at sight of him instantly cried out in words interrupted with sighs, "Oh, unhappy man, what misfortune brings you to this place? Oh, the inexpressible tortures of death that you must suffer! I pity you, I pity you, because the detestable monster will this night destroy the flower of your youth. For that most wicked and odious giant who brought the duke's niece, whom I have just now buried here, and me her nurse, along with her into this mountain, will come and immediately murder you in a most cruel manner."

Oh, deplorable fate! This most illustrious princess, sinking under the fear her tender heart conceived, fainted away and expired. Bedver, moved at what she said, as much as it is possible for human nature to be, endeavored to comfort her with the promise of speedy help, and then returned to Arthur, and gave him an account of what he had met with. Arthur very much lamented the damsel's sad fate, and ordered his companions to leave him to deal with him alone, unless there were an absolute necessity, and then they were to come in boldly to his assistance. From hence they went directly to the mountain, leaving their horses with their armor-bearers, and ascended to the top, Arthur leading the way. The deformed savage was then by the fire, with his face besmeared with the clotted blood of swine, part of which he had already devoured, and was roasting the remainder upon spits by the fire. But at sight of them, whose appearance was a surprise to him, he hastened to his club, which two strong men could hardly lift from the ground.

Upon this the king drew his sword, and guarding himself with his shield, ran with all his speed to prevent his getting it. But the other, who was not

ignorant of his design, had by this time snatched it up, and gave the king such a terrible blow upon his shield that he made the shores ring with the noise, and perfectly stunned the king's ears with it. Arthur, fired with rage at this, lifted up his sword and gave him a wound in the forehead, which was not indeed mortal, but yet such as made the blood gush out over his face and eyes, and so blinded him; for he had partly warded off the stroke from his forehead with his club, and prevented its being fatal.

However, the loss of sight by reason of the blood flowing over his eyes made him exert himself with greater fury; and like an enraged boar against a hunting-spear, so did he rush in against Arthur's sword, and grasping him about the waist, forced him down upon his knees. Arthur, nothing daunted, slipped out of his hands, and so bestirred himself with his sword that he gave the giant no respite till he had struck it up to the very back through his skull.

At this the hideous monster raised a dreadful roar, and like an oak torn up from the roots by the winds, so did he make the ground resound with his fall. Arthur, bursting out into a fit of laughter at the sight, commanded Bedver to cut off his head and give it to one of the armor-bearers, who was to carry it into camp, and there expose it to public view, but with orders for the spectators of this combat to keep silence. He told them he had found none of so great strength since he killed the giant Ritho, who had challenged him to fight, upon the Aravius.

This giant had made himself furs of the beards of kings he had killed, and had sent word to Arthur carefully to flay off his beard and send it to him; and then, out of respect to his pre-eminence over other kings, his beard should have the honor of the principal place. But if he refused to do it, he challenged him to duel, with this offer, that the conqueror should have the furs, and also the beard of the vanquished, for a trophy of his victory. In this conflict, therefore, Arthur proved victorious, and took the beard and spoils of the giant; and, as he said before, had met with none that could be compared with him for strength till his last engagement. After this victory they returned at the second watch of the night to the camp with the head, to see which there was a great concourse of people, all extolling this wonderful exploit of Arthur, by which he had freed the country from a most destructive and voracious monster. But Hoel, in grief for the loss of his niece, commanded a mausoleum to be built over her body in the mountain where she was buried; which, taking the damsel's name, is called Helena's Tomb to this day.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVERPOOL, AND THE LAND OF WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, AND COLERIDGE.



THE passage from Moville to Liverpool around the north shore of Ireland and through the Irish Sea is one of the most interesting in the world. Liverpool is the port of the world.

"What is there to see in Liverpool?" asked Aunt Mar of a tourist, as the steamer approached the English shores of the Irish Sea.

"Nothing,—nothing at all; get your baggage through the custom-house as quickly as possible, and go on to London."

"I would like to hear the great organ in St. George's Hall," said Helen to the speaker. "It is the finest in the world."

"Yes; one of the finest. I have heard Best play it. But Liverpool is not a musical city."

"The docks must be interesting," said Charlie. "Seven miles of them."

"Yes," said the stranger, "they are interesting for a short time. They all look alike. You can see them all as you go up the Mersey."

The sail up the Mersey was a wonder to Charlie. Like his father, he loved ships. The Mersey is a tide-river, and at high-tide go in and out the merchant fleets of the world, forming a part of the long line of ships at the docks.

Liverpool is a city of ships. What London is to the cities of the world, Liverpool is to the ports of the world. On the miles of docks of Liverpool one meets the sailors and merchant tradesmen of every commercial land.

Aunt Mar wished to proceed at once to the English Lakes; but Charlie asked to remain a few days in Liverpool.

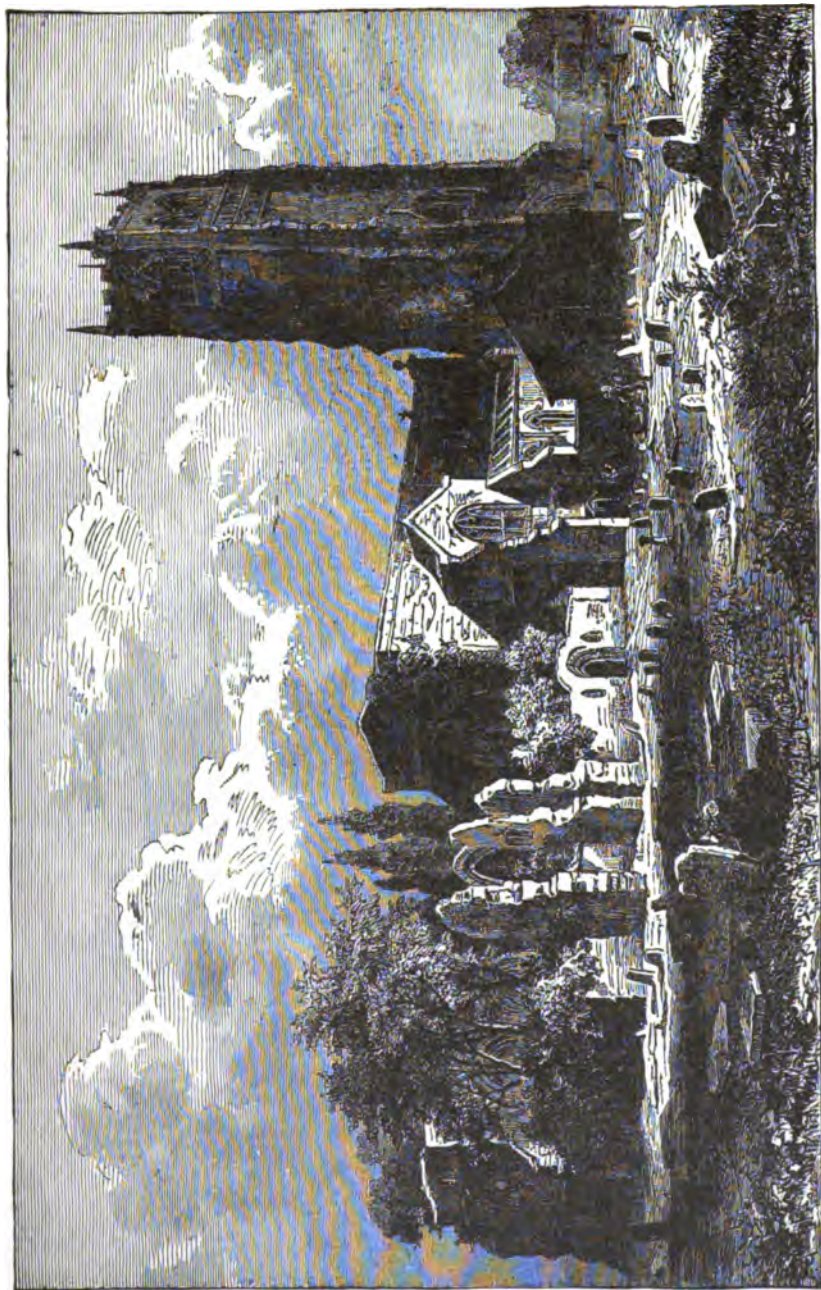


AT THE MOUTH OF THE MERSEY.

“There is nothing to see here but ships and all sorts of people,” said Aunt Mar.

“But ships and all sorts of people is just what I like to see. The English regard us as a part of the ‘all sorts of people.’”

“Then Helen and I will go to Chester and see the cathedral and the old Roman wall, and will leave you here,” said Aunt Mar. “Would you rather remain here than go to Chester?”



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CHESTER.

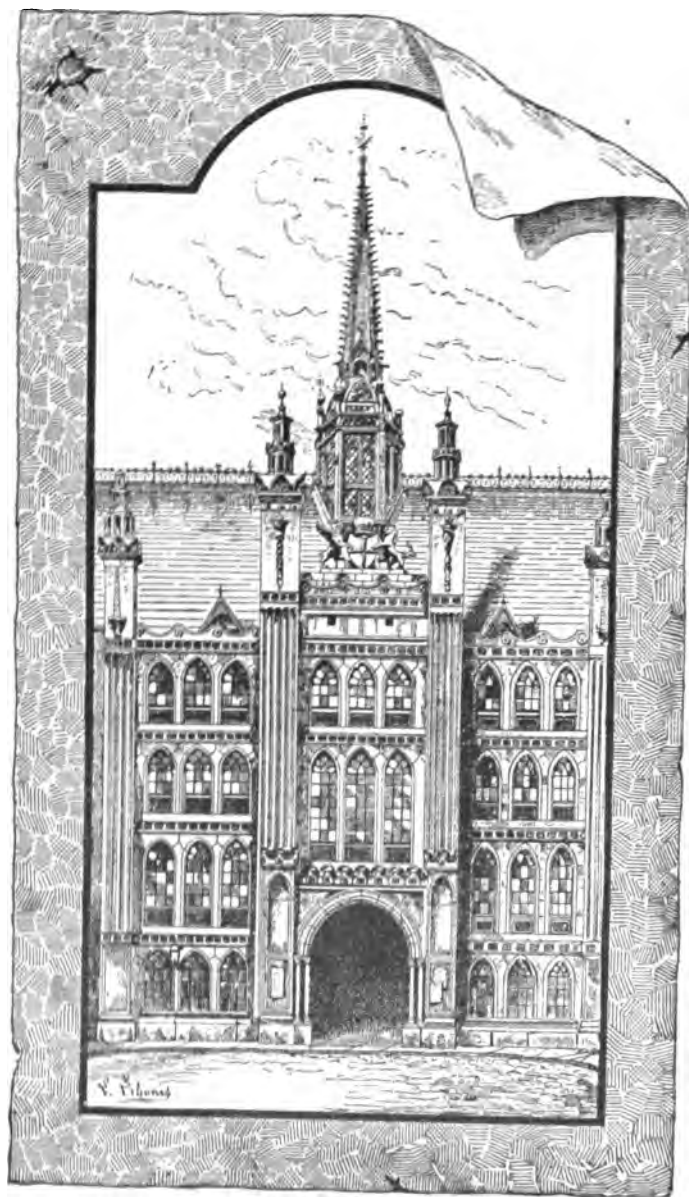
"Yes," said Charlie.

"It was my plan to go at once to the English Lakes," said Aunt Mar; "but if Charlie wishes to remain here for a few days, Helen and I can make excursions outside the city."



ST. GEORGE'S DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

"Nothing to see in Liverpool!" said Charlie to Aunt Mar and Helen, on their return to the city from Chester. "There is everything to see. It is the door of the world, where all nations call. The ships are no more alike than the people. What a book an author who had



GUILDHALL, LIVERPOOL.

rule, were landed from English ships.

eyes to see might write about Liverpool! What a place for a novelist or poet!"

"I never knew that Liverpool ever produced a novelist or poet," said Aunt Mar. "Horrox the young astronomer lived here, I believe."

There was one thing that troubled Charlie, — the absence of the American flag from the Mersey. The flags of all other nations came in on the rising tides in a long procession, like a triumphal sea-march; but there were few American colors among them. The American passengers, as a

"Why are there so few American ships in the port?" he asked one day of an English trader.

"America develops internal commerce, and not the commerce of the seas," said the trader. "She started as a commercial nation, but became a manufacturing and agricultural nation."

"Was the policy a wise one?"

"I do not know. No nation ever became great that was not commercial. Were the United States a commercial nation, it would doubtless control the trade of South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, and it is likely that the West Indies would join the Union. The three thousand or more miles of sea-coast would be full of ports, and the world would come to its doors. But in developing manufactures under high tariffs your country has grown rich and prosperous; and if no nation in the world has heretofore ever become great without being commercial, it is true that the nations which have produced the best character have been agricultural. To an Englishman, the American policy looks narrow and selfish so far as its high tariffs are concerned. We say a free country should have free markets, as a matter of consistency with its own principles. The American says that new industries should be protected, on the principle that childhood should be protected. A too great protection leads to monopoly, and monopoly to reaction, and what is called panic. I am of course a free trader."

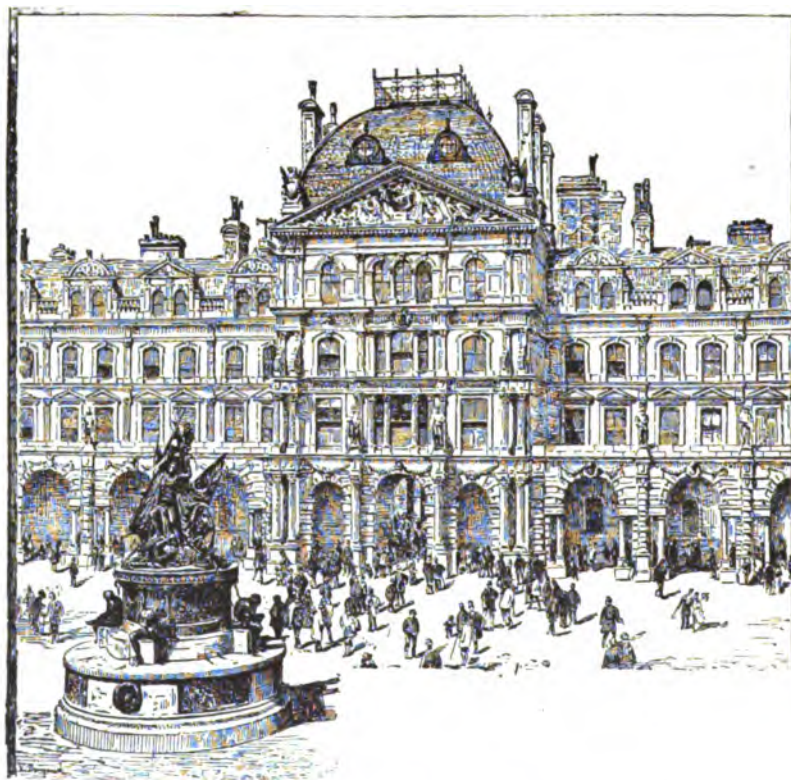
"And I a protectionist," said Charlie.

"We shall then agree in one thing, I am sure," said the trader,—"that the development of the agricultural interest of America is one of the greatest blessings of the world."

"Yes," said Charlie to his good-natured opponent. "But which in the future will best advance our agricultural interests,—protection which stands for manufactures, or free trade which stands for commerce?"

"I do not know. There, my boy, is the key to all your future politics. The vote of the American farmer is to decide. Shall he

have a great foreign market, or a rich home market? Answer me that, and I will tell you whether America—or the United States of America, as you call your country—is to become great in provinces and commercial power, or a rich home country. Her best interests



THE EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL.

lie in the largest agricultural development. You have land, land, land; we have sea, sea, sea."

The trader left Charlie more puzzled in politics than during the great political campaign. The world was larger than he had thought, and politics had to him a wider boundary. He attempted to talk with Aunt Mar about these great questions; but although she was well read

in poetry and history, she was quite unsettled in regard to tariffs and markets.

"I tell you, Charlie," she said, "that this should be your rule in deciding all such questions,—that is the best which will produce the best morals. It is not commerce, or great industries, or agriculture, that exalts a nation; but righteousness. That is the only thing that will last. The spiritual judgeth all things. I don't know about politics. I always hope for the election of the best man. My politics are, that that is the best which will do the most good, and that it is every one's duty to vote for it."

Aunt Mar hardly knew how near she had come to being a disciple of John Stuart Mill. She was in politics a Prohibitionist, because she thought it the first duty of an American citizen to make the saloon illegal. Charlie was a Republican, and his father a Democrat, which illustrates the great freedom of opinion in an American family.

Aunt Mar had a great antipathy against all trades and tradespeople whose gains came through other people's losses. "Their property does not belong to them," she used to say, "but to those who *lost*." Hence speculation and speculators, in cases where chance was involved, received her sharp censure. She used to cite an old English, or rather Scotch ballad when such people failed. The ballad was called "The Heir of Linne," and her favorite quotation from it was,—

"Yestreen I was my Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales's wife."

The ballad is a very good picture of that overreaching which is overreached.

The leading incidents of the following story are gathered from an old ballad which in the days of "Merrie England" was almost as famous as "A Little Geste of Robin Hood." The ballad was known as the "Heir of Linne." It reminds one of the old Eastern legends:—

"The golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

A THRIFTY old man was the Laird of Linne. He may not have been a member of Parliament, but merely one of those rich old nobles who received their title from their estate. A grand estate he had; and although he was a lover of "good cheer," like the other lairds of the "North Countree," he was, on the whole, prudent and sparing. Prosperity smiled on his acres, and gold filled his coffers. He had an only son, the Heir of Linne, — an unthrifty youth, a lover of dice and wine, rioting and loose company. The old laird was sorely grieved at this. He expected to die soon, and he foresaw that his possessions would be speedily squandered after he was gone.

When the Laird of Linne saw his end approaching, he called for his son and bequeathed to him his gold and lands. But there was a lodge in a lonely glen that he enjoined him never to sell. "Make a vow, make a vow," said he, "that you will respect this my dying request" And the Heir of Linne made the vow. The laird then added: "When your gold is wasted, when your lands are gone, when your friends disown you, go there, and you will find a trusty friend."

The free and easy Heir of Linne now possessed wealth untold, and an evil use of it he made.

"To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve till morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight."

But his coffers at last became bare.

There dwelt on the estate a wealthy steward, John o' the Scales. The Heir of Linne, having spent his gold, went to him for advice and assistance. John o' the Scales was a cunning man, and knew how to turn the mishaps of others to his own advantage. He received him therefore in the blandest manner, advised him to let nothing disturb his youthful enjoyments, and proffered him ready money in exchange for his estate. So the Heir of Linne parted with his estate, and that too at less than half its value.

"Thus hath he sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen;
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far in a lonely glen."

The Heir of Linne gathered again his gay comrades, and frolicked and dined, and dined and wine, till all his gold was gone.

"They routed, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin,
And then his friends they slunk away,
And left the unthrifty Heir of Linne.

"He had never a penny left to his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
And one was brass, another was lead,
And the third was of white monie."

Having spent his inheritance, he determined to borrow money of his friends.
But alas! —

"One I wis was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him a thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way.

" 'Now well-a-day,' said the Heir of Linne,
 'Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
 For when I had my lands so broad,
 On me they lived right merrilie.' "

The Heir of Linne mused on his ruined fortune; he was without money, friends, or a home. Those who had shared his cheer in his jovial hours cared nothing for him now. He regretted his days of folly, and felt alone, all alone, in an unfriendly world. He bethought himself of the lodge in the lonely glen, and the trusty friend of which his dying father had spoken. Thither he would go. The sun was falling; the shadows were gathering about the Tweed, and the distant mountains were ablaze. He moodily turned his steps toward the solitary place; he entered the lodge, and found — a rope with a noose hanging from the ceiling overhead. The ballad runs: —

"Away then hied the Heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to that lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

"He lookèd up, he lookèd down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls —
'Here 's sorry cheer,' quo' the Heir of Linne.

"The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

"No chair, no table mot he spy,
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed;
 He saw but a rope with a running noose,
 Which dangling hung above his head."

There was a faded inscription in the room, telling him since he had wasted his inheritance, to make use of the cord, and thus end his troubles.

"Sorely shent with this sharp rebuke, —
 Sorely shent was the Heir of Linne;
 His heart, I wis, was nigh to brast,
 With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.
 "Never a word spake the Heir of Linne, —
 Never a word he spake but three:
 'This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto me.'"

Even the dead seemed to mock him. He put the noose around his neck and sprang into the air; but instead of the fate he expected, the ceiling gave way and he fell to the floor.

On recovering himself he found a key attached to the end of the cord, and on it was an inscription that told him where he would find large treasure, with which to recover his estate. Sunshine in a moment dispelled his woes, and his heart danced for joy. He made a solemn vow to be prudent and frugal in the future; "else," he added, "may the cord end all." With sprightly steps he started off to secure the treasure. He found two large chests full of gold, and one of silver. The world would go well with him now; but he resolved not to speak at once of his altered situation, lest John o' the Scales should profit thereby.

It was a merry time in the old castle of Linne. John o' the Scales and his pompous wife were giving a banquet to the neighboring lairds. The dishes were savory, the wine sparkled, the silver shone. Through the shadowy walks of his old estate the Heir of Linne approached the venerable pile. The evening dew was falling. The moon silvered the trees. He heard the sound of music, and the laughter of the guests over their cheer. Old days returned upon him. His heart swelled with honest pride as he thought that he would one day bring back the goodly times of his thrifty ancestors. He entered the banquet-hall. He approached the host and begged the loan of some money.

"There John himself sat at the board head,
 Because now Lord of Linne was he;
 'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend me.'"

“ ‘ Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
 Away, away, this may not be ;
 For Christ’s curse on my head,’ he said,
 ‘ If ever I trust thee one penny.’ ”

The rebuff was not unexpected to the Heir of Linne. He next went to Joan o’ the Scales, and asked alms in the name of “ Sweet Saint Charity.” “ Begone ! ” cried the imperious woman, proud of her power to insult the Heir of Linne ; “ thou have no alms from me.” She then called him a spendthrift and a fool, and spoke of him in connection with the gallows. But a kind-hearted guest, regretting to see the Heir of Linne so badly treated, offered him the money, and ventured to say a word in his favor.

“ Then up bespoke a good fellow,
 Who sat at John o’ the Scales’s board ;
 Said, ‘ Turn again, thou Heir of Linne,
 Some time thou wast a well good lord ;

“ ‘ Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
 Therefore I ’ll lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need be.

“ ‘ And ever, I pray thee, John o’ the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy companie ;
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.’ ”

This kindled the ire of John o’ the Scales. “ A good bargain ! ” he exclaimed contemptuously. “ Curses on my head if I was not the loser by the purchase.” He then made an unwitting offer : —

“ ‘ And here I proffer thee, Heir of Linne,
 Before these lords so fair and free,
 That thou shalt have it cheaper back
 By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.’ ”

“ I take you at your word,” said the Heir of Linne. “ Here is the earnest-money, and here is the gold.”

“ And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
 And laid them down upon the board ;
 All woe-begone sat John o’ the Scales,
 So shent he could say never a word.

"He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth wi' mickle din;
 'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now I'm again the Lord of Linne.'"

The astonished wife of John o' the Scales resigned her brief importance with the affecting lamentation, —

"'Now well-a-day,' said Joan o' the Scales,
 'Now well-a-day and woe 's my life;
 Yestreen I was my Lady of Linne,
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales's wife.'"

The Heir of Linne made the clever guest who offered to lend him the money, keeper of his forests "of the wild deer and tame;" and to John o' the Scales he said, "Farewell forever. Curses upon me if I ever imperil my inheritance again."

The story is worth remembering for its wholesome moral lessons. "If you would know the worth of money," says Franklin, "try to borrow some." We know not our friends in prosperity, and many a haughty woman has had occasion to say, —

"Yestreen I was my Lady of Linne,
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales's wife."

THE BOY ASTRONOMERS.

TRANSITS of Venus across the sun occur alternately at intervals of eight, one hundred and five and a half, or one hundred and twenty-one and a half years. The last took place Dec. 6, 1882.

About the year 1635 there lived in an obscure town, near Liverpool, England, a youth of remarkable scientific attainments, named Jeremiah Horrox. He had an intimate friend, who was also an enthusiast of science, named James Crabtree. Astronomy was their favorite study, which they pursued with a delight amounting at times to rapture. Their young minds loved to dwell on the celestial scenery, and to roam in flights of fancy among the golden zones on high. Like most noble natures that incline to pursuits like these, they held elevated views of the duties of life, and won the esteem of many worthy people by their pious habits and stainless characters.

The astronomical tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the transit of the planet Venus across the disk of the sun. The rare event greatly

interested the boy astronomers. Horrox revised and corrected the tables of Kepler, and determined from his own figures the date of the transit. This great secret he confided to Crabtree. The transit took place at the date predicted by Horrox, and he and his friend were the only persons who beheld it, among all the aspirants to knowledge on the earth. The transit occurred on Sunday. Just as Horrox was expecting its first appearance, the church bells rang. He reasoned to himself that the worship of the Creator ought not to be neglected, to view the grandest phenomena that could delight the human eye. He suspended his observations, and repaired to the house of God. When he returned, he beheld Venus, like a black spot, on the reflected disk of the sun.

The observation of the transit of Venus has been made the basis of some of the most wonderful problems of science ever mastered by the mind of man. By it astronomers are enabled to determine the sun's horizontal parallax, — an element of knowledge which furnishes the means of calculating the distance of the sun from the earth, and the distances of the planets from both the sun and the earth. And for these important data we are indebted to the discovery of a boy in his teens.

Horrox died young, — at the age of twenty-two. We know of nothing more noble than his history among the heroic deeds of youth.

From Liverpool our tourists went directly to the Lakes, as the English Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland is called. Here were the homes of the English Lake poets and authors of the early part of the present century, — Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North). They booked at the famous Lime St. Station, Liverpool, and went direct to Windermere *via* Kendal.

The Lake District is as familiar to readers of poetry as is the Rhine, the river of song. It much resembles the hill country in New Hampshire, being a land of mountains, valleys, waterfalls, and streams, charmingly mingled with the poetry of Nature everywhere. The best guide-books are the works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Christopher North. It is to see the associations of their homes and writings, and of the stories they have told, that the American tourist visits the place; for, beautiful as are the lakes, their chief

charm is what the poets have made them to the world. Blessed is the land that furnishes a poet! The poet is the voice of Nature, and until he comes and speaks, the world does not see or hear. A Vale of Tempe must bring forth a poet to find the ear of the world: it is Tom



WINDERMERE.

Moore who has made the Vale of Cashmere the rose-garden of the whole world, and Longfellow who has given to Grand-Pré universal interest, and made it dear to the world's great heart.

Windermere is only about a mile wide, and is less than twelve

miles long. It is fed by numerous streams. Our tourists went over the lake on a little steamer, and stopped at Ambleside, at the head of the lake, and thence went to Rydal Mount, the old home of Wordsworth. Here they met a literary gentleman who in his youth had known Wordsworth, having then paid him a visit. He was an American, and had again come to the place where in his boyhood he had met the old poet. He was glad to make the acquaintance of our travellers, and one evening at Rydal Mount he thus related the story of his visit to Wordsworth, and his recollections of Southey's poetry, and of Coleridge's talks and of Coleridge's son.¹

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IT is a great loss in any life not to have known and enjoyed the poetry of Wordsworth. Since the days of John Milton, who died in 1674, there is no greater name in the annals of English verse, or one more to be revered. If you neglect to read Wordsworth, there are peaceful paths you have never trodden, shaded recesses you have never penetrated, beauty and pathos you have never felt, and a sublimity to which you have never been raised. Study him, and you will inhale the deepest knowledge, insensibly, like a fragrance; and all vexing and ungovernable thoughts will flee away and be forgotten. I wish young people would read him more, and not listen to incompetent old folks who declare "they could never get interested in him." Take him up on your own account; once become assimilated with him, there will be no trouble after that, and you will rejoice that you have introduced yourself into his sweet society.

Some of the noblest things that have ever been said in poetry have been given to the world by him, and his individuality is unchallengeable. Coleridge took up a new poem one day, and cried out, "Had I met these lines running wild in the deserts of Arabia, I should instantly have screamed out, 'Wordsworth!'"

No poet ever endured more harsh criticisms at first than Wordsworth. The language of disgust and vituperation followed everything he published for years; and he was notoriously trampled on by the reviewers, who evidently

¹ James T. Fields in "Youth's Companion." (By permission.)

misunderstood his poetry from the start; but their criticisms have gone down into the regions of contempt and forgotten waste-paper, while the poems themselves have risen into immortal fame. The cloud-puff of a locomotive can quench for a moment the noonday sun, but it is only for a moment! When some one told Southey that a certain foolish critic in London had made a boast that he had crushed Wordsworth's great poem, "The Excursion," Southey

replied, "He crushed 'The Excursion'! why, he might as well attempt to crush Skiddaw!"



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It was in the year 1770, on an April morning, that a lawyer named John Wordsworth, living up in Cumberland, in the Lake District of England, announced to his neighbors that a second son was born to him, and that he intended to give the child the name of William. When the lad was nine years old he was sent to a capital school in a little town called Hawkeshead, among the English lakes, and there he remained until he was fourteen. The house in which he lodged is still standing, and in Wordsworth's time was kept by one Anne Tyson, a kind-hearted dame who took excellent care of the

schoolboys intrusted to her charge, and they in turn all loved and respected her.

A few years ago, being in England, I made a pilgrimage to Hawkeshead for the purpose of exploring the haunts of Wordsworth when he was a school-boy in that quaint old market-town. I found everything unchanged since his time, even to the little room he occupied so many years before, the room in which he says he had "lain awake on summer nights to watch the moon in splendor couched among the leaves."

Wordsworth began to write verses while at this very school, and some of his juvenile pieces are now included in his "Works." When he was eighteen years old he entered as a student in St. John's College in Cambridge, and pretty soon became known as a fair Latin scholar, but more distinguished for elevated imagination, and a great worship of Nature in its more majestic forms. When-

ever he could get away from Cambridge during vacation he always revisited the old schoolboy haunts in his beloved vale of Esthwaite. People used to see him in those days of his young poetic enthusiasm hurrying out before sunrise into the wooded walks, and rapidly mounting the fir-tree eminences on the border beacon of Penrith. His favorite haunts were far away with Nature on the lonely hill; and, to quote his own felicitous direction to those in search of his whereabouts, you might look for him on —

“Some tall crag
That is the eagle’s birthplace, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years.”

Wordsworth’s guiding spirit and good genius was his sister Dorothy, his life-long companion, consoler, and instigator to study and poetry. Her influence on the young poet’s observations of Nature is beautifully portrayed here and there throughout his verse. He says, with a kind of rapture at the recollection, —

“She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.”

It is a good thing to have a sister, and Wordsworth was favored beyond the usual condition of a brother, and knew the angel in his house.

In their days of poverty these two young people lived alone in their little two-story cottage at Grasmere, on an income of one hundred pounds a year, she, a girl not over-strong, doing all the household work herself, for they could not afford a servant. Let the name of young Raisley Calvert always be remembered with gratitude by the lovers of Wordsworth, for it was he who, divining the poet’s genius, left him a legacy of nine hundred pounds, when even that small sum could save him from yearly want, and remove all anxiety from his hitherto thorny pathway. Dorothy’s economy and firm determination to have her brother lead the Spartan life of a true poet kept him in the right direction, and made him what he was, — an earnest seeker after the fruit on the celestial tree of thought. After his marriage with Mary Hutchinson, the good wife happily chimed in with his sister’s wishes, and together they made the poet’s life congenial and courageous, spite of all opposition. They felt that William could make the world better for his having lived in it; and so they shared with Thomson the sentiment embodied in that lovely verse in “The Castle of Indolence,” —

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face."

Wordsworth could be very direct and blunt sometimes, especially if he thought the occasion required it. A friend of mine, forty years ago, on his way home to America from a German university, where he had been studying for some time, resolved to visit England on his route to embark, for he reasoned



GRASMERE.

that he wished to see Wordsworth, for whom he had unbounded homage. He arrived, on a hot summer's day, at the door of Wordsworth's cottage at Rydal Mount, and was told by the servant that her master was not at home, but was out getting in his hay from a neighboring meadow. The young American enthusiast went down to the field, approached the poet, whom he at once recognized from the published portraits he had seen, and with reverent ardor proceeded to make his well-prepared speech of admiration to the bard, telling him that

he had come all the way to England purposely to throw himself, metaphorically, at the poet's feet. Wordsworth, who was in his shirt-sleeves, leaned upon his rake, listened to the young student's enthusiastic remarks, and then replied, "My young friend, I am glad to see you. Actions speak louder than words; a shower is arising, and if you really feel all you express about my

poetry, and regard me personally with so much consideration, you will at once take off your coat and help me get in this hay!"

My friend was in French boots and lavender trousers, but he had gone too far to recede; so he stripped handsomely, and went to work bravely in the poet's service. After which dutiful behavior Wordsworth took him home, gave him a good dinner, and a talk afterward such as no young man of sense and feeling ever could forget.

Wordsworth's poetry, like Milton's, has every quality in it for being read aloud. Much of it was recited in the open air during its composition, and this, I think, has added greatly to its sonorous beauty and vigor.

There are admirable glimpses of the man and the poet as he moved about the world, in the writings of Christopher North, Henry Crabbe Robinson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and many others of established literary currency. And the annals of gossip are full also of depreciatory remark concerning him, to which no heed should be given. He was mortal, and is therefore amenable to the possession of some inferior passions, as other mortals are; but his life had none of the low desires in it that are common to mankind. Where many other men of mark are content to descend, he habitually soared, and thus gained the vantage-ground of integrity and high thought. Goodness as well as greatness became the author of the ode "On Immortality" and the ode "To Duty," and the man behind his poetry was conspicuously pure.

It is a delightful remembrance to have seen and conversed with Wordsworth. It was a presence never to be forgotten; and as I recall the time when in my youth I stood face to face with the poet hallowed by such a fame, and



COWPER'S HOUSE.

enviored by so much human love, it seems a privilege I can never be sufficiently grateful for. De Quincey says somewhere that the poet's face was the noblest for intellectual effects that he had ever seen, or had consciously been led to notice; and Haydon, the eminent English painter, was so impressed with Wordsworth's whole appearance, as a young man, that he introduced him into his great picture of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, in the character of a disciple attending his divine Master; and as I listened to his tones as he recited to me some lines from "The Excursion," they seemed to proceed from a spirit-voice, belonging to that region of the heart which only harbors lofty aims, and is a perpetual hymn to the Power that gave it being.

ANECDOTES OF SOUTHEY.

"O DEAR and honored Southey!" exclaimed Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after reading, perhaps for the twentieth time, a delightful biography by that author. We have frequently recalled the expression, and with feeling; for no author ever afforded us so many happy hours as Robert Southey. We love him as a biographer. We love to go with him to some cheerful fireside of the olden time, like that of the Unwins or the senior Wesleys, and feel the healthy influence of praiseworthy examples and pure and elevating thought.

We love Southey for himself. His biography needs no moral reflections to aid it in exerting kindly influences. He himself declared, and we have seldom met with a more beautiful thought, — "I have this conviction, that, die when I may, my memory is one of those that will smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Madame de Sévigné somewhere remarks that the true mark of a good heart is its capacity for loving. Judged by this standard, his was a character pre-eminent in excellence. No one who has read his life-long correspondence with his school-friend Grosvenor Bedford, or his letters, during absence, to his wife—his "own dear Edith"—can doubt this. The sympathetic cast of his thoughts in his biographies, when portraying misfortune, as clearly reflects the tenderness and beauty of his inner life. His "Life of Cowper" is perhaps one of the most sympathetic books in the language; and well it may be, for it was written in the dreary autumn of his days, after his beloved Edith, whose companionship he had shared for forty years, had been conveyed to a retreat for the insane, and when he himself was verging on a state of mind something much akin to that of the melancholy bard of Weston and Olney.

One incident will show his deep affectionate feeling. The mention of

school friendships awakens in every heart tender emotions, recalling happy days and vanished realities and dreams. Who has not lost the most beloved friend of his school-days? The youthful affection of Southey clung to two agreeable companions, whom he learned to love among the "groves of the academy." One was Grosvenor Bedford, the other Edmund Seward. Seward was an uncommon youth, possessed of ripe judgment and amiable dispositions. Southey relates of him that when he returned from his pursuits to his home in Worcestershire his appearance was the occasion for universal joy, and that even the dogs ran out to meet him. He died young, and quite suddenly. Southey thus unbosoms himself to his friend Bedford after the melancholy event: —

Bedford, he is dead, — my dear Edmund Seward! — after six weeks' suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that gradually wean us from life. May that man want consolation in his last hour who would rob the survivor of the belief that he shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund; he taught me all that I have of good. It is like a dream, — the idea that he is dead; that his heart is cold; that he whom but yesterday morning I thought and talked of as alive, as the friend I knew and loved, is dead! When these things come home to the heart they palsy it. I am sick at heart; and if I feel thus acutely, what must his sisters feel, — what his poor old mother, whose life was wrapped up in Edmund? I have seen her look at him till the tears ran down her cheek.

There is a strange vacancy in my heart. The sun shines as usual, but there is a blank in existence to me. I have lost a friend, and such an one. God bless you, my dear, dear Grosvenor! Write to me immediately. I will try, by assiduous employment, to get rid of very melancholy thoughts. I am continually dwelling on the days when we were together; there was a time when the sun never rose that I did not see Seward. It is very wrong to feel thus; it is unmanly. God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. I wrote to Edmund on receiving your last; my letter arrived the hour of his death, four o'clock on Wednesday last. Perhaps he remembered me at that hour. Grosvenor, I am a child; and all are children who fix their happiness on such a reptile as man. This great, this self-ennobled being called man, — the next change of weather may blast him! There is another world where all these things will be amended. God help the man who survives his friends!

These strong sentiments show his amiable characteristics. More touching, if possible, is his allusion to the same event in his "Hymn to the Penates," and his reminiscences in the following lines, written several years after his friend's decease: —

"Often together have we talk'd of death ;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear :
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim
To view the depth of heaven !
O Edmund, thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity !
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

"And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund, we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.
Edmund, we did not err !
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy ;
The soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off ;
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die.

"Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse ;
And though remembrance wake a tear.
There will be joy in grief."

WESTBURY, 1799.

The rooms of Southey at Keswick were stored with the most notable literary works of ancient and modern times, and he is said to have possessed the most extensive private library in the kingdom. His study was his world, and his books were his constant companions. He seemed to dwell with men of other times, and to hold communion with the "mighty minds of old." One day, under the influences of that charming inspiration that gives such delicacy

and beauty to some of his minor poems, he took his pen, and thus pictured his literary life: —

“ My days among the dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

“ With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

“ My thoughts are with the dead, with them
I live in long-past years ;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears ;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

“ My hopes are with the dead ! Anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.”

The scene of Southey at Keswick, surrounded by these relics of the past, is one of the most pleasing of biography, but is saddened by the fact that he lingered in those same rooms in the decline of life, when his mind had become almost vacant, and outward circumstances had lost their power to please.

The shadow of insanity has fallen on many a poet's hearthstone. Dr. Johnson was a hypochondriac during most of his life, and he once declared that it was his chief concern to escape from himself. The insanity of Collins, Cowper, Christopher Smart, and several minor poets is familiar to the students of literature. The estimable wife of Dr. Beattie, the amiable and accomplished wife of Hayley, the sister of Wordsworth, and the sister of Charles Lamb were hopelessly shaken in mind ; but on few hearthstones has the shadow fallen

more darkly than on Southey's. One bitter hour he wrote to Grosvenor Bedford, "You will not be surprised in learning that I have been parted from my wife by something worse than death. Forty years has she been the life of my life, and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum."



SOUTHEY'S GRAVE.

Edith died, and Southey married the accomplished poetess Caroline Bowles. The honeymoon had scarcely passed ere his own mind began to discover unmistakable signs of decay. His faculties failed him, and his decline was painful to witness. He would sometimes exclaim, in these altered days, when endeavoring to recall some event of the past, "O memory, memory! where art thou gone?" His son, — Charles Cuthbert Southey, — who wrote his biog-

raphy, passes over the circumstances of his decline in silence, declaring they were too painful for him to dwell upon. He, however, in allusion to his father's case, makes the following quotation from Robert Montgomery: —

"A noble mind in sad decay,
When baffled hope has died away,
And life becomes one long distress
In pitiable helplessness, —
Methinks 't is like a ship on shore,
That once defied the Atlantic's roar,
And gallantly through gale and storm
Hath ventured her majestic form ;

But now in stranded ruin laid,
By winds and dashing seas decayed,
Forgetful of her ocean reign,
Must crumble into earth again."

The title of baronet and a seat in Parliament were offered him, but he prudently declined them. In his letter to Sir Robert Peel, declining the baronetcy, he frankly declared himself unable to support the honor with his moderate fortune, and nobly added: "Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for, having always something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything." This confession probably led to a large increase in his pension, which Sir Robert immediately offered, and which was most thankfully received. Had he accepted the baronetcy we should have been deprived of that most charming work, Southey's "Life of Cowper." Nobler by far is the honor that that one volume bestows upon him than the title of a nobleman in England. Kepler, though inured to poverty and hardship, declared that he would rather be the author of the works he had written than to possess the Duchy of Saxony.

Dark and stormy was the morning when he was borne to his last resting-place. Few besides his own family followed his remains; but many were the hearts that were tenderly moved on that wild day, and that breathed for the departed laureate, *Requiescat in pace*.

Our tourists visited the beautiful Grasmere churchyard, which all the world loves. Here they gathered grasses from the poets' graves. There was one grave that touched them, from the inscription on the stone. It was that of the son of Coleridge. He was the writer of some beautiful verse; he had a tender heart and clear-eyed imagination. We will tell his story, though it reveals somewhat the faults of a too generous nature.

THE STORY OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was born at Rydal Water, in the English Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in 1796. His birth was commemorated in two sonnets by his father, and by an exquisite poem from Wordsworth. He was a charming child, a playless day-dreamer, his heart overbrimming with

love, and his earliest thoughts colored with poetical images. He became the pet of the English Lake poets, Southey, Wordsworth, and Christopher North.

He was placed under the instruction of a clergyman at Ambleside, who used to leave him for the greater part of the time unemployed. Hartley had no love of the exact sciences, and in the long pastimes allowed him by his good-humored instructor he began to form loose and idle habits, loitering on the margin of the summer lakes, and charming his companions by his wonderful conversation, his wit, and his day-dreams. Everybody loved

him, and said he was a good fellow, from the ragged urchin who locked hands with him in the unaffected interchange of affection, to the stern English critic, who loved to have him hanging about his knee.

In 1815 he was a student at Merton College, Oxford. The son of a great poet, and the youthful companion of the most noted literary men of the time, he soon attracted to him a large circle of young friends, and charmed them, as he had already charmed his childhood companions at Ambleside, by his wit and his brilliant conversation. He became the favorite of the college, and as he was always happy in loving companionship and when his affections

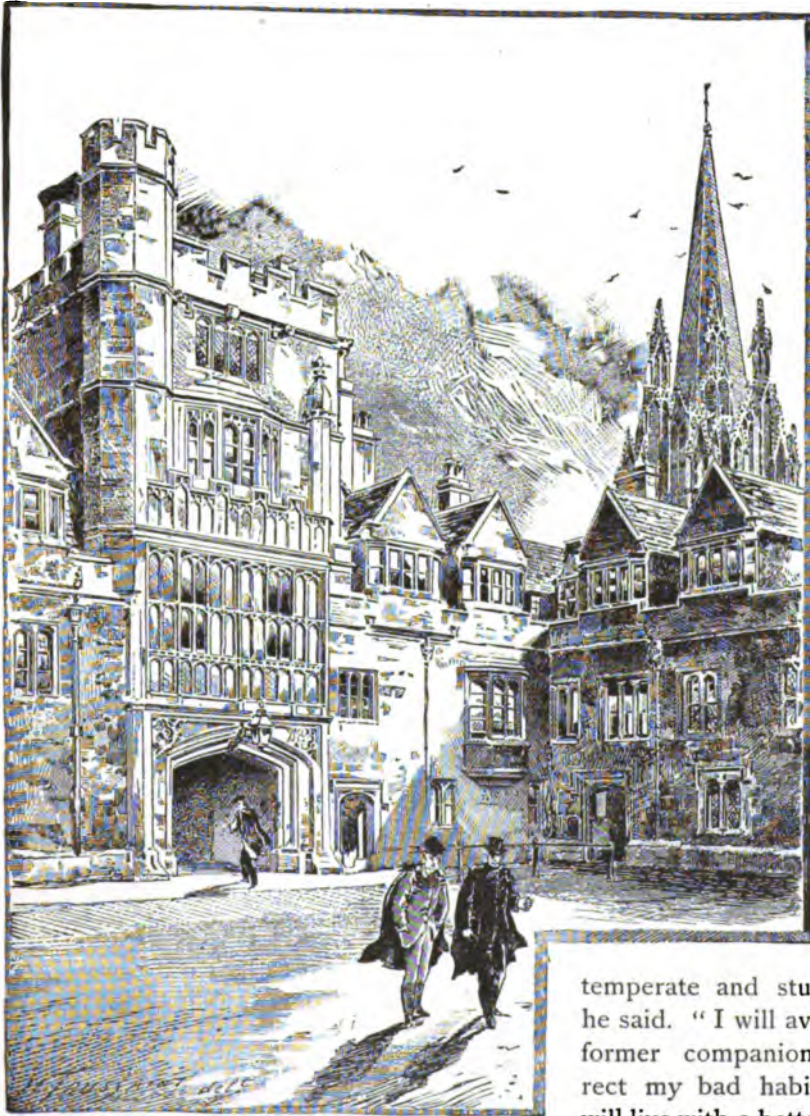


HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

were gratified, he lived chiefly for his chums, and gave little heed to discipline or his studies. No social party was complete without Hartley Coleridge, and he constantly received invitations which he was too irresolute to decline. Some of these parties were convivial. Wine was placed before him, and, as he would do almost anything at the bidding of those he loved, he began to drink with the others, though at first sparingly. The knowledge of the exhilarating power of the wine-cup was fatal. His easy, indolent boyhood had left him a ready victim to temptation, and having formed the habit of wine-drinking, he lost wholly his self-control. His father was sorely disappointed in Hartley, though he himself was morally as weak as his son, the victim of a single evil habit, and was therefore ill prepared to administer the needed reproof.

After a gay, dissipated course at Merton College, Hartley, wishing to

gain a fellowship at Oriel College, resolved to reform. He passed an honorable examination, and entered upon his probationary year. "This year I will be



COURT AT OXFORD.

temperate and studious," he said. "I will avoid my former companions, correct my bad habits, and will live with a better aim." His father and friends in

the district took hope from his amended course. Six months passed, and he had kept his resolution and won the respect of the college faculty. His scholarship was most creditable; his character, now toned by wholesome moral restraint, was most praiseworthy and commendable. Eleven months passed. Hartley still maintained his integrity. His friends' expectations were greatly raised. They felt sure that he would now honorably complete his probationary year.

About this time some of his old Merton chums made him a visit. They were gay fellows, and ridiculed his ascetic habits, and they at once proposed to him to have one more convivial supper in memory of days "lang syne." "Go with us down to London," said they, "and we will make the jolliest party of the year." Mounted upon the stage-coach, Hartley left Oriel with his free-spirited companions. When they returned they were all intoxicated. Their conduct was scandalous, and when Hartley became sober again, it was to find himself expelled. It was a terrible blow. He felt that life could promise him little now. Ruinously humbled he came back to Rydal Water to meet the averted looks of his friends. He tried teaching, but failed. He was more successful as a poet, producing some of the most exquisite sonnets in the language. But he was still a victim to the wine-cup. His father had little hope of him, and not long before his decease he made a humiliating bequest, providing him with "the continued means of a 'home.'" His habits grew worse. He whose youth had been passed with the greatest minds now found companionship at the inn, and late at night he might have been seen staggering home.

In the midst of the great black frost of 1848, very late in the year, Hartley left the house of a friend, where he had been drinking, to return to his boarding-house. It was night, the weather was keen, and he either lost his way, or, overcome by the influence of strong drink, sank down by the wayside. The next morning his landlady heard him stumbling in, and found him benumbed by exposure to the cold. A fever followed, and he died. He was buried at Grasmere, in the "poets' corner" of the beautiful churchyard. Scholars, literary men, the rich and the poor, gathered around his grave in pitying silence. Wordsworth was there, his white head conspicuous among the mourners. He had been true to his old favorite to the last, and had labored in vain to save him from an inebriate's grave.

Hartley had tried to be a Christian in spite of the one great error that obscured his hope in God. His life was a long probation, and he died penitent at last. On his gravestone was inscribed: "By thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver me."



THE COACHING TRIP.

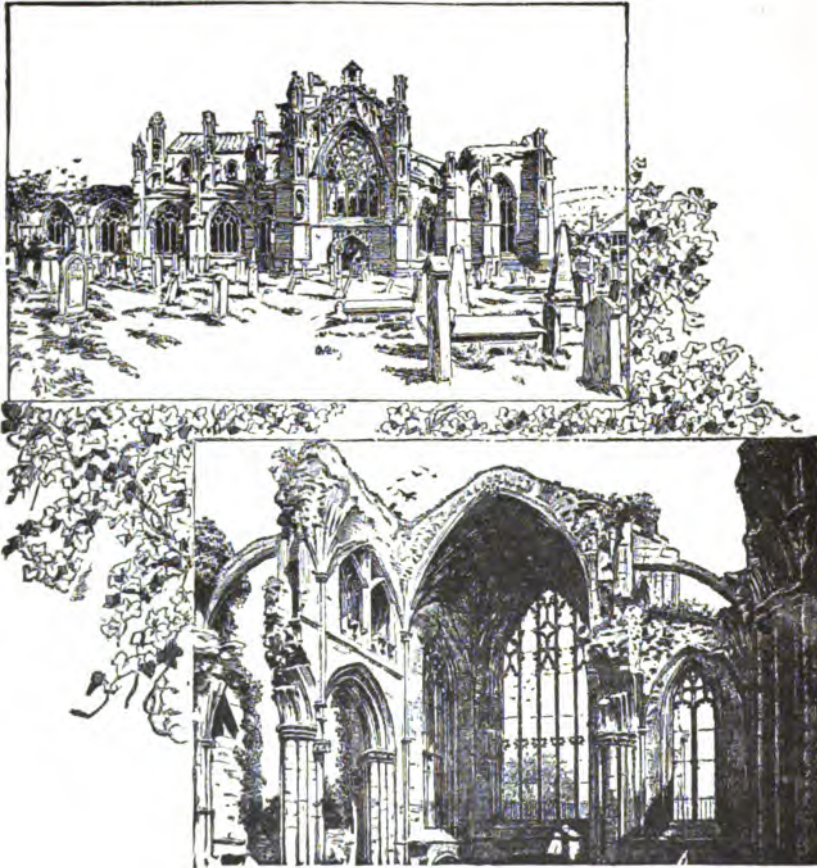
CHAPTER VII.

MELROSE ABBEY, AND SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LEGENDARY TALES.



MELROSE ABBEY, famous in Scottish history and in the ancient minstrelsy of the Border, is one of the most conspicuous ruins of Great Britain. It is situated in the town of Melrose, on the Tweed, about thirty-seven miles from Edinburgh, and some three miles from Abbotsford, a pile of architectural magnificence, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott. To those familiar with the writings of Scott the mention of Melrose Abbey cannot fail to recall many scenes of long departed years, the footfalls of cowled monks in the dim chapels and shadowy cloisters, the intonations of old liturgies, the swelling organ, the solemn chant and the echoed cadences of Latin anthems and hymns. The abbey was founded in 1136, and some ten years were spent in its construction. It was defaced and despoiled by Edward II., but was reconstructed by Robert Bruce, and embellished with all the beauty of Gothic art. It was built in the form of a Latin cross, and its principal entrance was a Gothic portal, over which was a mullioned window, graced with imposing statues. Its vaults contained the relics of many of the Scottish nobility, among them Alexander II. Here, too, was deposited the heart of Robert Bruce.

The scene of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, as described by Scott in the second canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is regarded as one of the finest descriptions of his prolific pen. The closing scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is very romantic



RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

and imposing. If recited in subdued and modulated tones, in harmony with its grave and melancholy descriptions, it cannot fail to impress an audience. It closes with an artistic translation of the *Dies Iræ*, a grand old Latin hymn.

The pilgrims represented in the following selection had made a journey to Melrose to do penance in the abbey for the repose of a departed seer whose spirit had appeared at a festival at Branksome Hall.

“ With naked foot and sackcloth yest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go ;
The standers-by might hear uneath,
Footsteps, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row ;
No lordly look, no martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown ;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they kneeled them down ;
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead ;
From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

“ And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came ;
Taper, and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled ;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal

For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose ;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burden of the song, —

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;

While the pealing organ rung,

 Thus the holy Fathers sung : —

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay !
 How shall he meet that dreadful day
 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?
 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !"

The towers of Abbotsford lift themselves above the Tweed, and as one beholds them, a mask of the heroes of romance passes before the vision. Here Scott recalled to life romancers of the fading age of chivalry as with the wand of an enchanter. Here he held his stately Christmases, and celebrated Hogmanay, as the festival on the last day of the year was called. The last-mentioned holiday is a by-gone revel ; it used to be termed *daft* day, because every one was at liberty to play the fool.

Captain Basil Hall visited Abbotsford in 1824, when Scott was in the zenith of his fame. He thus describes the holiday evening in this palace of legend, romance, and song : —

"In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read 'Christabel,' and upon some of us admitting with shame that we never had seen it, he offered to read it, and took a chair in the midst of all the party in the library. . . . He also read to us the famous



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

poem on Thomas the Rhymer's adventure with the Queen of the Fairies . . . There was also much pleasing singing; many old ballads, and many ballads pretending to be old, were sung to the harp and piano-forte."

Again, a breakfast scene at Abbotsford during the holidays is equally interesting. Captain Hall says:—

"At breakfast to-day we had as usual some one hundred and fifty stories. Heaven knows how they came in, but *he* is in the matter of anecdote what Hudibras was in figures of speech,—

'For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.'

I quite forget all these stories but one: My cousin Watley Scott said he was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two companions had gone on shore and had overstayed their leave and spent their money and run up an immense bill at the tavern on the Point. The ship made a signal for sailing, but the landlady said, 'No, gentlemen, you shall not go without paying your reckoning.' But they had nothing wherewith to pay. 'I'll give you one chance,' said she. 'I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband; you may go if one of you will marry me. I do not care which it is, but one of you shall have me, or you shall all go to jail, and the ship sail without you.' They agreed to comply. The marriage ceremony was performed, and the three sailed away, including the husband. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the husband, and looking them over carelessly, he suddenly jumped up, and exclaimed in ecstasy, 'Thank Heaven, my wife has been hanged!'"

We have somewhat abridged the story.

Sir Walter Scott wrote "Bonnie Dundee" on Christmas day. The children used to visit him on Hogmanay, and play all manner of pranks before his door. It was his custom to give them each a cake. The memories of the Christmases and Hogmanays at Abbotsford were the delight of the generations at Melrose.

Abbotsford is about three miles distant from Melrose. It overlooks a fine sweep of the Tweed. It is surrounded by forests of gigantic trees, in which are winding walks planned by Sir Walter himself. The house front is some one hundred and sixty feet long, and the walls are ornamented with sculptured stones from all parts of the kingdom. It is a quaint pile, made up of fantastic chimneys, gables, turrets, and antique ornaments. The old palaces and abbeys of Scotland have furnished relics for the wonderful structure,—



LOUIS XI.

Holyrood, Linlithgow, Dumfermline; the arms of Rob Roy, Montrose, Claverhouse. The drawing-room is filled with the antique ebony furniture of George IV.; the library is furnished with the



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

chairs of Pope and a writing-desk of George III. It is one great, curious monument of the history of Scotland.

Helen asked Aunt Mar, while here, which she regarded the most interesting of Scott's works.

"'Kenilworth,'" unhesitatingly answered Aunt Mar.

Charlie liked "Rob Roy" better; but thought "Quentin Durward"

the masterpiece of interesting fiction. "The story of Louis XI., of France, in 'Quentin Durward,'" he said, "is the strangest of all stories in history."

"The king was the incarnation of all evil," said Aunt Mar; "if ever a man was changed into a demon, it was Louis XI."

"Yet he was always praying to the saints," said Charlie; "if he heard the church bell, he would stop to pray when he was going to commit a murder. He pretended to be the most pious man in all the world."

In the old woods of Abbotsford they talked of Scott's strange stories, and their origin. Charlie related how Louis XI. had admired a certain iron cage which Cardinal Balue had invented to torture State criminals, and how he at last put the cardinal into his own cage, and kept him there some ten or more years. Aunt Mar repeated the ballad of "Cumnor Hall," the first stanza of which had so haunted Scott as to lead him to write Kenilworth.

THE STRANGE STORY OF LOUIS XI.

It is said that Louis XI., of France, was guilty of four thousand State murders. Most of his victims were condemned without trial. Think of the time when a brutal king could order off his subjects to execution at his will. He was a vicious youth. He rebelled against his own father. His chosen friends were the lowest people, and his supreme delight was lust and cruelty. Yet he was very superstitious, and this superstition passed for piety. The thought of death filled him with terror, and his last years were spent in efforts to escape the King of Terrors, and the awful judgment that awaited his crimes.

In 1461 he became King of France,—a human monster whose true place would have been a lunatic asylum. Yet, bad as he was, he added glory to the French nation. He had great worldly wisdom and prudence with all his cunning.

"Promise me," said Philip the Good, of Burgundy, "that you will forgive all your father's friends who have offended you, when you shall assume the crown."



PHILIP DE COMYNES.

"I will," said Louis to his benefactor, who had given him a home in his long exile from his father's court, — "all but seven."

"And who are those?"

"I will not name them now."

He fulfilled his promise to the letter; but the seven whom he put to death were his father's most able advisers and statesmen. He professed the greatest devotion to the Pope and to the people. He seemed to wish to be regarded as very pious and as the people's friend; yet deception somehow entered into nearly every act of his life. Deceit became his passion, his delight, and his governing habit. He used it when truth even as a matter of policy would better have answered his ends. He talked loudly of "restoring the kingdom to its ancient liberties" when taking away from the people the few rights that they had, and he at last sought to deceive and bribe Heaven itself. It is said that he made the Virgin Mary a *countess*.

He was very fond of the chase, and he seems to have wanted for himself all the game of the kingdom. So he forbade others hounds and hawking, nets and snares. He once heard that two gentlemen had killed a hare on their own estate, and he ordered that their ears be cut off. This was the blessed time of kings!

Once during a siege of Paris by the Burgundians he went out to intrigue with the people on his popular interest. He met some burgesses.

"Well, my friends," he said, "the Burgundians do not give you so much trouble now."

"But they gather our grapes and destroy our vintages."

"Oh, well, well, that is a great deal better than if they were to drink the wine in your cellars."

Although Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had given Louis XI. a home in his exile, his son and successor, Charles the Bold, or Charles the Rash, became his bitter enemy. Charles the Rash was a cruel ruler, and between Louis XI. and Charles the world fared hard. The two spent many years in trying to deceive each other, and each succeeded admirably in all this kingcraft for a time, though both finally came to an awful end.

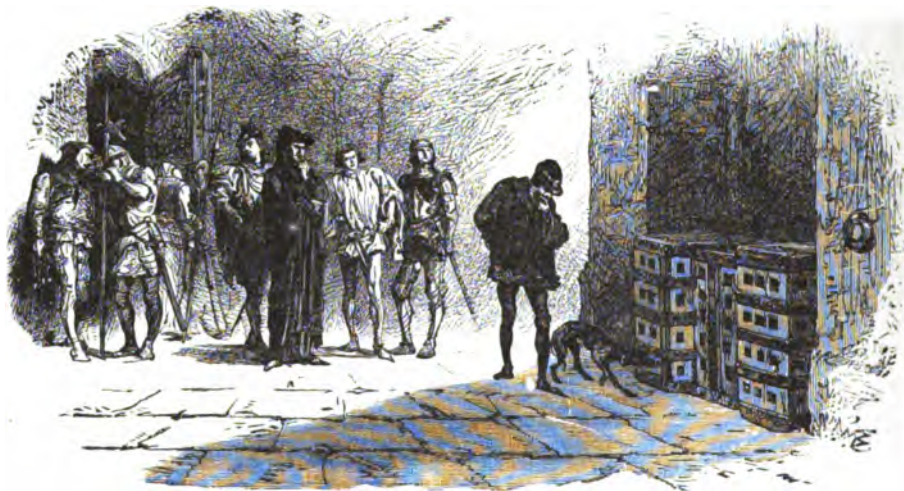
Louis XI. was a very affectionate mortal, as well as pious. When he met the Duke of Burgundy at the beginning of their long and deceitful wars, he embraced him, and walked about the town with his arm around his neck, as though he had found a long-lost brother. He had very loving ways, but his friendships had very short histories.

One of his loving friends was Cardinal Balue. This ingenious man came to him one day, greatly delighted over an invention which he was sure would

please the king. It was a great iron man-cage, so made that the victim who should be imprisoned in it could neither lie down nor stand up with comfort. He thought it would be an excellent place of torture for some prisoner of State.

The king thought so too. It was very funny.

At last the king lost confidence in his old friend the cardinal, and began to consider what he could do to make him as miserable as possible. He had



THE BALUE CAGE.

it, — the iron man-cage! So he ordered that the cardinal be put into it; he kept him there many years. The king used to visit the cardinal in his cage, and to jeer at him, like this perhaps: "This is a pretty place for you! How do you feel? Invented it yourself. Well, well, it suits your case exactly."

This meeting of the two loving old friends must have been very picturesque. But the king's time was coming.

In the wars between Charles the Rash and the king, the king intrigued to stir up the people of Liege against the duke. The duke seized the king. The latter was greatly astonished.

"Will you sign a treaty?" asked the duke.

"Yes," said the cowardly captive.

"And you will go with me to Liege, and help punish the rebels for their wickedness?"



LOUIS XI. AND CHARLES THE RASH AT PÉRONNE.

"Yes."

It must have been a grim "yes," but the king had to promise.

The duke procured from a precious box a so-called piece of the true cross, and over this bit of wood he compelled Louis to swear the treaty. There was but one thing that would keep the king true to his word, and that was an oath that would put his soul in peril. The two then started for Liege.

"Hurrah for the king! Hurrah for France!" shouted the people of the city, when they saw the French king approaching.

"Hurrah for *Burgundy*!" shouted Louis XI.

The people were horror-struck, and well they might be, for the two perfidious monarchs proceeded to put them to death as fast as the fortunes of war would allow. The two parted very loving friends.

The last years of Louis XI. were full of horror. He dreaded death. His one prayer was for life — life. He grew more and more ugly. He suspected everybody of treachery. He feared the doctor, the astrologer, and the priest. "You dare not send *me* to execution," said the doctor. "You would die in five days afterwards." Then he loaded him with favors, raised his salary to ten thousand crowns a month, and made him a lord of the Exchequer. He implored all the saints for health, and sent money to all the churches. But he grew older and older. "His distrust," says a historian, "became horrible; every year he surrounded his castle of Plessis with more walls, ditches, and rails. There were four hundred crossbow men on duty." But Death was not to be deprived of his victim. He grew wrinkled and gray, and the awful hour drew nearer and nearer. He set up eighteen hundred planks bristling with nails as a fence of the ditch near the castle. Any stranger who approached the castle was seized and hung on a gibbet or put in a sack and drowned. His arm became paralyzed. He sat moodily in a dark corner in a chair. He was continually calling on the saints. Then he was confined to his bed, and thought himself dead. He lay at times like a dead man. "If you think I am very ill," he said to his confessor, "do not ever speak the word *death* in my hearing."

One of his friends was Oliver the Devil. The king had made the low fellow a noble. When Oliver was sure that the king was so paralyzed that he would never leave his bed again, he bluntly told him that death had come. The king could not punish him now. He died Aug. 30, 1483, and there was great joy throughout the kingdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT HAMPDEN.



HE name Wendover had long been so familiar to Aunt Mar in her study of the political history of John Hampden that it almost seemed to her that she had arrived at home as the guard said, "This is Wendover."

The town is in Buckinghamshire. Great Hampden, the paternal seat of the patriot, and which is still held by his descendants of the seventh or eighth generation, is about five miles southwest of the town. It stands in a secluded place on high ground among the Chiltern Hills. The approach is by a long beech avenue, through ancient woods. The traditional character of John Hampden seems impressed upon the whole place, — quiet, stately, grand. The house is very ancient; it has no date. The Hampdens settled in England prior to the Norman Conquest. According to tradition the Black Prince visited the estate, and the event is celebrated in a quaint old rhyme. The Hampden estate in the days of the barons was very large, and Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by Griffith Hampden, Esq., during one of her royal progresses.

The Hampdens figured in the chivalric exploits of the War of the Roses, taking the side of the Red Rose; and Sir John Hampden



LOUIS XI. AND BURGESSES WAITING FOR NEWS.

"of the Hill" attended the English queen at the famous interview of the sovereigns on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Sibyl Hampden was a daughter of Sir John of the Hill. She attended Edward VI. in his childhood, and was the ancestress of William Penn. A monument is raised to her memory in Hampton Church, Middlesex.

William Hampden was a son of Griffith Hampden, who entertained Queen Elizabeth. He was a member of Parliament like his father, and married Elizabeth Cromwell, an aunt to the Protector.

John Hampden the English patriot was born in 1594; he must have been; therefore, about thirty years of age when he visited America, if he was the John Hampden of tradition. He succeeded to the grand Hampden estate in his infancy. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford; at nineteen he became a law student in the Inner Temple. In 1619 he married Elizabeth Symeon, and in 1623, according to tradition, he came to America "to see the country," with a view probably to colonization in case the political condition of the country should make it desirable for him to leave England. Cromwell his cousin had himself such plans at one time; and his relative William Penn carried a like purpose into effect, and founded Pennsylvania. Another relative of Hampden, Edward Whalley, called the Regicide, because he had been one of the members of the High Court of Justice that tried and condemned Charles I., found a refuge and hiding-place in America. Three of the judges who condemned Charles I. found retreats in America, and many romantic stories are told of them and their hiding-places.

The events of Hampden's life constitute the history of his times and of the second heroic struggle for liberty in England, the first being that of the barons against King John, which ended in the Magna Charta of Runnymede. The second struggle, of which Hampden was the leader, was that of the Parliament, or the representatives of

the people, against the assumed Divine right of the king to tax the people at his will. This second struggle led to the establishment of the Commonwealth and the forming of the English constitution. It was the second battle for freedom that gave to England her constitutional rights, and made an English subject a man of civil rights and birthrights. Out of the Commonwealth the American Republic



HAMPDEN HOUSE AND CHURCH.

sprang, and the indirect and reflex influence of John Hampden's life was greater than that of his home struggles. He may well be called the Father of English and American Liberty. The American patriots only followed his principles and example in resisting the tax on tea. He entered Parliament in 1626, and served in all the succeeding Parliaments under Charles I.

King Charles having exacted an illegal tax known as ship-money,

many of the English patriots began to question the moral right of the king to impose the tax. In 1636 John Hampden boldly refused to pay this unjust tax, and denied the so-called Divine right of the king to deal unjustly with his subjects. He was thrown into prison. The principle that injustice was to be resisted was one of the greatest moment; it shook the throne.

Hampden taught that it was a subject's duty to resist injustice on the part of a ruler. This was a principle that conflicted with the tenets of both Church and State.

He was a reticent, brave man, and his conduct in imprisonment was that of a hero. He was released, and became the leader of the Long Parliament, the champion of the people or their representatives against the king. Civil war followed, and he entered the service of the forces of Parliament, and distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill. His death was heroic. Macaulay thus describes this great event of English history: —

DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

IN the early part of 1643 the shires lying in the neighborhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert, the Royal leader, and his cavalry. Essex, the Parliamentary commander, had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the Parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been intrusted to him. But it was decreed that at this conjuncture England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents, — the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day he attacked and dispersed a few Parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had on the preceding day strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. The Chevaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction to intercept them. In the mean time he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder with two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. Turning his horse, therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazely on his way to Thame. At the brook which divides the parishes he paused awhile; but it being impossible for him in his wounded state to remount, had he alighted to lead his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs to his steed, and cleared the leap. At Thame he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds; but there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating, but he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the headquarters recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his



DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before Hampden's death the Sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that church as to essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country; O Lord, be merciful to—" In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bare-headed, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the "*Weekly Intelligencer*": "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind."

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the State,—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hall, the ardent public spirit of Sidney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular

party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights above Dunbar; but it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had created, threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

The present House of Great Hampden is entered by a quaint old hall surrounded by a gallery.

Aunt Mar and Helen and Charlie approached the ancient house with a feeling of awe. It was mid-day, and the sun shone on the great groves and green sides of the hills. The trees were old, decaying, yet wonderfully green.

Aunt Mar went resolutely to the door, and there was met by a servant.

"What is your wish, madam?" said the latter, bowing.

"We are from America," said Aunt Mar, "and our family name is Hampden. We have come here to ask an interview with one of the descendants of John Hampden. We have something that we wish to communicate."

The servant seemed to feel flattered at this explanation to *him*. He bowed again, and said, "Whom did you wish to see?"

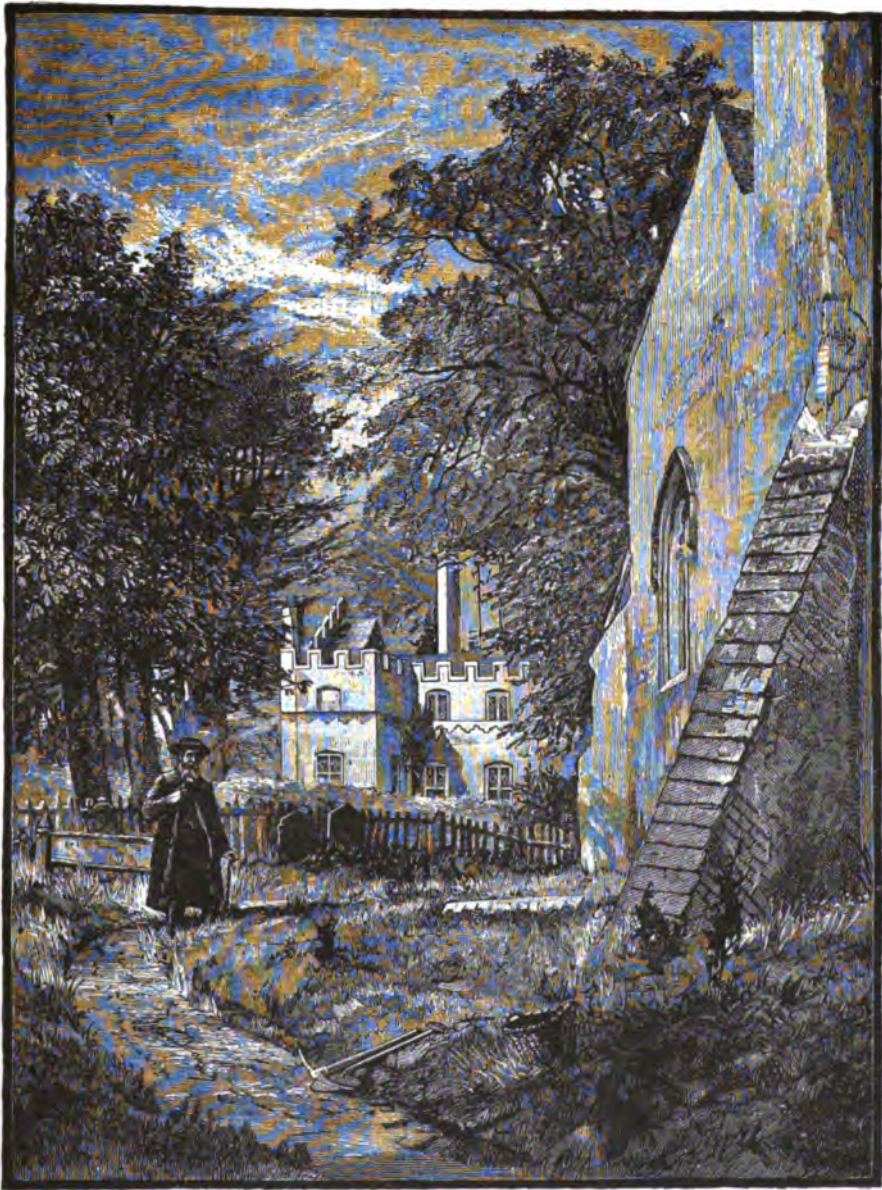
"Any member of the family."

"Who shall I say?"

"Friends by the name of Hampden, from America."

He bowed again very low, and said, "I will go and see."

He presently returned. "Mistress is not at home; but Madam will see you. Will you come in?"



IN HAMPDEN CHURCHYARD.



Who were "Mistress" and "Madam"? Our visitors did not know; but they were in the house of the great John Hampden. One point was gained.

Helen looked at Aunt Mar in a half-frightened manner, and Charlie laughed outright at Aunt Mar's dignified bearing. She had assumed the stately air of a duchess.

Presently a rustle was heard. Helen gave a gasp and Charlie a wink, and a very plainly dressed, sweet-faced English lady appeared.

"Friends from America?" she said.

"Our family name is Hampden," said Aunt Mar, with dignity. "We are descendants of a branch of your family. We live on the Mount Hope Lands, where your ancestor, the great John Hampden the patriot, once came to visit Massasoit, the Indian chieftain who protected the Plymouth colony."

"Indeed," said the sweet-faced lady, "I am greatly interested in what you have said. Let me first, however, assure you that I am very glad to see you; and I thank you for coming so far out of the way to visit the old estate. But, my good friends, in regard to John Hampden's ever being in America, I have had my doubts. Lord Nugent makes no account of it. I am sorry that the family are not at home now, to hear what you have to say on the subject; but it will give me great pleasure to communicate it to them. Let me send for some refreshments for you."

Refreshments were brought, and Aunt Mar gained new courage to attack the subject so dear to her heart.

"Did you never hear," she asked, "that John Hampden, the English patriot, your ancestor and *ours*, came to America in 1623, and that he visited the great chieftain Massasoit, *and that that visit was the means of saving the Colony?* WE OWE NEW ENGLAND TO HIM."

This was thorough. "Madam's" face brightened, and she seemed deeply interested.

"Indeed," she said, "I wish that Lord Nugent could have had the facts which you seem to have in your possession, when he was preparing the memoirs of Hampden. You said you lived where?" she added.

"On the Mount Hope Lands."



HAMPDEN PARK.

The answer sounded so grand as to cause Charlie to smile.

"And may I ask where is that?"

"In Rhode Island."

"The State in the United States that was founded by Roger Williams?"

"Yes."

"Sir Henry Vane was interested in that State, I think I have read."

"Yes."

"You say that John Hampden's visit saved New England. May I ask how?"

"Edward Winslow and John Hampden and a guide started from Plymouth to visit Massasoit. On the way, a report reached them that Massasoit was dead, and the Indian guide wished to return. But if Massasoit were dead, Winslow wished to have an interview with his successor, and arrange new terms of peace and friendship. He asked John Hampden, then a young man, if he was willing to go forward with him. 'I am willing,' said Hampden, 'to do whatever will tend to the good of the Colony.' So they went forward. They found that Massasoit was not dead, but was very sick at Souams in Pokanoket, a place now known as Warren, Rhode Island. They nursed him and he recovered, and in gratitude he made known to them a plot to destroy the Colony. So it was John Hampden's noble answer that he would do whatever tended to the welfare of the Colony, and his Christian treatment of the great chief, that really saved New England in the time of peril."

"I hope your information is true," said the lady. "I really wish it to be. If so, it would reflect great honor on our family name."

"I feel as you do about it," said Aunt Mar. Indeed she did.

"Of course you would like to see the old house," said the lady. "And I have some not quite satisfactory information on the same subject, which I will show you. I am sorry that it is not more conclusive. But first let me show you the portraits of John Hampden and his wife, and take you to the top of the house to see the old patriot's library."

It was a proud hour for Aunt Mar. She had dreamed of it for years. She would have been perfectly happy if a lingering doubt could have been removed from her heart. The view from the library was beautiful, of green trees and sunshine, and she felt that it was worth a trip to England to gaze upon it and upon the old books. On returning to the reception-room the lady asked, "What

is your authority that *our* ancestor was the John Hampden who visited America?"

Aunt Mar quoted Belknap, and said that the popular American histories contain the statement.

"I will bring you an article that tends to confirm your view," said the lady; "and I am sorry that I have not a copy of it to give you."

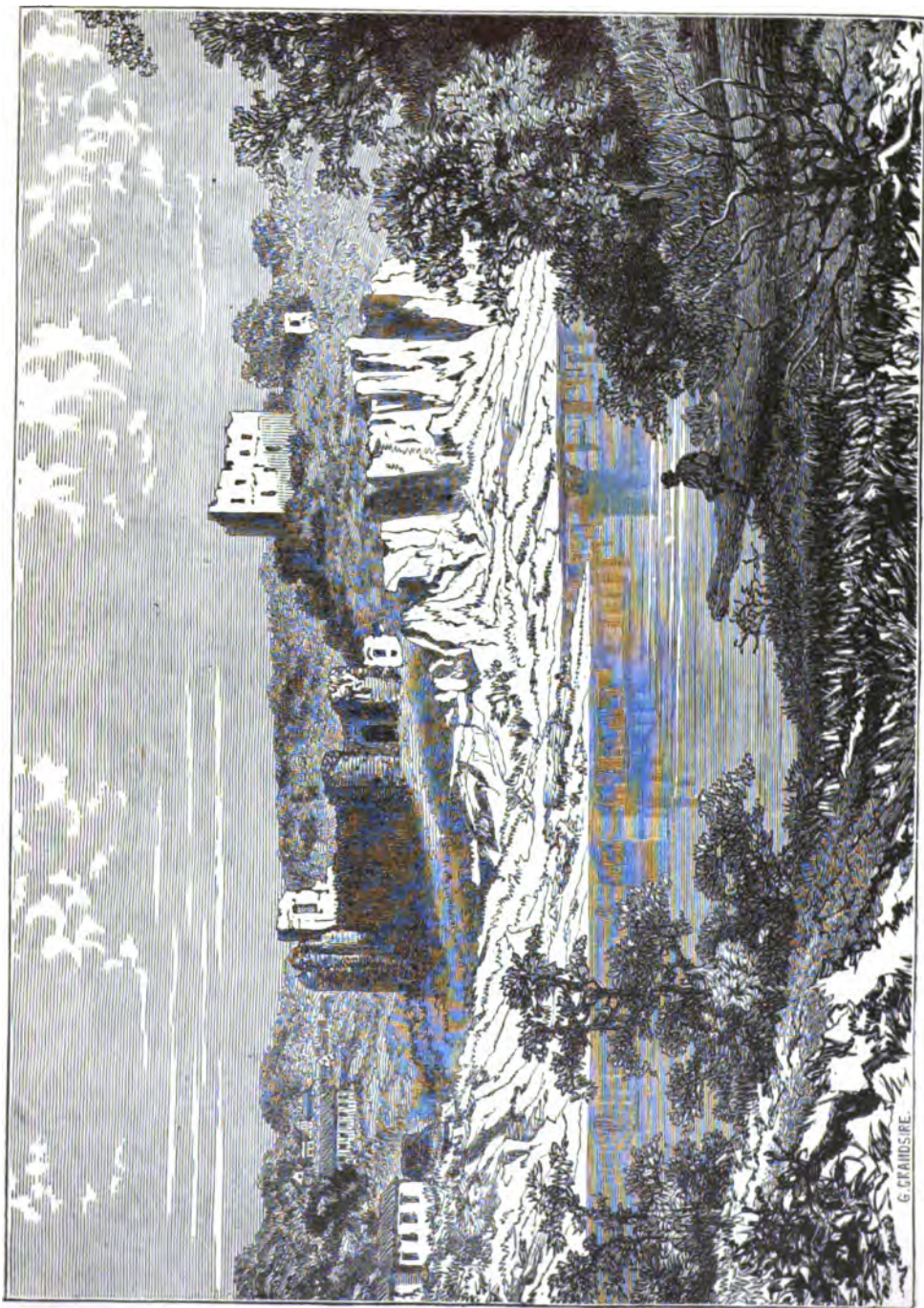
The lady brought to Aunt Mar an article written by Mr. Towell Rutt, and published in the "Examiner," in which he asserts that the John Hampden of early New England history was the patriot, and says: "It appears in the Parliamentary History, that from February, 1621, to February, 1623, Hampden's senatorial duties must have been entirely suspended."

Aunt Mar read the article with the delight of one who had proved herself to be a long-lost heir. She raised her spectacles, and with beaming eyes said to Charlie, "There! I always said so. You did n't believe it."

"But the article is not entirely conclusive," said the lady, in a tone that indicated a wish to be conscientious while very hopeful.

"I have had one thing on my mind ever since I began to study the subject," said Aunt Mar. "You can help me. Is there not some private correspondence of John Hampden that alludes to his having been in America in connection with his colonization scheme?"

"The colonization scheme, so far as it relates to his having once started with a colony for America, and the vessels having been stopped by a royal order in the Thames, has itself been questioned," said the lady. "There is one feature of some of his correspondence that would seem to favor your strong view,—that is, John Hampden did seem to have a wonderful knowledge of America, as though he might have privately visited the country. But many of his friends had been to America, and he may have obtained the knowledge in that way."



RUINS OF THE CASTLE NEAR SCROOBY.

"Would you allow me to see his unpublished correspondence?" boldly ventured Aunt Mar.

"I could not do so, for I am not the mistress of the house, and his letters not kept here, I think. But I will tell you what I will do for you. I will examine his correspondence myself as soon as I have leisure to do so, and if you will give me your home address I will write to you in America."

"You are very, very kind," said Aunt Mar.

"And," continued the lady, "I have two autographs of John Hampden, and it will give me great pleasure to give you one of them."



HAMPDEN'S MONUMENT.

The lady left the room and returned with the autograph.

As Aunt Mar rose to go, the lady said, "I thank you again for calling. The family, I am sure, would have been very sorry to have you come to England and not pay a visit to the old house and estate. And I assure you again that I will examine very conscientiously all

the correspondence I can secure, and will send the result to you in America."

The hills and woods were all sunshine as the party rode away.

"Am I, or am I not?" said Aunt Mar to Helen.

"I don't see that you know any more now than before you came," said Charlie.

"But I am glad I came," said Aunt Mar. "It is worth a voyage to England to meet such a lady as that."

THE STORY OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

THE 11th of January, 1642, was a turning-point in English history, and deserves to be recalled by all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Five members of the British Parliament had denied the right of the king to do wrong, and declared the right of the people to resist tyranny, and of the Parliament to restrain the king and declare war. The leader of these five patriots was John Hampden.

On the 3d of January, 1642, an officer of the crown appeared in the House of Lords, and in the name of the king charged these Five Members with high treason, and demanded that the House should arrest them. It was a fateful issue. If Parliament obeyed, the cause of the people was lost. If it disobeyed, war between the crown and the representatives was inevitable. The Lords sent the king's message to the Commons. The Commons asked for a conference.

Suddenly a sergeant-at-arms entered the hall. There was silence and terror. "I am commanded," he said, "by his Majesty the king, to require of the Speaker five gentlemen, members of this House, and to arrest them in his Majesty's name for high treason." The silence continued. No one stirred. The Five Members remained in their seats. The Speaker asked the officer to withdraw. He was compelled to do so. A committee was then appointed to go to the palace, and to say to the king that Parliament must have time to consider his command.

"I will reply to-morrow," said the king, haughtily.

The morrow came, and the king appeared at the door of the house with four hundred armed men.

"Fly," said the Commons to the Five Members. They did so, and the king entered, and gazed on their empty seats.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "I am sorry for this occasion. I expected from you obedience, and not a message. Mr. Speaker, where are the Five Members?"

"May it please your Majesty," said the Speaker, "I am the servant of this House. I can only reply as it shall command me."

"Well," said the king; "since the birds have flown, I demand that they shall be delivered to me as soon as they return."

The House voted to adjourn five days. What should be done? The people were everywhere greatly excited, and demanded the protection and return to their seats of John Hampden and the other four Members. The king was helpless. The people were the masters of the city. It was resolved to bring back the Five Members in triumph, and to protect them from arrest.

It was done. The king fled from London, never to return, and Parliament and the people were triumphant. The kings of England in the future would be merely the servants of the Constitution. It was a splendid scene, when on the 11th of January the Five Members were brought back in triumphal boats and barges over the waters of the Thames. They were escorted along the banks by a thrilling procession. John Hampden entered Westminster in triumph, and Parliament voted that no member could be arrested without its own authority. The people had won.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAND OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



HERE is a district in England where the borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire meet. In North Nottinghamshire, in the hundred of Basset-Lawe, not a long distance from the mouth of the Humber, is the little hamlet of Scrooby. It was in the old manor of this hamlet that the Puritans held their meetings and formed a church; and this church was the beginning of the Plymouth Colony, and of New England. In fact, the American nation was here born.

Cardinal Wolsey lived for a time in this old manor after his fall, trying to soothe his broken heart by deeds of charity. It is one of those rural districts of England that is green and fertile, and through which purling streams flow. Not far away is the River Ouse, which was beloved by Cowper and associated with that poet's pastoral verse. The people of the neighborhood at the time of the Puritans were plain yeomen, of strong minds and firm convictions. The houses were mostly built of clay, with clay floors and carpets of rushes. The furniture was simple, — a few chairs and a pallet of straw.

The leader or elder of this congregation of Separatists was William Brewster. He held the office of post at Scrooby, and this office then not only included the charge of the mails but of travellers. He had been to Cambridge to school in his youth, and had served as a

courtier. Persecution fell upon the church at Scrooby. The Separatists resolved to emigrate to the Low Countries of Holland, where freedom of religious opinion was tolerated. They went to Leyden. In the winter of 1607-8 the Puritan church of Scrooby gathered again on the Zuyder Zee, as they were able to escape from the shores of England. They were very poor, and here they were schooled in hardship for their pioneer work in New England. The leaders of the church in Holland were John Robinson and William Brewster. Among the leading members were Carver, Winslow, Bradford, and Standish.

Our tourists went by the way of Sheffield to visit this birthplace of American liberty. Little remains of the once grand old manor. The place is one hundred and forty-eight miles from London, and some seventy-five miles due east from Liverpool. Not far away is Austerfield. Here lived Bradford when the church that was the cradle of our nation was formed. He was a boy then, and an orphan. He used to travel Sunday after Sunday from Austerfield to attend the church at Scrooby, fording the river Ryton.

"I am a Separatist," he said; and the boy breathed the spirit of freedom.

The slow train that stops at the little station of Scrooby bore our travellers along through quiet and shaded landscapes. The station is near the farm-house, which is all that remains of the ancient manor-house, except the outbuildings. The church is gone; cool trees and sunny meadows fill the eye, and one finds it hard to realize that New England was here founded in the chapel of the once grand edifice of historic traditions. They were kindly received at the farm-house.

"Does there remain anything of the old church?" asked Aunt Mar of the lady of the house.

"Yes; so I am told."

"What?"

"The roof of *that* building."

"And what is that building?"

The woman hesitated. "The cow-house."

"Can we visit it?"

"Oh, yes; I will show you the beams."

"You could n't let me have one of them, could you?"

"What — one of the beams?"

"Yes! I would give a pound for a single stick of it, and I would show it to my friends as long as I lived."

The good woman took the party to the cow-house, and Aunt Mar, to the astonishment of Helen, secured a piece of one of the old beams.

"Think," she said, "what answered prayers once ascended under that roof!"

(We think that one of the beams of this roof, or one of the supports, may be seen in the Congregationalist Library, 1 Somerset Street, Boston, and that it was brought from Scrooby by Rev. Henry M. Dexter.)

Aunt Mar, having obtained a piece of the church at Scrooby, returned in triumph.

While in Nottingham our tourists visited Newstead Abbey and went to see the tomb of Lord Byron. They easily obtained permission to enter the ancient



HARROW SPIRE.

house, which is much as Byron pictured it in his poems. It is a haunt of romance. They were shown the poet's bedchamber and the haunted rooms. In one of these Byron thought that he had been visited by a dark ghost that stared at him till its eyes became fire, then slowly dissolved. They passed up the winding stairs where the

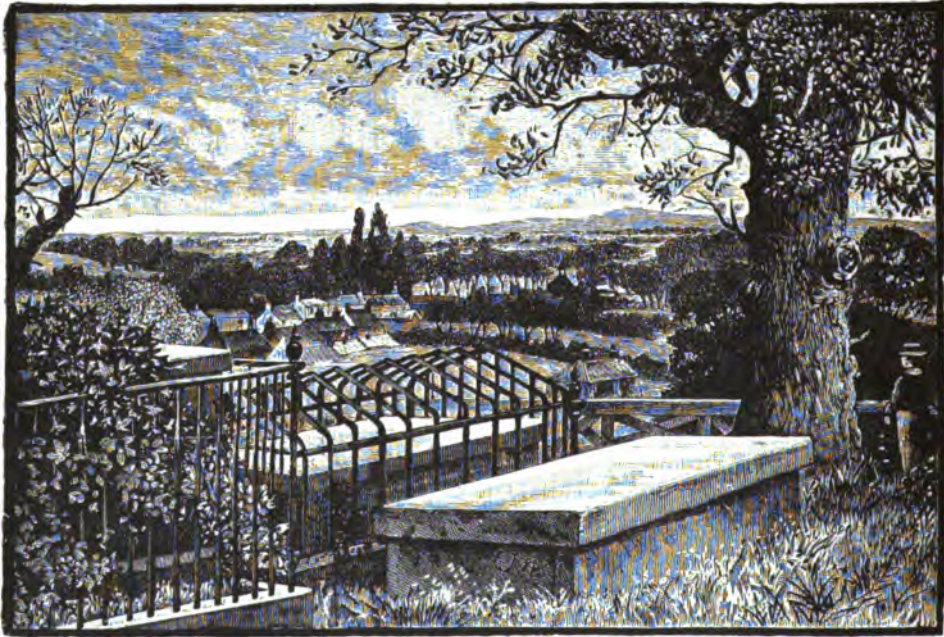


NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Goblin Friar used to be seen. They were also shown the table on which Byron wrote his early poems. Byron's body was brought from Greece and interred in the family vault at Hucknall Church, and his only child, Ada, was laid at her own request in the same vault. A plain white marble slab in the village church is the only record of

him who was regarded the "most brilliant Englishman of the nineteenth century." Many people are surprised at not finding his tomb in the abbey.

They also visited Sudbury, the birthplace of Edward Jenner.



BYRON'S TOMB, HARROW CHURCHYARD.

THE STORY OF JENNER.

THE small-pox made its first appearance in Arabia, about the date of the birth of Mohammed (569). The wars of Islam spread it through the East, whose filthy old towns, like Bagdad and Smyrna, suffered the horrors of its ravages. It soon crossed the Bosphorus, and became known in all the commercial centres of Europe.

A discovery was made in the Middle Ages that the disease was less dangerous when communicated by inoculation than by the atmosphere; hence many persons of rank were inoculated for the small-pox. This was done by inserting

a little of the virus under the skin. The virus is the poisonous matter that is found in the eruptions of the skin in all cases of small-pox. The inoculated small-pox rarely proved fatal; and inoculation, as a protection against the more violent forms of the disease, became common in the great cities of the East. Inoculation was practised until the discovery of the protective power of vaccination, when it was wholly discontinued.

About a century ago there lived at Sudbury, England, a surgeon's apprentice, named Edward Jenner. He possessed an inquiring mind and a decided character. One day a young country woman called to see his master, and in the course of the interview talked of the small-pox. "I cannot take the disease," said the girl, with confidence; "I have had the cow-pox." The surgeon smiled at her supposed simplicity; but the remark was heard by Jenner, and attracted his attention. He resolved to examine the subject, and he found on inquiry that the belief was common among the farmers of Gloucestershire, that a person who had had the cow-pox was protected against any dangerous form of the small-pox. He also found, on careful investigation, that the milkmaids who had had the disease communicated to them from the cow's udder exposed themselves to the small-pox without danger. Thus he became convinced of the neutralizing virtues of the cow-pox, and freely communicated his views to medical men. His statements were received with ridicule. Professional men regarded him as a young enthusiast, whose opinions were not worth discussing. A medical society to which he belonged threatened him with expulsion, should he ever call their attention to the "foolish subject" again.

Jenner knew he was right. He gave the greater part of his spare time to the study of the subject for many years. He fell into disrespect in consequence, and at last was led to put his discovery to a severe test. On May 14, 1796, he vaccinated a boy named James Phipps with virus from the hand of a milkmaid who had the cow-pox. In the following summer he inoculated the same boy for the small-pox, and made a public prediction that the inoculation would not produce the slightest effect. The prediction proved true, and the wiseacres who had called Jenner a fool greatly wondered. James Phipps allowed himself to be inoculated for the small-pox twenty different times, and apparently suffered no ill effects in consequence. Jenner, having gained the confidence of a number of unprofessional friends, made many experiments with the same result.

In 1798 he published his views in a thin book entitled "An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ," in which he gave the details of twenty-three cases of the vaccination of individuals to whom it was afterward found impossible to communicate the small-pox. He then went to London,

to exhibit to the medical profession his theory in practice. Not a single medical man would listen to him; not one of all the doctors to whom the subject was presented had the moral courage to be called a fool.

Truth wins its way slowly, while error walks on air. Jenner's book found readers, and observation convinced those readers that there was some mysterious power about vaccination, after all. Even the foggy old doctors could not help seeing some things in their practice that seemed to indicate the correctness of Jenner's theory. No sooner had medical men begun to give their attention to the subject, and to make experiments, than the clergy, with mistaken zeal, attempted to arrest the growing belief.

Vaccination was denounced from the pulpit as an attempt to bestialize the human species, and as the crowning trick of the devils. A story took wings that certain vaccinated children had become ox-faced, that horns had sprung out of their heads, and that their voices had changed into bellowings like bulls and lowings like cows.

Poor, benevolent, long-suffering Jenner! what with the doctors who called him a fool, and the clergymen who said that he was an agent of the Devil, and the old women who accused him of crimes without a name, he almost despaired of accomplishing much good in his day. But he loved his species, and, like Columbus and Galileo and Harvey, toiled resolutely on, consoled by the reflection that he was doing right.

But happier days were in store for this good man who stood so firmly by the truth when all the world was against him. An eminent London doctor made a number of experiments in vaccination with surprising results. A sudden reaction followed in Jenner's favor. Seventy-three of the most eminent practitioners of the metropolis soon after signed a paper expressing confidence in the discovery. The neglected book, the "Inquiry," was translated into most of the languages of continental Europe. Crowned heads honored him with congratulations and gifts. In 1802 Parliament voted him a testimonial of ten thousand pounds, and in 1807, a further grant of twenty thousand pounds. India sent him a fortune. The hospitalities of all Europe were open to him, even in the perilous days of war. All governments regarded him as a benefactor of the human race. He was a man of sincere piety, simple manners, even disposition, and a loving heart. He died in 1823. His statue adorns Trafalgar Square, London.

We should love to tell you how humble he was in his prosperity, and how good he was to the poor. But all truly great men have these virtues, and we will only say that when Jenner died the outcasts of London wept as for a lost friend.

The American traveller in England who lands in Liverpool may take the Manchester, Lincoln, and Sheffield Railway, and in a few hours find himself in old Boston, among quaint streets like those in the cities of Holland, and red-tiled roofs like those of Rotterdam. The town contains some fifteen thousand inhabitants. The harbor is full of ships, and over all rises the lofty tower of St. Botolph's Church. This tower, which can be seen forty miles at sea, is three hundred feet high. It was anciently used as a lighthouse.

Here John Cotton, the first minister in Boston, Mass., preached, and Isaac Johnson and Lady Arbella listened to him.

Who was Saint Botolph?

"The History and Antiquities of Boston" (England), by Pishey Thompson, published in 1856, a copy of which may be found in Harvard College Library, contains long extracts from the Chronicles of John of Tynemouth, in which are given many beautiful incidents of the life of Saint Botolph. John of Tynemouth was rector of St. Botolph's Church, Boston, in 1518.

Mr. Thompson, in his History of Boston, thus speaks of the saint:—

"Saint Botulph and his brother Saint Adulph flourished about the middle of the seventh century. They were of noble family, and were sent very young into Belgic France, where, according to the testimony of Bede, our ancestors in those days usually sent their children to be educated. The brothers Botulph and Adulph, having been initiated in the discipline and austerity of a monastic life, took the religious habit, and became famous for their learning, zeal, and spiritual labors. The fame of Saint Adulph having reached the French king, he was by that monarch exalted to the government of the church of Maestricht in Belgium, the duties of which station he filled with such ability as to attract the most unqualified eulogies of the writers of his time."

The Chronicles of John of Tynemouth thus continue the story:

"But the blessed father Botulph was disposed to return to Britain. Now there were in the same monastery in which he was staying two sisters of Ethel-

mund, King of the East Angles (having been sent thither for the sake of the monastic discipline), who, understanding that the blessed man was wishing to return to his own country, impose upon him certain commands to be carried to the king their brother. Having passed over the sea, he is honorably entertained by the king, who having heard the pious petitions of his own sisters that he should grant Botulph a piece of ground to build a monastery for the love of the divine reward, he gave his kind consent. . . . The venerable father chose a certain uncultivated place deserted by man, called Ykanho."¹

The story is a charming one, and goes on with an innocence truly Herodotean: —

"Now that region was as much forsaken by man as it was possessed by demons, whose fantastic illusion by the coming of the holy man was to be immediately put to flight, and the pious conversation of the faithful substituted in its place, so that where up to that time the deceit of the Devil had abounded, the grace of our beneficent founder should more abound. Upon the entry therefore of the blessed Botulph the blackest smoke arises, and the enemy, knowing that his own flight was at hand, cries out with horrid clamor, saying: 'This place which we have inhabited for a long time we thought to inhabit forever. Why, O Botulph, most cruel stranger, dost thou try to drive us from these seats? In nothing have we offended you, in nothing have we disturbed your right. What do you seek in our expulsion? What do you wish to establish in this region of ours? After being driven out of every corner in the world, do you expel us wretched beings even out of this solitude?'"

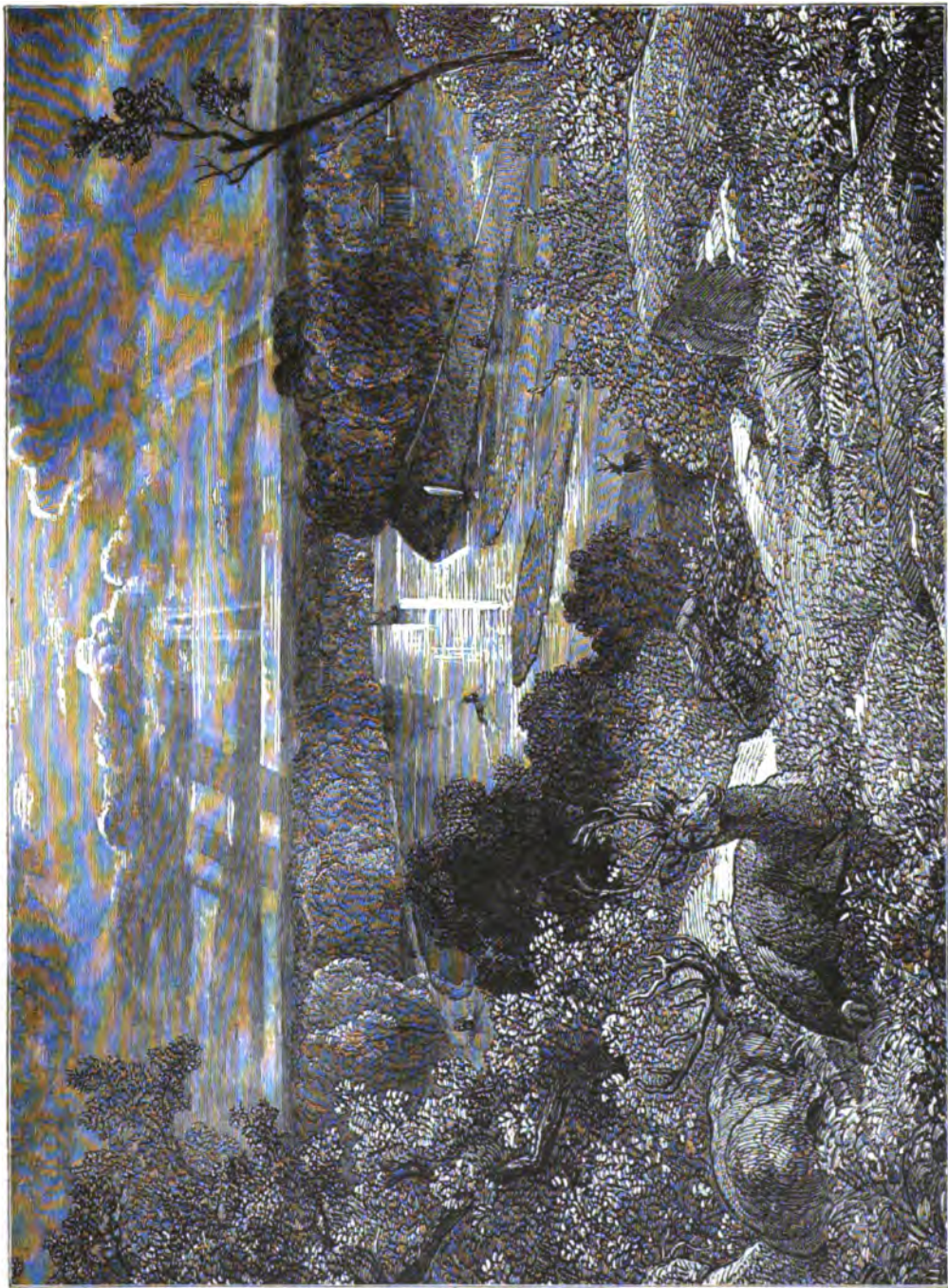
But the blessed Saint Botolph was not to be entreated by evil spirits. He made the sign of the cross, and addressed them heroically, and put them all to flight, — a scene worthy of a painter.

The Chronicles give a series of charming incidents illustrating the humility of the saint, his beautiful sympathies, and harmony of character.

Say the Chronicles in regard to the time of his decease: —

"At last, when God called, he was delivered from the prison of the body on the 15th of the kalends of June, A.D. 680, and is buried in the same monastery which he had erected."

¹ The ancient name of Boston, in England.



VIEW IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAND OF GRAY AND THE "ELEGY."—WINDSOR.



THOMAS GRAY, one of the most finished of the English pastoral poets, had a peculiar history. He was born in Cornhill, 1716. He had an unhappy home in childhood, but his mother was a true and noble woman. The family consisted of twelve children; all of these died from blood suffocation except Thomas, who was saved by the opening of a vein by his mother's hand.

Her brother was a master at Eton. Thomas was sent there to school in boyhood, and at the age of nineteen was entered as a pensioner at Cambridge. He had not a mathematical mind. "It is possible," he said, "that two and two make four; but I would not give four farthings to be able to demonstrate it." He devoted his time chiefly to the languages, history, and poetry.

After Gray had finished college life he travelled with Horace Walpole on the Continent. After his return he buried himself in the seclusion of the Cambridge libraries. In 1742 he produced his immortal "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1750 his masterpiece of English pastoral poetry, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is said that this finished work was the result of seven years' study and improvement.

Several of the omitted stanzas of the "Elegy" have been preserved. We give a part of them here. After the eighteenth stanza:—



"THE BOAST OF HERALDRY, THE POMP OF POWER."

"The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave and idolize success ;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power or genius e'er combined to bless.

"And thou who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By thought and lonely contemplation led
To linger in the lonely walks of fate,



"FOR THEM NO MORE THE BLAZING HEARTH SHALL BURN."

"Hark, how the sacred calm that reigns around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace !

"No more with reason and thyself at strife,
 Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
 But through the cool, sequestered vale of life,
 Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."

After the twenty-ninth verse, now the last, Gray originally wrote the following fine stanza:—

"There scattered oft the earliest of ye year
 By hands unseen are frequent vi'lets found;
 The robin loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

The "Elegy" is held to be, like Milton's "Lycidas," one of the finest productions in the English language; yet Gray, like Keats, looked upon his poetic life as a failure. He lived in monkish seclusion, amid books and music, and was buried beside his mother in the "country churchyard," and the world loves still to go to his grave. It is not quantity that makes a poet. As Halleck once said, "A little well written is immortality."

At Stoke-Pogis our tourists visited the tomb of Gray. It is unmarked by any monumental inscription, though the Penn family have caused a monument to be erected near it, and a bust of Gray has been placed in Eton College. The old church is one of the most picturesque in all England. Seen from a distance it is always a picture to haunt the memory. A cathedral is not as beautiful, nor a palace, nor a pyramid. It is not much writing that makes the poet, nor architecture that constitutes beauty. An old ivied English tower is more beautiful than any pretentious work of art. Antiquity is the father of beauty, and the poet's eye the discerner.

The English landscapes along the Thames in this part of England are the most lovely in the world; they are poems all, green with the present and gray with the past. Nowhere on earth seems the grass so green and the skies so blue. Every vine-clad cottage is a picture, and every church seems like a poet's dream. The very

hedge-rows seem inspired and haunted, and the weirs and streams are mirrors of Nature, to double all her loveliness. The cattle that stand cooling under the great trees or in the pellucid waters remind one of the artist's painted dreams of rural ideals.

"I should think Oscar Wilde posed them all for the Grosvenor Gallery," said Charlie, in reference to the herds of cattle and sheep that he saw on the green estates everywhere. England is the beau-



CHURCH OF STOKE-POGIS.

tiful isle of the world; here is perfection, without pines or palms or Oriental colorings. Those sounds are the sweetest that are nearest to silences, and it is the softened shades of light and color that are the highest expressions of beauty in the rural scene. The pastoral scenes of England haunt one forever, like Goldsmith's poetry. Tropical splendors vanish from the mind's eye, but never the English castle and cottage. These scenes are most beautiful just after a shower. The soul drinks in serenity and hope when the sun breaks forth upon an English landscape after the rain.

One would say that a tourist might go out to see Windsor, and make Stoke-Pogis an incident of the journey. Not so with an American. To most Americans a poet is more than a king, and our tour-

ists went out of London for the purpose of seeing Stoke-Pogis, and made Windsor and Windsor Castle an incident of the excursion. To them the poet's voice was the living fact and power, and the home of royalty was a scene of less interest. Eton College to them had as great a charm as the turrets of grand and ancient Windsor.

On their return they went to Richmond Hill. Why? To see Rosedale House, the once home of the poet Thomson, and Twickenham, where lived Pope. Helen said that she wished to go to Twickenham because she had so much liked the old ferryman ballad of Twickenham Ferry. So poets and singers lead the feet of travellers.

Windsor Castle! The home of England's queen! Its history is that of England. The history of the castle would sweep a thousand years. It was founded by William the Conqueror, but the site had been one of royalty from time out of date,—the residence of the ancient Saxon kings. It stands on the green heights overlooking the Thames. In the Round Tower overlooking the venerable pile dwells the governor of the castle.

It was the chapel at Windsor that most held the interest of our travellers, and the object here that was to them the most affecting was the tomb of George III. They were all well read in the history of this great king, and knew his misfortunes. His taxation of American Colonies, which resulted in the independence of the United States, had become to them philosophical history; and notwithstanding the arraignment of his State acts in the immortal Declaration of Independence, they pitied him for his private sufferings, and were disposed to give him credit for his private and personal virtues. King Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour are here interred, and Charles I. Here sleeps the greatly beloved Princess Charlotte, honored by one of the most poetic monuments in the world. It is in this chapel that the Knights of the Garter are installed.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE MAD KING.¹

WE are accustomed to find the name of George III. associated with the word "tyrant" in the early history of the United States. When the writer was a boy he was taught that King George was a very bad man, and he looked upon him as a Henry VIII. or James II. The king made many stupid political mistakes, or left his ministry to make them; but in his private life George III. — a name in the days of our fathers always spoken with hate — was one of the purest, kindest, and the best of English kings.

His was a sad life with all its power and splendor. Let me tell you some stories of it, and you will regret that so good and so sorely afflicted a king should have been led to treat his American Colonies with injustice. The discipline of insanity has refined many rough natures and quickened many cold hearts that otherwise might have passed as misanthropes in the world. Among these may fairly be classed George III. "Few princes," says Lord Brougham, "have been more exemplary in their domestic habits or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, took possession of his breast and swayed it by turns." This disposition made him unpopular at times, and but for a correcting providence — the chastisement of his constantly threatening affliction — might have lost him his throne. His frequent mental distresses made him humble, and kept his heart open to the unfortunate and the poor. Like Lear, he could look upon the meanest of his subjects and say, —

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

The king was first attacked by insanity in 1765, when he was twenty-seven years old. It was in the springtime. As is usual with the first manifestations of disease of this kind, when constitutional, he soon recovered. In the latter part of the autumn of 1788 the king appeared to be nervous and restless, unsettled in mind and apprehensive. He had often been low-spirited in recent years, which had been attributed to the loss of his American Colonies. Returning from a long ride one bright October day, he hurried by, entered his apartment with an anxious, distressed look upon his face, and flinging himself into a chair, burst into tears, exclaiming, "I am going to be mad, and I wish to God I might die!" The sufferings of the king during the first apprehensive days of his

¹ Originally published in "Atlantic Monthly."

malady were painful to witness, and his conduct was most humiliating for the monarch of a realm whose empire followed the sun. "He awoke," says one of Sheridan's correspondents on one occasion, "with all the gestures and ravings of a confirmed maniac, and a new noise in imitation of the howling of a dog." He seemed tempted with suicidal thoughts, and required constant watchfulness and restraint. "This morning," says one, "he made an attempt to jump out of the window, and is now very turbulent and incoherent." The king grew worse during the last days of fall. On the 29th of November he was removed to Kew, where he was to experience almost unspeakable horrors. Here he grew worse, his disease became settled, and the sad particulars of his conduct during the dreary months of December and January have, perhaps with commendable prudence, been withheld from the public eye.

Distressing indeed must have been the spectacle presented by the English monarch at this period of his incapacity; how distressing a single anecdote will show. During his convalescence some friends of the royal household were passing through the palace accompanied by an equerry, when they observed a strait-jacket lying in a chair. The equerry averted his look as a mark of respect for the king. The latter, who had joined the company present, observed the movement, and said, "You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life."

The recovery of the king from his second attack thrilled the nation with joy and awakened a spirit of loyalty from sea to sea. London, on the night following the day on which the king resumed his functions, was a blaze of light from the palaces of the West End to the humblest huts in the suburbs. But the great illumination was a rising splendor, which only had its beginning here; it flashed like a spontaneous joy over all the cities of the realm. Gala days followed gala days, the nights were festive; the release of the king from his mental bondage seemed to lighten all hearts. On the 23d of April the royal family went to the old cathedral of St. Paul's in solemn state to return thanks to God. It was an imposing procession. The bells rang out, the boom of the cannon echoed through the mellowing air, and light strains of music rose on every hand. As the king entered the cathedral between the bishops of London and Lincoln, the voices of five thousand children burst forth in grand chorus, "God save the king!"

At the sound of the jubilant strain the king's emotions overcame him. He covered his face and wept. "I do now feel that I have been ill," he said to the Bishop of London, as soon as he could restrain his tears. The joy of the nation was sincere. As delightful to the king must have been the days that



GEORGE III.

followed, when he set forth with the queen and a part of the royal family for a long tour to the west of England. The roads were lined with people and spanned with arches of flowers; girls crowned with wreaths strewed flowers in the streets of the villages through which he passed; bells were rung, the bands were out, all was festivity from London to Weymouth. Wide must have been the contrast between this new freedom and good Dr. Willis's strait-jacket.

Weymouth at this time possessed rare charms for the king. Unvexed by ministerial disputes and the cares of State, free from the last shadow of the clouds that had darkened his mind, with a humble heart, feeling that he was after all but a dependent man among weak and dependent men, he joined the peasants in their sports, he caressed their children, he gave pious advice to old women and wholesome counsel to ambitious lads and buxom lassies; he wandered through the hayfields with the mowers, and was rocked by the common sailors on the foamy waters of Portland Roads. His intercourse with the peasantry at this period gave him a popularity that he never outlived.

The familiarity of notable monarchs with their poorer and meaner subjects has ever been an engaging theme with the historian and the poet. Thus we have the child-charming stories of Henry VIII. and the miller of Dee; of King John and the abbot; of Edward IV. and the tanner; of Philip of Burgundy and the tinker, which, with some shifting of scenes, is told in the Induction to Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." About few monarchs have so many pleasing anecdotes of this kind been related as about George III. This humility was a result of his great afflictions, and a most fortunate one for his popularity, since in the eyes of the people his charity covered a multitude of political errors.

After the first beating of the storm of affliction upon his own head, he had a sensitiveness that would never allow him to witness a scene of suffering without emotion, however humble might be the condition of the sufferer. A volume of anecdotes might be collected to illustrate this gentleness of character when want or woe was presented directly before him. He was walking one day, during the hard winter of 1785, unbending his mind from the cares of State, when he chanced to meet two little boys, who, not knowing whom they were addressing, fell upon their knees in the snow, and wringing their hands, said, —

"Help us! We are hungry; we have nothing to eat."

Their pinched faces were wet with tears.

"Get up," said the king. "Where do you live?"

"Our mother is dead, and our father lies sick, and we have no money, food, or fire."

"Go home," said the king, "and I will follow you."

They at last reached a wretched hovel, where the king found the mother dead, having perished for the want of the necessities of life, and the wretched father ready to perish, but still encircling with his bony arm the deceased partner of his woes. The king's eye moistened, and he hurried back to the Queen's Lodge and related to the queen what he had seen. He not only immediately relieved the present necessities of the family, but gave orders that the boys should be supported and educated from the royal bounty.

George III. was fond of children. All crazy people are, in their better moods. Walking one day near Windsor, he met a stable-boy, and asked, "Well, boy, what do you do, and what do they pay you?"

"I help in the stable, sir; but they only give me my victuals and clothes."

"Be content," said the king, in a philosophical mood: "*I* can have nothing more."

He was accustomed to refer to "the loss of *my* American colonies" with sadness; but we do not know that he ever condemned the policy of his advisers, Lord Bute, Grenville, and Lord North.

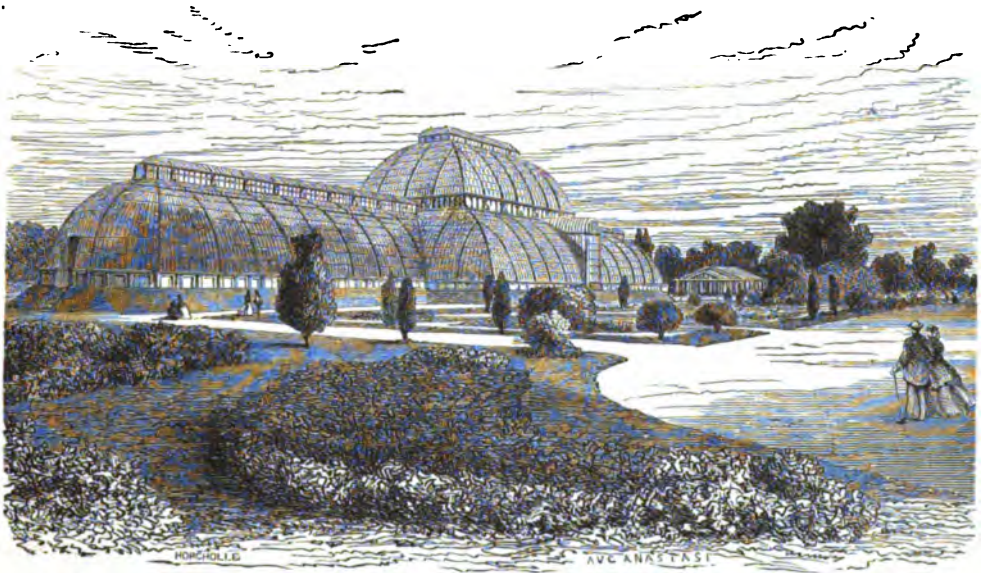
The king surpassed all other monarchs in the whimsical play of "good Haroun Alraschid." He loved nothing better than to meet his poorer and meaner subjects incognito, and learn their good opinion of him. He once played the part of Saxon Alfred as well as that of the Persian caliph, and turned a piece of meat in a cottage. When the old woman returned, what was her delight at finding a royal note, with an enclosure. It ran, "Five guineas to buy a jack."

Among the statesmen of his reign favorable to the American cause were Fox, Pitt, and Burke. The Earl of Chatham was a friend to America until France espoused the cause of the Colonies. He fell dead while speaking on the American question.

Age as well as trouble at last battered the strong form of the king, and his life became more Lear-like as the twilight shadows began to fall. His sympathies seemed to take a wider range, and his charity to gather new sweetness, as the evening of age came on. In 1786 a poor insane woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to assassinate him as he was in the act of stepping from his carriage. The king, on finding that she was insane, remembered his own frailty, spoke of her with great pity, and tried to disarm

the popular prejudice against her. In 1790 John Frith, an insane man, attempted the king's life, and another lunatic shot at him in 1800, for each of whom the king was moved to extreme pity when he understood the nature of their malady.

George III. had fifteen children. His favorite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she



PALM-HOUSE, KEW GARDENS.

became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience in life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved: —

“ Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

“ But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,

When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 't would be
Were *this* world only made for me."

In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world. The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?"

"Nothing," says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most magnificent pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king: reason began to waver, and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreary winter of age came stealing on.

"Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!"

This was in 1810. The remaining ten years of his life were passed, with the exception of a few brief intervals, in the long night of mindlessness, and the last eight years were still more deeply shadowed by the loss of sight. In May, 1811, he appeared once outside of the castle of Windsor, and henceforth the people saw him no more. Thackeray represents him as withdrawn from all eyes but those that watched his necessities, in silence and in darkness, crownless, throneless, sceptreless; there was for him neither sun, moon, nor stars, empire, wife, nor child. The seasons came and went,—the springtime lighted up the hills and autumn withered the leaves, the summer sunshine

dreamed in the flowers, and the snows of winter fell; battles were fought; Waterloo changed the front of the political world; Napoleon fell; the nation was filled with festive rejoicings over the battles of Vitoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, but he was oblivious of all. His sister died, his beloved queen died, his son the Duke of Kent, died, — but he knew it not. He was often confined in a padded room; his beard grew long; he seemed like a full personification of the character of Lear. Once he was heard repeating to himself the sad lines of Samson Agonistes, —

“Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!”

Some incidents of this period are very touching. One day, while his attendants were leading him along one of the passages of the castle, he heard some one draw quickly aside. “Who is there?” asked the king.

He was answered in a well-known voice.

“I am now blind,” said the king.

“I am very sorry, please your Majesty.”

“But,” continued the king, “I am quite resigned; for what have we to do in this world but to suffer as well as to perform the will of the Almighty?”

Music seemed to collect his thoughts and soothe his feelings, and the piano and harpsichord were his favorite instruments. In 1811 he for the last time made the selection of pieces for a grand sacred concert. It comprised Handel's famous passages descriptive of madness and blindness, the lamentation of Jephthah on the loss of his daughter, and the list ended with “God save the King!” The performance of the last moistened all eyes, after what had gone before.

Thus passed the last ten years of the monarch's life, in a gradual decline, amid an obscurity lighted by occasional gleams of reason and always full of the keenest pathos, until, in 1820, the great bell of St. Paul's announced his final release.

The popularity of George III. in England was largely due to his humble piety, and to his familiarity with his poorer and meaner subjects. Each of these characteristics was the result, in a measure, of his mental misfortunes. It was because the king never dared to forget that he was a man, that the people always loved to remember that he was a king.

The park of Windsor and its forest contain thirteen thousand acres. Here are some very grand historic trees, — Elizabeth's oak,

Shakspeare's oak, Queen Anne's elms, or the tree-shaded road called Queen Anne's Ride of Elms. Some of the oaks are said to be a thousand years old.

In the famous Long Walk our travellers found a place to talk. They were not haunted here by the "Merry Wives" of Shakspeare, but by memories of the great, stubborn, but well-meaning king, George III.



CHAPTER XI.

LONDON.



OUR tourists came to London and made their home there, as the best place from which to make historic excursions. In one sense London is the capital of the Old World. It is a world in itself, and all the ways of England radiate from it like spokes from a wheel hub. They took rooms at the old Golden Cross Hotel, at the West End. They applied first to the Charing Cross Hotel, just across the square, but it was full.

The Golden Cross Hotel, known to readers of Dickens, gave them a place in the heart of the best part of London. It is close to Trafalgar Square; and everything in London radiates from Trafalgar Square, just as everything in England, as we have said, radiates from London.

They were also near St. James Park, a most lovely place for twilight walks; and in England the twilights are very long in summer. The great Government buildings and offices too were close by, and St. Paul's Church, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Houses, and the National Gallery of Art.

Charlie delighted to sit under the high Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square and watch the rumbling traffic around him. What a scene it was, — cabs, 'buses, hansoms, vehicles of every kind, three abreast, four abreast, five abreast, a steady and unbroken procession,

never ceasing in the waking hours, and hardly in the hours of rest; on, on, on, a human sea!

The party often visited the long Thames embankment, and rested at Cleopatra's Needle. The twilights here, so long and mellow, seemed to throw over the water and bridges a charm peculiar to themselves.

West End, London, in summer, especially at sundown, is one of the most beautiful and interesting places in the world. The history of a thousand years is here, and the wealth of the world has piled the merchant palaces above the Thames. What processions go over the bridges! What wealth flows from the Government buildings! What influences are gathered here to control the islands of the seas! Here are the reins that hold half of Asia and half of America. Here is the world's centre of literature and art, and here Christianity has her throne and crown.

The party went often in the afternoon to Hyde Park and Rotten Row, where the fine world rides like a circus,—lords and ladies, duchesses and dukes, commoners, merchants, and the successful men in all the arts. Here is the Prince Albert Memorial in all its golden glory. The statue of Lord Byron stands without the gates, as if apart from the true world, and Buckingham Palace rises near, and is seen through the trees of the streets and squares.

They of course went to the "Zoo," in Regent Park, and to Sydenham Crystal Palace, where the world's highest art is imitated. Here they visited the pseudo-Alhambra and the shrines of history. Here, too, they once heard fifteen thousand children sing to the Handel orchestra and the great organ. This palace seems like a thing of air, but is of glass, iron, gold, and palms, and splendor. No Oriental monarch's dream could more than equal it. On one of the days that they were there sixty thousand people passed the turnstile, and the crystal wonder did not seem to be full.

They met with one odd experience here,—a negro minstrel con-



ST. JAMES PARK, LONDON.

cert. They also heard American tunes played here that would not have been thought of in a Boston music-hall. What a charm it was, especially at the oncoming of the crimson twilight!

On rainy days and mornings they read stories of old London, and Aunt Mar related the tales of the city that had haunted her girlhood. The tales of London haunt the world. Among these was "John Overs's Ghost," in connection with Saint Mary Overs, and the queer history of "Elwes the Miser." The story of "John Overs's Ghost" was told in "Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls." We give both of the stories, but take the John Overs narrative from the book we have named.

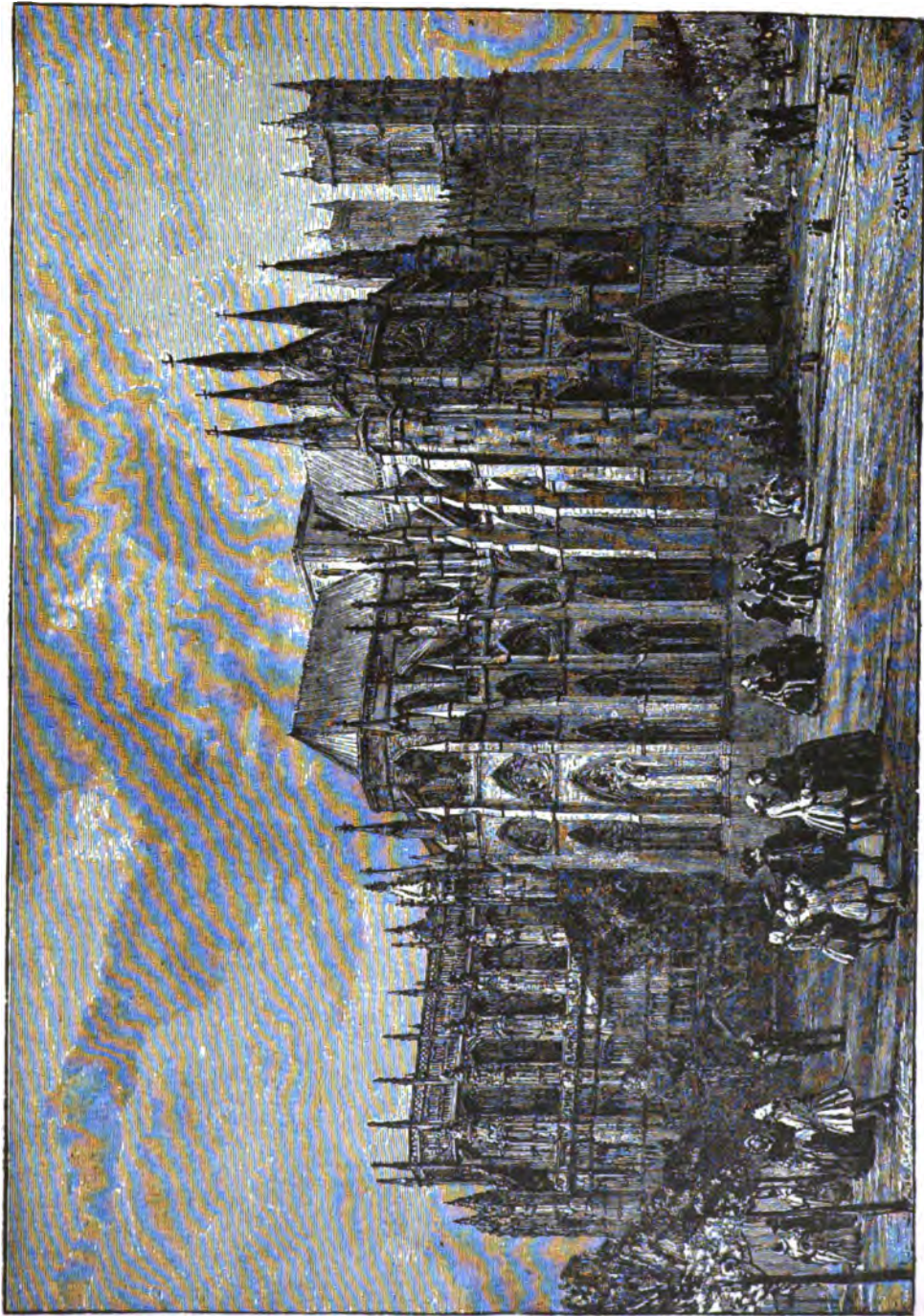
JOHN OVERS'S GHOST.

IN a singularly curious, although probably fabulous tract, the building of St. Mary Overie's Church in Southwark, and of the first London Bridge, is attributed to the daughter of John Overs, who rented of the city a ferry across the Thames at this spot, and thus grew rich, by which means his daughter was enabled to construct the church and the bridge, while Overs lost his life by his own covetousness. Though he kept several servants and apprentices, he was of so parsimonious a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best alderman of London, acquired by unceasing labor, frugality, and industry, yet his habit and dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man, of what condition or quality soever, by his good will, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the ferryman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well, the second better, the third concluded the match between them."

In all this long interim the poor, silly, rich old ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water, continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family he formed a scheme

to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed; and having danced round the body, they broke open his larder and fell to banqueting. The ferryman bore all this as long and as much like a dead man as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them, thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon by money, — their abbot being then away, — to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched ferryman. But upon the abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street and along the highway to the small pond once called St. Thomas-a-Watering, then the common place of execution, and shook off the ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony. Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a host of troubles, and desirous to be free from the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the building of the church of St. Mary Overie, which commemorates her name.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We have spoken of Westminster Abbey in our first volume. Our tourists went there for other reasons than the boys under Master Louis. It was to see the tomb of Sir Peter Warren, who captured Louisburg, and for whom Warren (Rhode Island) was named, and the monument of Major John André.

Helen stood long before the effigy of Queen Elizabeth. "A 'ard owman, *that*," said an Englishman who stopped beside her. The features were hard.

The Abbey was strangely still. People moved about among the dead kings, queens, heroes, poets, and philosophers, like ghosts. Without the doors all was sunshine and hurrying feet; within, life seemed to stand still. Soft music rose, and people with prayer-books gathered around the altar. But the people with guide-books still moved about.

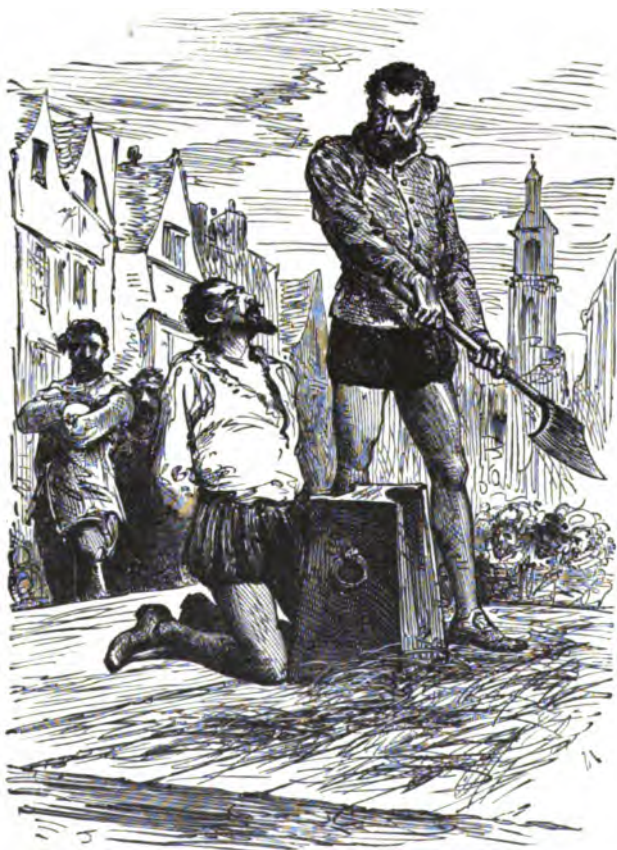
"What if all these dead people could arise and gather around the altar, too!" said Aunt Mar.

"It would be an awful meeting," said Helen. "Think of what would be the meeting of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots!"

Our tourists, unlike those in our first volume, went to visit the Tower for a specific reason,—because it had been the place of the imprisonment of three of the great American pioneers, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Henry Vane, and William Penn. Most people go there to see the crown jewels, the place where the children of Edward were killed, and the armory.

The Tower is said to be as old as Julius Cæsar. It probably was originally a Roman fortress. The White Tower, the oldest portion of the great prison as it now appears, was built for William the Conqueror. The mortar of the Tower Palatine is said to have been "tempered with the blood of beasts." King John held his court in the fortress, and the old rooms from the days of the Conqueror

are everywhere haunted by the crimes and tragedies of State. King David of Scotland was imprisoned here, and King John of France, and Philip his son. Here was the splendid court of Edward IV. Henry VIII., too, here held court, and two of his wives were executed here.



EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The Tower was the scene of the sorrows of Lady Jane Grey, and of the early imprisonment of Queen Elizabeth. Bloody Mary held court here, and James I. resided here. In the reign of Charles I., and under the Protectorate of Cromwell, and in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Tower was filled with prisoners of State.

Sir Walter Raleigh passed twelve long years of imprisonment in the Bloody Tower. Here he studied the Divine Word. "I am now going to God," he said, as he trod the scaffold.

Here Sir Henry Vane was imprisoned, and here he passed his days in sublime devotion until he was summoned to execution on Tower Hill.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The bloody crimes and tragedies of the Tower would fill volumes of hideous reading; the fortress is a monument of inhumanity, and illustrates what awful deeds may be done in the name of religion when the pure teachings of Christianity are overruled by superstition. It was the Tower that made America a necessity to mankind.

THE STORY OF SIR HENRY WYAT AND HIS CAT.

THE Tower has but few pleasing stories or happy associations. No place in the world has so many tragic stories and dark memories. But there is one story of the Tower that I hope will please all my readers. It is somewhat like that of Whittington and his Cat, which I claim to be the best story in English history.

A troubled life had Sir Henry Wyatt. Friends forsook him, but there came to him at last a little friend who was true to him. They put Sir Henry in a dark low cell in the Tower. They allowed him neither a bed to lie on nor clothes enough to cover him. He had little food, and at times he seemed ready to perish from hunger. One day, as he lay cramped up, a little head was thrust through the grating of his cell.

"Mieu!"

Sir Henry started.

"Mieu!"

"Kitty! kitty!"

A little animal squeezed through the bars and came to him, purring lovingly. He hugged her and stroked her, and returned all her expressions of affection. Though he had no bed of his own, he made one for the cat—in his bosom. But kitty found no food in the cell. She said, "Mieu! Mieu!" but he had nothing to give her; his cell was as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The kitty seemed to think that all this was very strange, and to pity him. She seemed to see the situation at last, and darted out of the cell. In an hour or so she returned with a pigeon for him. She had probably caught it from the flocks of doves that lived in the roof of the Tower. But Sir Henry could not eat a raw pigeon like pussy; so when the keeper came to see him he said: "See here, this kitten has taken pity upon me and brought me a pigeon; will you cook the bird for me?"

The keeper's heart was not often touched, but it was in this case, so he said: "Yes; I will cook it, and all other food that the cat shall bring you."

The next day kitty brought him another pigeon; the next, and the next; and she regularly supplied him, and the two shared the birds together, and were as happy as they could be under such circumstances.

What became of kitty? We do not know; but we do know happily that Sir Henry ever after was very fond of cats. Wherever you find his pictures, you will find a plump cat beside him. He at last saw prosperous days again, and he seems never to have forgotten his benefactor, or the race to which she belonged.

INSTRUMENTS OF PUNISHMENT USED IN THE TOWER.

SOME of the instruments of punishment and torture used by our English ancestors, which for many years have been happily abandoned, are to be seen in the Tower. Others are not to be found even there.

The character of the shrew, or perpetually scolding woman, is supposed to be little known at the present day. She is thought to belong properly to old English times (perhaps she does!), and one of the best pictures of her unamiable characteristics may be found in Shakspeare's old-fashioned comedy of "Taming the Shrew." Petruchio, the suitor of Katharina, or the shrew, in this old play, was sure that he could subdue and live happily with a scolding consort. Petruchio had had a rather rough experience in the world, and had heard some discordant sounds and loud noises, and he thus argued the point philosophically: —

"Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puffed up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?"

This would seem to indicate that the shrew was indeed a terrible woman, however well it argues the fitness of Petruchio to woo her.

In provincial towns a mode of punishment was especially provided for shrews and scolding women. It was called the ducking-stool. It consisted of a long beam of wood balanced on a pivot over a river or pond, and so arranged that the scolding woman could be dipped into the water and lifted out again,



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

thus cooling the ardor of her invective. Some women required considerable discipline of this kind before they could be silenced, for between every ducking they would use their tongues with redoubled vigor.

The ducking-stool was at last found to be a very unsatisfactory corrective of the sins of the tongue; for it not only endangered the health of the shrew, but gave her tongue liberty between every dip; and an iron bonnet called a brank was substituted in its place. This was put over the head and mouth and was fastened with a padlock. Thus the tongue was put under lock and key, the stream of invective ceased to flow, and the tormented family had a season of peace.

Among the antiquities preserved in the Tower of London none excite more interest than the grim-looking instruments of punishment whose history is associated with some of the best names in English history. First among these is the executioner's axe. With this terrible instrument the unfortunates who met their fate within the walls of the Tower, or on Tower Hill, since the time of Henry VIII., have been beheaded. Almost its first use was at the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn. Henry presented this young and beautiful woman to the people as their queen at the foot of the Tower stairs, after she had been conveyed thither from Greenwich with every possible pomp.

Crowds of gilded barges, with gay banners waving at their sterns, lined the stream. The noblest in the land were in the young Queen's train, or were waiting to receive her. Loud rounds of cannon and merry peals of music announced her arrival, and the burly king stepped forward to kiss her in sight of the assembled multitude. On the same day, three short years afterward, she was led forth to execution within the Tower walls.

Just before her execution Anne Boleyn composed a touching poem; and as it is somewhat rare we give it here, as the picture of the feelings of one whose high hopes were about to be exterminated by those terrible instruments, the axe and the block: —

“ O Death, rock me to sleepe,
Bring me to quiet reste,
Let pass my very guiltlesse goste
Out of my carefull breaste;
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,
For I must die;
There is no remedye.
For now I dye.

Farewell, my pleasures past,
Welcome, my present payne!
I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remayne.
Cease now the passing bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
 Dethe doth draw nye;
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye."

The good Sir Thomas More and the chivalrous Earl of Surrey, Lady Jane Grey and her young husband, and a great number of others almost equally conspicuous for lofty virtues, perished by the same savage instrument.

A horrible implement of torture, called the "scavenger's daughter," was used in the times of intolerance as a means of extorting confession. It consisted of long bars of iron or steel, so arranged that they could be adjusted to the form of the victim, and it look like a large pair of tongs.

The head of the culprit was passed through the circular hole at the top, and the arms through those below. The whole of this part of the machine opens in somewhat the same manner as a pair of tongs, the upper part being fixed around the neck and arms, the semicircular irons being placed on the legs. The body was then bent, and a strong iron bar was passed through the irons connected with the head and arms, and those in which the legs were placed. "The culprit would then," as one of the "Beefeaters" who attends on visitors makes a point of observing, "be doubled up into a very small compass, and made exceedingly uncomfortable."

The Tower instruments were chiefly used for the punishment of prisoners of State. With common criminals ruder instruments were employed. Among these were the branding iron, used for the purpose of burning the figure of a gallows upon a man's face; the whirligig, a revolving iron cage, — a military method of punishment; the barrel, for the shaming of drunkards, and bakers who defrauded the poor by giving false weight; the stocks and the whipping-post, which were once common in all provincial towns.

We of the present day can have little idea of the fearful castigations that used to be inflicted at the old English whipping-posts. One instance occurs to us, which we give. Titus Oates was an impostor, and the contriver of the so-called Popish Plot during the reign of Charles II. He pretended that he had been made a confidant by the Catholics in a conspiracy to overthrow the government, and on his false testimony many innocent people were thrown into prison, and a number were ignominiously executed.



LADY JANE GREY.

After the public excitement had subsided it became evident that Oates had feigned a knowledge of the plot merely for political effect and for self-elevation, and on the accession of James II. he was convicted of perjury, and was condemned to be publicly whipped.

At the first scourging the hangman laid on the whip with such terrible severity that the perjurer swooned several times, and his cries were frightful to hear. At a second whipping he received seventeen hundred blows, and was taken away insensible. He richly deserved punishment, but such tortures as these seem less merciful than death.

The stocks afforded a scene of merriment as well as of humiliation, for the victims were usually "happy-go-lucky" sort of people, who were punished for mild offences, and who either received the discipline with an outburst of anger that was comical, or else with downright good-humored drollery. It was much like setting boys and girls together at school for punishment, — rather humiliating and provoking, and yet amusing. The stocks were a common punishment in New England in colonial times.

The disuse of such instruments of punishment and torture marks the progress and enlightenment of the age. Such things seem revolting to us now; and it is probable that some of the modes of punishment of the present day will seem unnecessarily severe to the generation that will follow us.

"Where shall we spend the day?" asked Helen one Sunday, as the chimes of St. Martin's were ringing out over the West End a simple American air: —

"When he cometh,
When he cometh.
To make up his jewels."

"Let us go to Bunhill Fields," said Aunt Mar, "where the old Non-Conformists are buried."

"Non-Conformists" had a dreary and theological sound to Helen's ears, and she did not reply.

"De Foe is buried there, and John Bunyan," continued Aunt Mar.

"John Bunyan" sounded more interesting.

"Who was De Foe?"

"The author of 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

So they decided to go to Bunhill Fields.

It was a bright morning, and a long ride in a hack brought them to the door of the old house that used to be occupied by John Wesley. Here they were left.

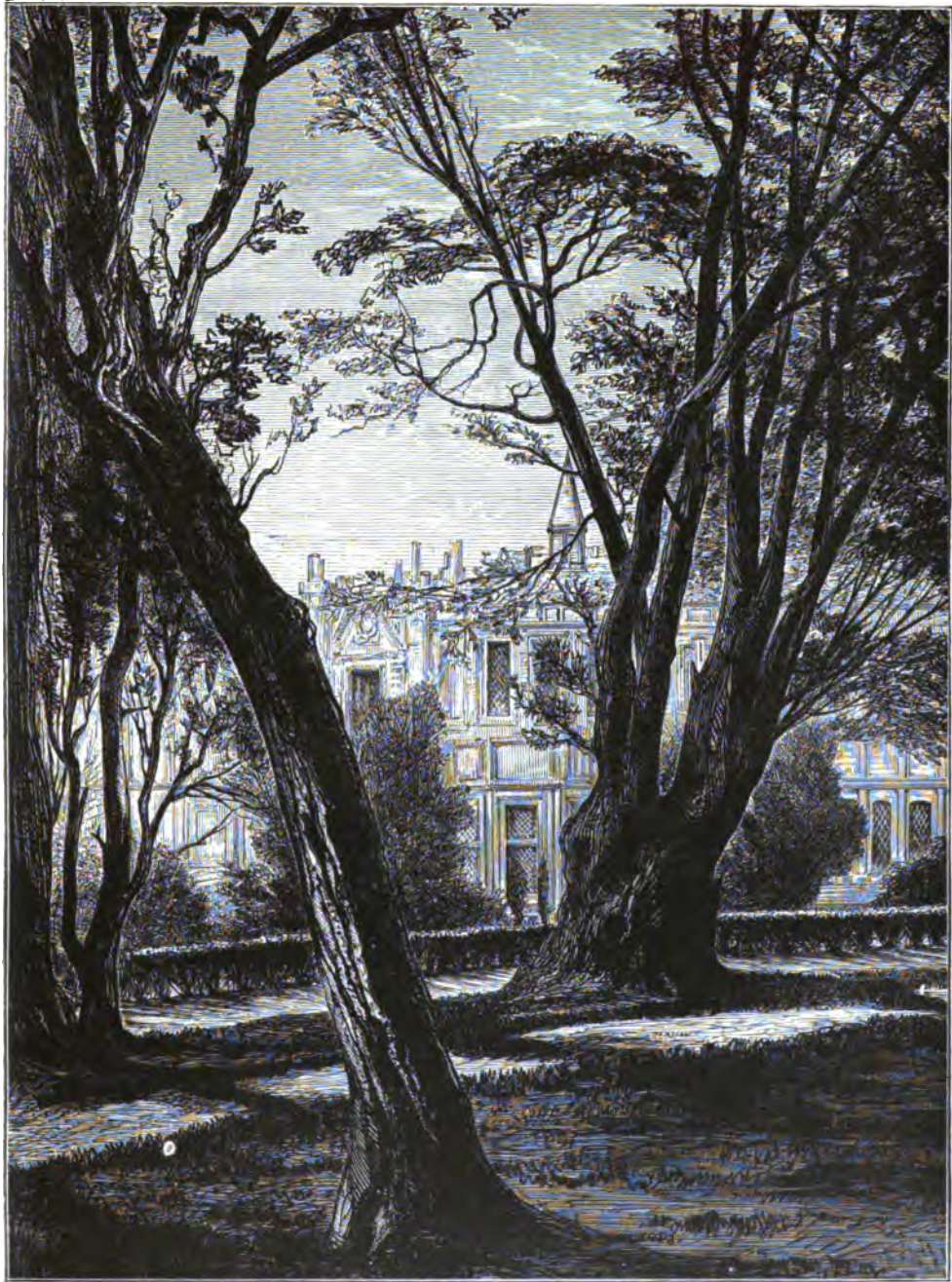
"This is the old Wesley house," said the driver; "*that* is the old Wesleyan Church; the old Methodist burying-place is *there*; and *there* is Bunhill Fields." The latter was a cemetery crowded with graves. "The gate will be open after the service," said the hackman.

So they went to the service and waited for the opening of the gates. The church was filled with memorial tablets of the old Wesleyan preachers. After the service they visited Wesley's house, and were shown his chair. Then they went into Bunhill Fields and there passed the afternoon; and there at the grave of De Foe, and near the tomb of Bunyan, Aunt Mar sat down and told stories.

She told, among other stories, the narrative of Wesley's life, and it seemed like an Oriental tale. The sun shone, the insects hummed about the tombs; London, great busy London, was for a time silent, and God's peace seemed to have fallen upon the troubled world.

A WONDERFUL LIFE.

ABOUT a century ago there might have been seen in England a venerable reformer, journeying from town to town, engaged in a fatherly oversight of the numerous churches he had been instrumental in gathering. More than eighty years had silvered his hair and furrowed his brow, — years of struggle and hardship; for he had excited the displeasure of the irreligious, had faced riots and borne persecution, had journeyed from country to country, had preached more than forty thousand sermons, and had aroused the world to a deeper conviction of the need of repentance and of a higher Christian life. He had heeded not hardship; his mind was in uninterrupted communion with God; and a sense of security, a sweet and abiding happiness attended it. He could write in his journal of the stormy scenes of the past: "Those days will return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been."



KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON.

"Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
Whate'er molests or troubles life,
However grievous in its stay
It shakes the tenement of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem,
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream."

The storm of persecution had long since spent its fury, and he enjoyed the love of more than a hundred thousand disciples, and commanded the respect and veneration of the world. As he passed from chapel to chapel which had sprung up during his itinerancy, a shadow might have overcast his countenance; for his old followers were dead, and cottage after cottage reminded him of those whose prayers and praises were wont to mingle with his, but who now slept with their fathers. Everywhere he passed the graves of the friends of his early years. Three generations of men had felt the force of his eloquence. After wandering among the graves in his native village, he says, "I felt the truth that 'one generation goeth, and another cometh.' See how the earth drops its inhabitants, as the tree drops its leaves." But the vigor of his youth remained; he made long and frequent journeys, preached often, wrote much. He visited Holland twice after he became an octogenarian, looking after the spiritual interests of his followers. Upon completing his eighty-second year, he says, "Is anything too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness. Many times I speak till my voice fails, and I can speak no longer; frequently I walk till my strength fails, and I can walk no farther; yet even then I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to foot." A year later he says: "I am a wonder to myself. I am never tired (such is the goodness of God), either with writing, preaching, or travelling."

At length he became a valetudinarian, but without suffering; his physical powers, free from the poison of vice, were exempt from pain, but gradually decayed. "I am an old man now," he wrote, in his eighty-seventh year; "decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labors. I can preach and write still." Many love to treasure up the remarkable testimonies of closing life; few such testimonies are sweeter than his. "Eighty-seven years have I sojourned on this earth, endeavoring to do good." Slowly, slowly, lower, lower, sank the sun of life in its setting; no cloud or haze obscured its departing glory. It fell at last, but

"Left a track of glory in the skies."

The physical powers of the venerable father were exhausted, and

"The weary springs of life at last stood still."

That man was John Wesley, — great as a reformer, great as an ecclesiastic, but greater yet as one who had faithfully used the powers given him by God. Such a close of life, a serene old age, blessed with the recollection of eminent usefulness, is a favorite day-dream of the young, and one that may be realized. God has promised length of days and peace to those who keep his commandments; and physical vigor, mental health, a hale manhood, and a long life are the natural results of pious opinions and practices. "Righteousness," said the Hebrew seer, "is immortal." Religion is the guardian of health, as well as the hope of the soul: —

"Soft peace she brings; wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives,
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a little heaven."

"It was a principle among the ancients," says Dr. Johnson, whose piety was a means of prolonging his life to a ripe old age, and of saving him from hereditary insanity, "that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronic from ourselves. The dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly." "The color of our whole life," says Cowper, "is generally such as the first three or four years in which we are our own masters make it." Whatever truth there may be in this remark, a virtuous youth must be the foundation of a long and happy life. A young man must possess harmony of character to insure a satisfactory life. Though he be honest, generous, and piously inclined, if he is intemperate, he is degraded in his own estimation, and in that of the world. Though he possess versatile talents and unexceptionable morals, if he lack energy he will accomplish nothing. Though he have energy and integrity, if he is a slave to a rash and capricious temper, his life, graced though it may be with the monuments of his industry, will be interspersed with ruins; men will recoil from him, and he will be unhappy. And though he be moral, amiable, and energetic, if he lack piety and the hopes of a better life, an unrest will remain. It will profit him nothing if he fulfils his purpose in life and loses his soul.

We behold an inferior class of men possessing ability, refinement, and many excellences, but victims of temptation. They are thrown off their guard, are drawn into error; they indulge cautiously at first, but vice soon masters their

reason, enchains their will, and enthrones itself in the soul. They are conscious of the right without the power to pursue it. Their will is infected. They at length become indifferent to the opinions of the world, and their downward course is rapid. They die, their vices having robbed them of half their days. They go to tearless graves, and are forgotten. The years roll on, — years of whose pleasures they might have partaken, — years in which they might have been conspicuous actors, — years that might have encircled their brow with the silver crown of age, and have given them the benediction of a lamented death and an honored grave.

The early years of the marvellous old man whose declining life we have pictured, were not only unblemished by vice, but were marked by pious opinions and by religious habits, strict in the extreme. His home was a garden of piety; and when he became a student at Oxford his principles were settled. He lived abstemiously, visited the erring and the unfortunate, and refused to comply with the fashions of the times, that he might give the more to the poor. Ridicule fell powerless before his iron purpose to shape his life to the will of God. "I resolved," he writes, on one occasion, "to have no companions by chance, but by choice, and to choose those only who would help me on my way to heaven." He was inflexible in principle, and his brother once remarked that he believed no one could alter his mind but Him that made it. He wasted no time, indulged in no amusements. His mother was a learned and an eminently pious woman, and he was accustomed to consult her concerning nice points of morals. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she wrote to him, on one occasion, "take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things, — in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is a sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Respect and love, competence and position, eminent usefulness and a name perpetuated in books, in oratory, and marble, are the day-dreams that impart a peculiar romance to the opening period of life. Does the youth read of statesmen? — he beholds himself amid pillars and arches on which art has lavished her splendors, swaying senates by the richness and the irresistible power of his eloquence. Of authors and poets? — the blaze of his genius illuminates the world, and casts a weird and romantic glory on the ages. Of heroes? — he beholds himself amid glittering pageants, and surrounded by applauding multitudes, and holding a place forever among the names that are linked to national destinies. Of reformers? — his whole soul kindles at the

thought of exalted usefulness; he elevates mankind; he leads men to the foot of the cross, and to the everlasting glories of the redeemed. All dream; few realize their anticipations. All have thought, —

“Oh for some busy circumstance at once
To take the cloud from off our starry thoughts,
And let their glory constellate the dark!”

Few give themselves up to the labor that produces results. A successful life depends upon powers that all may exercise, — energy and perseverance. It is within the reach of all. “The hand of the diligent,” says the proverb, “shall rule.” Not more surely does the crop reward the labor of the husbandman, than success the active, persevering efforts of the candidate for an honorable place and name. Wealth and hereditary honors cannot impart scholarship, nor link names with the great discoveries of science, nor make men pre-eminent in the halls of state or in the studies of art. All that is great and praiseworthy comes of *action*. Dreams and aspirations of themselves cannot make successful men. A day of action will accomplish more than a year of dreaming. “For me,” says Cicero, “*ne otium quidem unquam otiosum* (even my leisure hours have their occupation).” Wesley worked: from youth to old age he hardly knew an idle hour. Life to him was work; happiness meant work. He forgot himself. The lesson of it all is, — have a purpose; work.

CHAPTER XII.

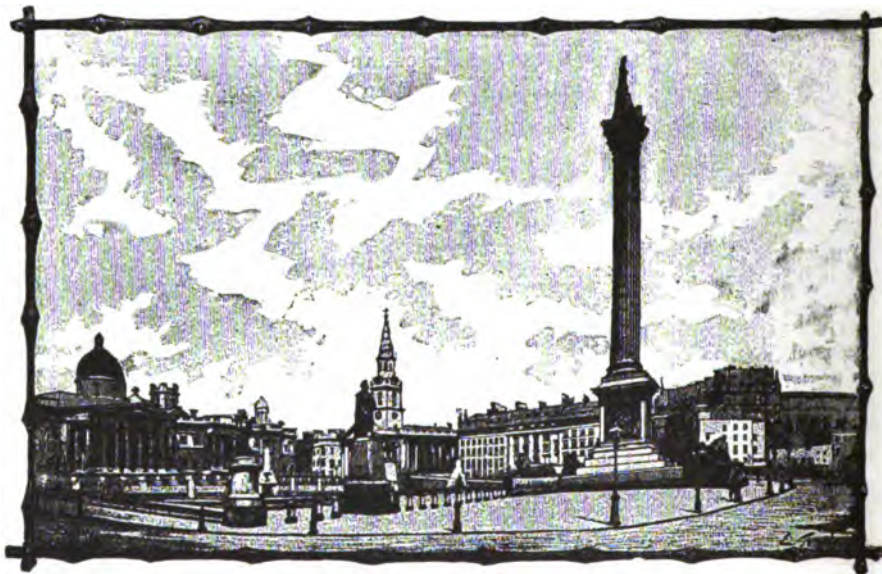
OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS STORIES AND BALLADS.



OUR tourists spent the holidays in the Golden Cross Inn, near Charing Cross, and almost under the shadow of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. Here they made the acquaintance of a quiet old English family from one of the rural towns, and the two spent several evenings in telling good old English and American stories adapted to the holiday season. Aunt Mar occupied her full share of the time, and we note a few of these London evening tales out of the general medley.

The mistletoe is one of the most famous of parasitical plants. It is an evergreen of many species, of which the English mistletoe is the best known. It grows upon oaks and other trees, and its roots become imbedded in the solid wood, absorbing the sap of the tree, which gradually shows signs of decay, and at last dies. Thus a dead tree may be covered with green, and dotted with flowers and berries. This plant is propagated by berry birds, chief among which is the mistle thrush. The seeds are gluey and adhere to the bill, and are wiped off on the branches of other trees, where they stick and finally germinate, — an arrangement of Providence almost as striking as the plumed seed with which the wind sows the fields.

The mistletoe was held sacred by the Druids, and was regarded with a superstitious reverence in the feudal ages. It used to adorn the old halls of the barons, and it was gathered with much ceremony on Christmas eve, entwined with dark holly, and hung up in the castles of the nobles with shouts of rejoicing, where it remained dur-



NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

ing the festive season. The ignorant and superstitious believed that the mistletoe was the forbidden tree in the Garden of Eden. A kiss was held doubly sacred when given under the mistletoe bough.

GINEVRA.

FROM what circumstance the incident in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough" took its rise, we cannot say. Such a circumstance may have happened in the palmy days of the old English barons, or the story may have been a fiction, suggested by an event which actually occurred in Italy, and which has been made familiar to the world by the pen of the poet Rogers.



GINEVRA.

Ginevra, a daughter of the illustrious house of Orsini, — a house that for centuries overawed Italy and exerted a marked influence on her destiny and the destiny of the neighboring nations, — was a girl of remarkable grace, vivacity, and beauty. Rogers, who saw her picture in an ancient palace of the Orsini, says: —

“ She sits inclining forward, as to speak,
Her lip half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, ‘ Beware ! ’ her vest of gold
Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

“ But then her face,
So lovely yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart, —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.”

Francesco Doria, an only son of a noble family, won her affections in her childhood, and at the age of fifteen she gave him her heart and her hand. The nuptials were celebrated in a style of magnificence suited to the house of Orsini.

Ginevra was very playful and childish during the festive occasion. In vain did her nurse chide her and “ preach decorum.” She was too happy in her love for Francesco and in the bright prospects of the future to assume a womanly dignity or to soberly consider the solemnity of the marriage rite.

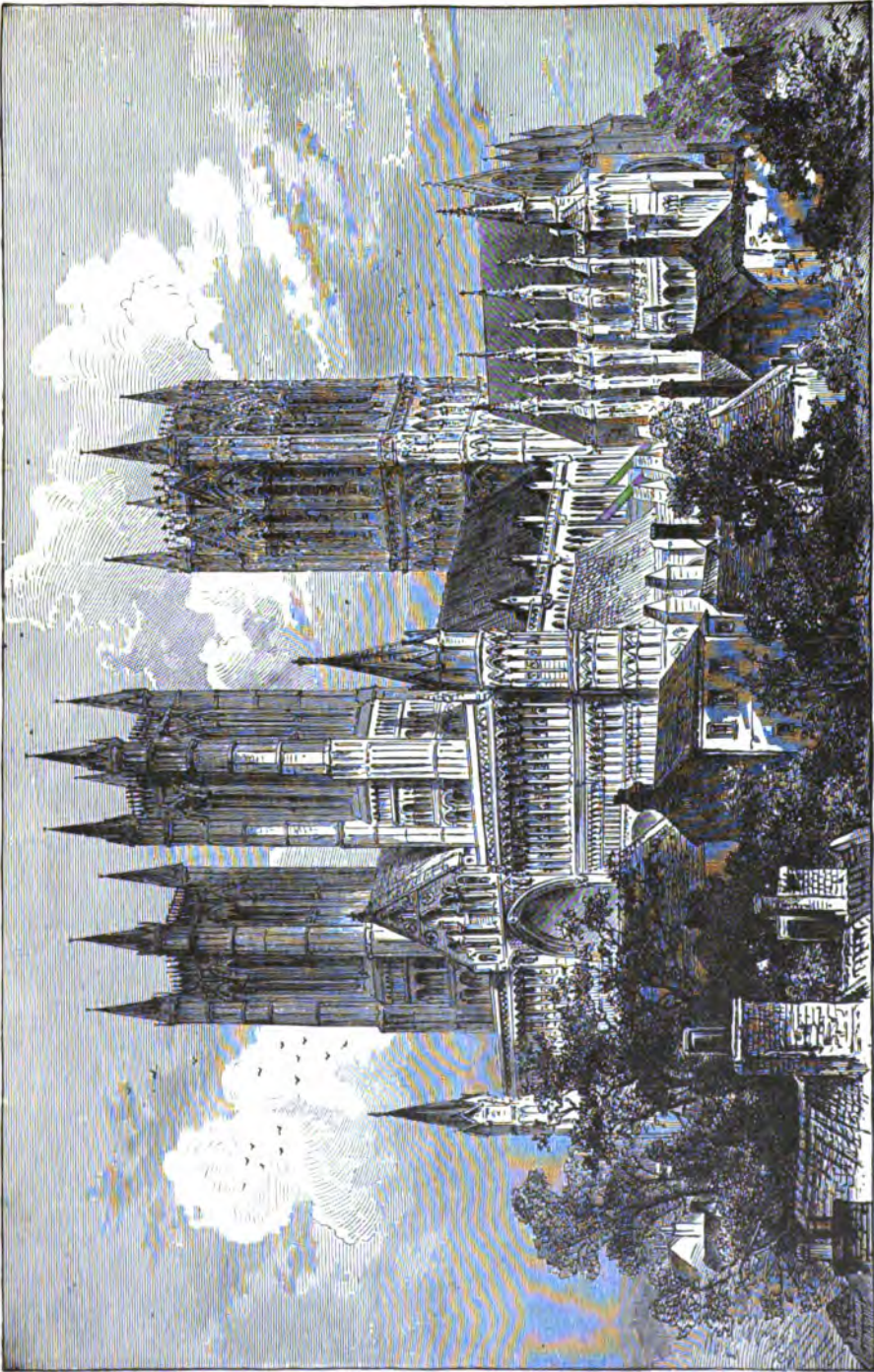
At the wedding feast she was suddenly missing. Her father supposed that in a gleeful flow of spirits she had hid, in order to compel the guests to search. The hours sped on; she did not return, nor could she be found. The banquet was broken up; the father and Francesco were frantic, and the guests dismayed.

Years passed, but nothing was known concerning the missing bride. Francesco, broken-hearted, fled from the scenes of his misfortune, and perished in battle. Orsini lived, but as one from whom the sunshine of life had forever fled.

“ Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something, —
Something he could not find. — he knew not what.
When he was gone the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.”

The rest of the story is thus pathetically told by Rogers: —

“ Full fifty years were passed, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, — a day of search
’Mid the old lumber in the gallery, —
That mouldering chest was noticed; and ’t was said
By one as young and thoughtless as Ginevra,
‘ Why not remove it from its lurking-place? ’
’T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold! •
All else had perished, — save a wedding-ring
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
Engraven with a name, — the name of both, —
‘ Ginevra.’ ”



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

STORY OF "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

THE first line of Gray's "Elegy," —

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

has made the word "curfew" familiar to every English-speaking boy and girl. The word is formed of two French words, *couvre feu* or *couvrir feu* (cover fire), and came into use when William the Norman, the first monarch of England, made a law that all fires should be extinguished at the sound of the evening bell.

To many hearts in the old country that cherish its traditions, the "curfew" recalls a story of love's devotion.

In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier for some offence was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and prime; but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to have been married to a beautiful young lady whom he had long loved.

The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her utmost efforts to avert his fate, pleading with the judges and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair she tried to bribe the old sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour for the execution drew near. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell-tower.

To the wonder of everybody it did not ring! Only one human being at that moment knew the reason. The poor girl, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed unseen up the winding stairs and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft and seized the tongue of the bell.

The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practised hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips.

Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower-window; but she would not let go.

At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf, he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to ask why the bell was silent. She saw him, —

“and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with hope and courage now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face still haggard with the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light, —
‘Go; your lover lives,’ cried Cromwell; ‘curfew shall not ring to-night.’”

ELWES THE MISER.

JOHN ELWES, a man of immense fortune, a member of the British Parliament, and one of the most conspicuous misers of history, was born at Southwark, about the year 1712. He attended Westminster school, where he studied the classics, and he was sent to Germany to complete his education. Although his youth was passed in the most polished schools, he was never seen with a book in after years. Indeed, he used to say of education, that “putting things into people’s heads was taking money out of their pockets;” and he acted in accordance with the spirit of the remark, by allowing his own sons to grow up in ignorance.

The family of the Elwes were noted misers. The mother of John Elwes, although possessing a fortune of nearly £100,000, is said to have died from a want of the necessities of life; and his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who possessed great wealth, was one of the most penurious men in the kingdom.

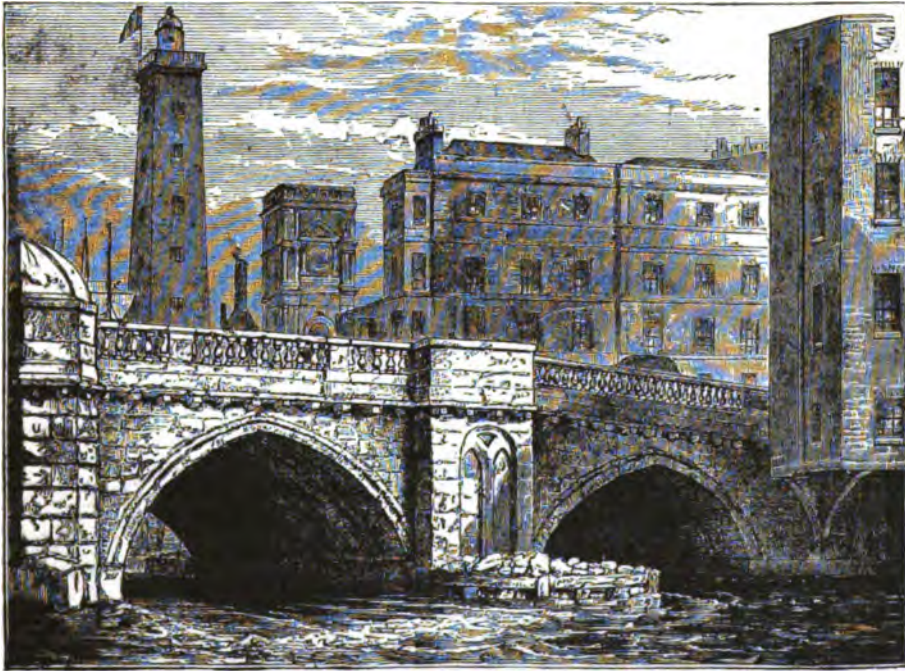
Many stories are related of Sir Harvey’s saving habits: how he lived in a dilapidated old mansion that was but little protection from a storm; how he dressed for many years in the unique and cast-off clothing of a gay old ancestor; how he paced his gloomy hall to save the expense of a fire, and always retired at dusk to save the expense of a candle.

According to our reckoning of money Sir Harvey was a millionaire; yet the street beggars of London enjoyed as many of the ordinary comforts of life as he. Books he never read; for the beauties of Nature and art he had no taste, —

“A primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

The life of Sir Harvey has one useful lesson, — it shows what temperance can effect. In his youth he was given up to die of consumption, and yet his life, amid the infirmities of a broken constitution, was prolonged to nearly ninety years.

After completing his education, John Elwes resided for a time with this penurious old uncle, whom in expectation of his property he studied to please.



LONDON BRIDGE.

He wore tattered garments; he inveighed on the extravagance of the times; he ate sparingly at the tables, and retired at nightfall, — all of which charmed the old gentleman, who looked upon him as a most promising young fellow. On the decease of this uncle, Elwes received a fortune, which, added to that left him by his mother, made him enormously rich. His incomes were constantly increasing, and year by year wealth poured in upon him like a flood.

As he grew older his hereditary parsimoniousness appeared. In his eagerness to increase his fortune he became a noted gambler; and once, after risking

a large sum, he was seen quarrelling with a poor man on the street over a shilling.

Many anecdotes are told of his miserly feelings and habits. One day his little boy fell from a ladder and was seriously injured. He went to a medical man and was bled. On being questioned by his father as to where he had been, he informed him of the bleeding.

"Bled! bled!" said the old miser, in astonishment; "but what did you give?"

"A shilling," answered the boy.

"Pshaw!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your blood."

This was only another way of saying, "Never part with your money." Mr. Elwes was a famous hunter, and occasionally met with accidents. But he seldom applied for medical aid, choosing to suffer the extremity of pain rather than part with his money.

A curious story is told of the manner in which he outwitted a medical man and saved his doctor's bill. When he had occasion to go abroad in London, he always walked, to avoid the expense of a cab. One night he ran against the sharp poles of a sedan chair, and cut a deep gash in each of his legs. A friend sent for a doctor, who declared that the wounds had a very bad appearance.

"Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; "but Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now, you think they are. So I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall take the other. You shall do what you please with yours; I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." Nature unassisted did her work most rapidly, and Elwes won the wager.

Mr. Elwes scrupulously kept his word, and punctually paid his debts, which virtues gave him a great reputation for integrity, and made him a number of friends.

It was proposed to elect him to Parliament. The glitter of the position did not influence him, for he had no ambition save that of hoarding money, and he consented to an election only on the terms that his friends should pay all the attendant expenses. Local issues arising that made him a very acceptable candidate, his friends consented to the stipulation, and he was elected. His elevation did not alter his habits, and he appeared among the most conspicuous men of the kingdom in mean and even frightful attire.

As he became old, avarice absorbed all his thoughts. His diet was sparing, and often unwholesome. He was once found dining from the carcass of a moor-

hen, of which he had robbed a rat. On another occasion he made a meal of a fish that had been partly eaten by a larger one, and which he had taken from the latter's mouth. This, he declared with great satisfaction, was "killing two birds with one stone." In the merry harvest season he might have been seen gleaning the fields after the harvesters, more eager for gain than the poor of the parish.

As the weather became cool, he used to walk hour after hour, in order to keep warm without the expense of a fire. When a fire became a necessity, he supplied it by fagots from the wayside and fields, which he was much employed in gathering. He was discovered one day trying to pull down a crow's nest for the purpose. He was greatly indignant at the prodigality of the crow in appropriating to herself so many useful sticks.

"Oh, sir," he said to a neighbor, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Only see what waste they make!"

He at length became possessed of the notion that he was coming to want, and no pauper in England was more miserable than he. His nights were filled with visions of robbers, for he usually kept small sums by him, and was often heard exclaiming, "I will keep my money, I will; no one shall rob me of my property."

He spent much of his time in his last days in hiding small sums about the corners and furniture of his room, and in running from place to place in order to be sure that these deposits were safe. He died at last of extreme old age, leaving the immense fortune of £800,000.

Such was the life of a man, educated, rich, and titled, but who exerted little influence for good, and who added nothing to the happiness of mankind. No one of susceptible feelings and religious hopes would exchange places with a man like him for millions of perishable gold.

It was a favorite remark of Elwes, that all great fortunes were made by saving. Were it the business of life to hoard up useless wealth, the remark would be valuable, and it may be a useful hint to those who would gain an honorable competence, even though coming from Elwes.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.

THE festival of Christmas (Christ and mass) has been observed by the Church from a very early date. In the fourth century a careful investigation was made by the theologians of the East to find out the date of Christ's nativity. The tables of the Roman censors indicated that date to have been December 25 (January 5, O.S.).

In mediæval times the day was celebrated by masses, and by dramatic representations of the scene of the nativity. At a later date the religious observance of the day consisted chiefly in singing certain jubilant songs, called carols, in the easy refrains of which all the people joined. The carolling was accompanied by music and dancing, the younger men and maidens bearing in their hands lighted tapers during the dances. The carols were intended to recall the songs of the angels at Bethlehem.

Christmas has always been a merry-making day in England. On that day William the Conqueror was crowned. In feudal times the revels were chiefly held in the great halls of the barons, where the yule-logs blazed, and the holly and the mistletoe recalled the sylvan deities and the old superstitions of the Druids. The festivities usually lasted until twelfth-night (January 6).

“ On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.”

In the Protestant States of Germany Christmas is called the Children's Festival. The principal attraction is the Christmas-tree. An excellent custom attends the distribution of presents, and one that it would be well to imitate in our land, when the parents take their children aside, and point out to each what they have observed amiss in his conduct during the year.

Young people usually spend either Christmas eve or Christmas night in social festivities, and at such times sports, plays, and amusing tricks usually accompany the cheer.

It is our purpose, in this article, to speak of some of the diversions that have contributed to the merriment of such occasions, and which may assist the reader in the merry-makings of this ever welcome festival.

OLD PLAYS.

The favorite Christmas diversion of children in England, in old times, was called Snap-Dragon. Few parents would be willing to have their children make use of it now, and we will not describe it very particularly here. It consisted in snatching sweetmeats in flame from burning brandy, and extin-



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

guishing them in the mouth. The favorite diversion in Germany, in olden times, was the visit of Knecht Rupert. This mysterious personage made his appearance in the homes of the peasants on Christmas eve, wearing enormous boots, a white robe, a grotesque mask, and a long wig, and received from the heads of the families a pompous reception. He questioned the parents concerning the behavior of their children, and then presented to each child a gift, in value according to the child's deserts.

The children of New England in early times celebrated Christmas eve by burning candles to whose wicks quills filled with powder had been fastened before, dipping. These explosive candles were somewhat dangerous, but one or more might have been found in the candle-box in almost every farm-house of New England in the last century at this season of the year.

Round the Carpet, Hunt the Slipper, Thimble, Stage-coach, Three Jolly Sailors, Copenhagen, and the ring-forfeit plays are old but familiar. Among the best of the old plays that have come under our notice is one which we will call *Singing Birds*, though we think it used to be called the *Bird Play*. It somewhat resembles the once favorite play of *Stage-coach*. The name of some familiar bird is given to each of the company, — to one, robin; to another, jay; to another, crow; and so on, each receiving a different name.

The leader of the sport then tells a story about birds. Whenever he mentions a particular bird, the person who has received the name of the bird must quickly rise, and, imitating the song or noise made by that bird, turn around and sit down. If he fails to do this, he is obliged by the rules of the play to continue the story which the other has been telling about birds, or to pay such a forfeit as the story-teller may require. When the leader brings the word "birds" into his story, the whole company must arise, and each one must imitate the song or the call of the bird whose name he has received, and turn around and sit down. Those omitting to do this at once are liable to forfeits. The play soon becomes ludicrous and exciting; the players forget their parts while laughing at the odd sounds made by others, and thus fall easy victims to forfeits.

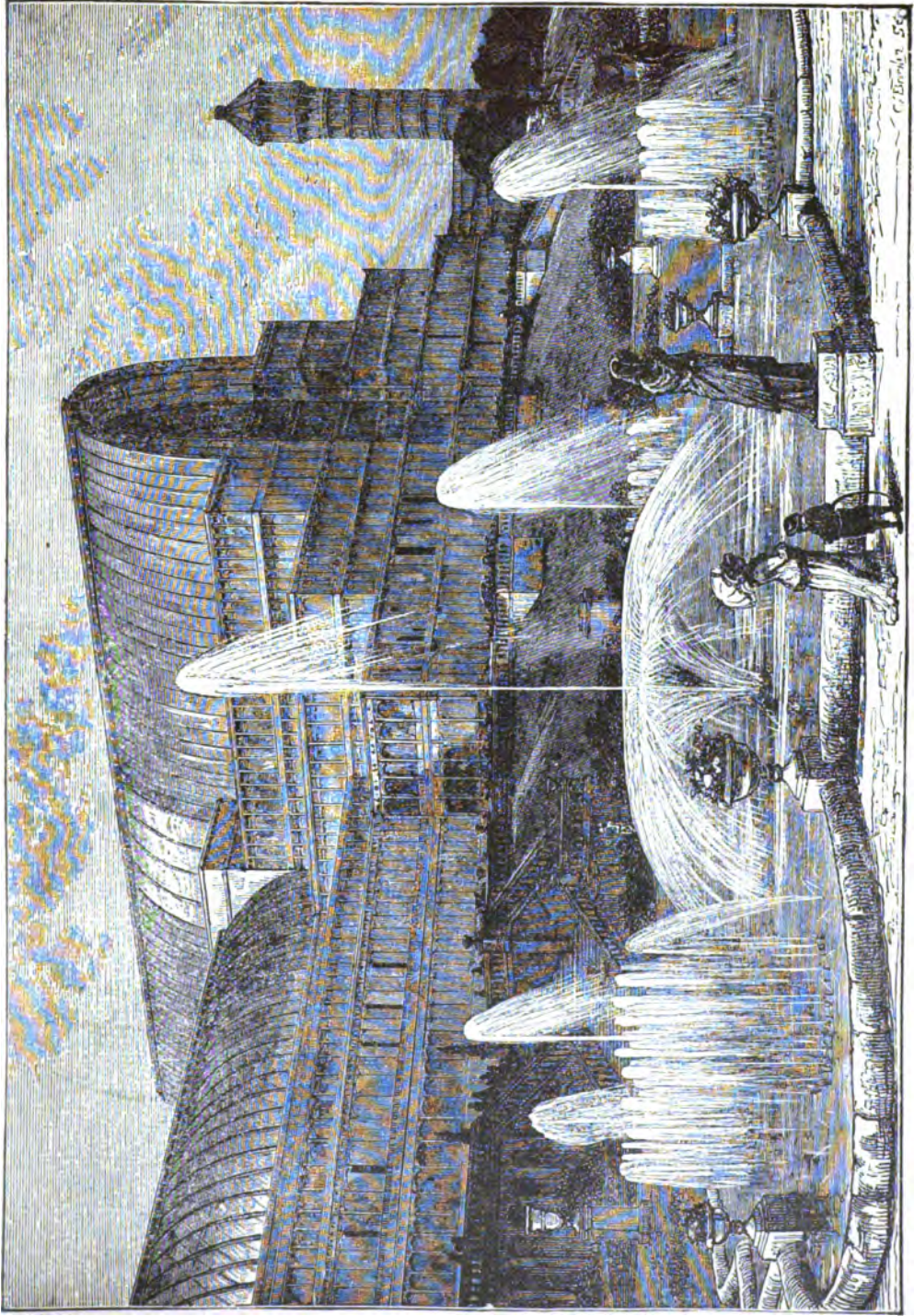
The story is to be made up for the occasion, and if the leader of the play be not a good talker, he will be compelled to say things more amusing to others than satisfactory to himself. The story might begin thus: "As I went into my orchard to examine the nests of some birds, I found a crow eating eggs from a robin's nest. A number of birds were flying around me, among them the jay and the thrush and the blackbird," etc. This play wears well, and with its constant changes in story-tellers, and with its forfeits, may be made to fill a whole evening.

FAMILIAR PLAYS.

Charades and tableaux have been growing in favor as holiday evening amusements for a number of years. Word-charades may be easily acted by ready talkers with but little previous preparation. The actors can make their own conversation. The topics only need to be decided upon before acting. Such words as (horse) (man) (ship), (pen) (man) (ship), (hypo) (critical), (phan) (tom), pronounced *fan Tom*, (cant) (aloupe), pronounced *can't elope*, (patron) (age), apothecary, pronounced *a pot I carry*, as well as such proper names as Bluebeard, Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Dryden, may be represented almost impromptu.

Criticism is a social play. The person to be criticised is sent from the room. The others write a criticism upon his abilities, character, or conduct, and each one hands his criticism to the leader of the play. The person criticised is recalled, the criticisms are read to him, and he must endeavor to fix upon the author of each by guessing but once. If his guess proves correct, the author must acknowledge the writing of the criticism. If the company be not discreet, very bitter feelings may grow out of this play; the critics, therefore, should keep in mind the Golden Rule.

A harmless and a very beautiful play is the Musical Secret. It is quite well known, but as all should know how to play it, we give it here. One of the company is sent from the room, and while he is out, those remaining select something for him to do on his return, such as to find a hidden article, to give a kiss, or sing, recite, declaim. When it is determined what he shall do, a musician takes his place at the piano, or other parlor instrument, and the person sent from the room is recalled. No one need speak aloud after he enters, for he is to find what it has been determined for him to do by playing on the instrument. Rapid playing denotes that he is doing right, playing in medium time denotes that he is moving in the right direction, and slow playing denotes that he is doing wrong. When an article is hidden for one to find, the play somewhat resembles hunting the slipper. A skilful pianist might, by a happy selection, suggest to a person of musical culture what he ought to do. Thus, "John Anderson, my Jo," might be made to hint that the secret was connected with some one by the name of John; "Mary of Argyle," with some one by the name of Mary, etc.; "Rory O'More" might be used to hint a kiss.



CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

TRICK PLAYS.

Trick plays may be used with capital effect when a variety of diversions is desired. Initiation is played by taking two saucers, smoking the outside of one of them over a lamp, filling them both with water, giving the smoked saucer to the person who is called into the room to be initiated, and inducing him to imitate one in making certain mysterious angles with his finger in the water on the bottom of the saucer and on his face. The consequence is that he, without knowing it, conveys the lamp-smoke from his saucer to his face.

Menagerie is played by sending some of the company from the room, arranging others against the wall, calling back one by one those who have been sent out, telling each that you have a remarkable collection of animals, such as apes, wild-cats, etc., and asking him what animal he would like to see. As soon as he names an animal, you take him to the looking-glass, and show him — himself.

One may apparently turn milk, wine, or ink, to water, in the following way: For giving the appearance of milk, line a goblet with white silk; for wine, with red silk; for ink, with black. Fill the goblet with water, and the silk will adhere to the glass. Set the glass a little distance from the spectators, throw over it a handkerchief, and on taking up the handkerchief, remove the silk beneath it by pressing the finger upwards on the inside of the goblet.

We think we have given enough plays and tricks to make Christmas merry; and in closing, we wish all our young friends a "Merrie Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

The two families enjoyed some recitations and songs from their members; which left many and pleasing memories.

Helen gave a recitation to music, called "The Stately Minuet," representing a scene in the Court of Queen Anne. Mozart's "Don Giovanni Minuet" was played during the recitation, though this was an anachronism. She represented the loud call of the herald announcing the guests, and the salutations of the guests, to the music of the minuet. Some of her bows were so stately as to cause much merriment.

THE STATELY MINUET.

OH, fine old times were those, I ween,
In the eye of the courtly Englishman,
When came to London Prince Eugene
To meet the lords of good Queen Anne.
In the halls of State the minstrels gay
Played sweet, on tapestries of gold,
How well-a-day? — Oh, well-a-day
In those arrased halls of old !

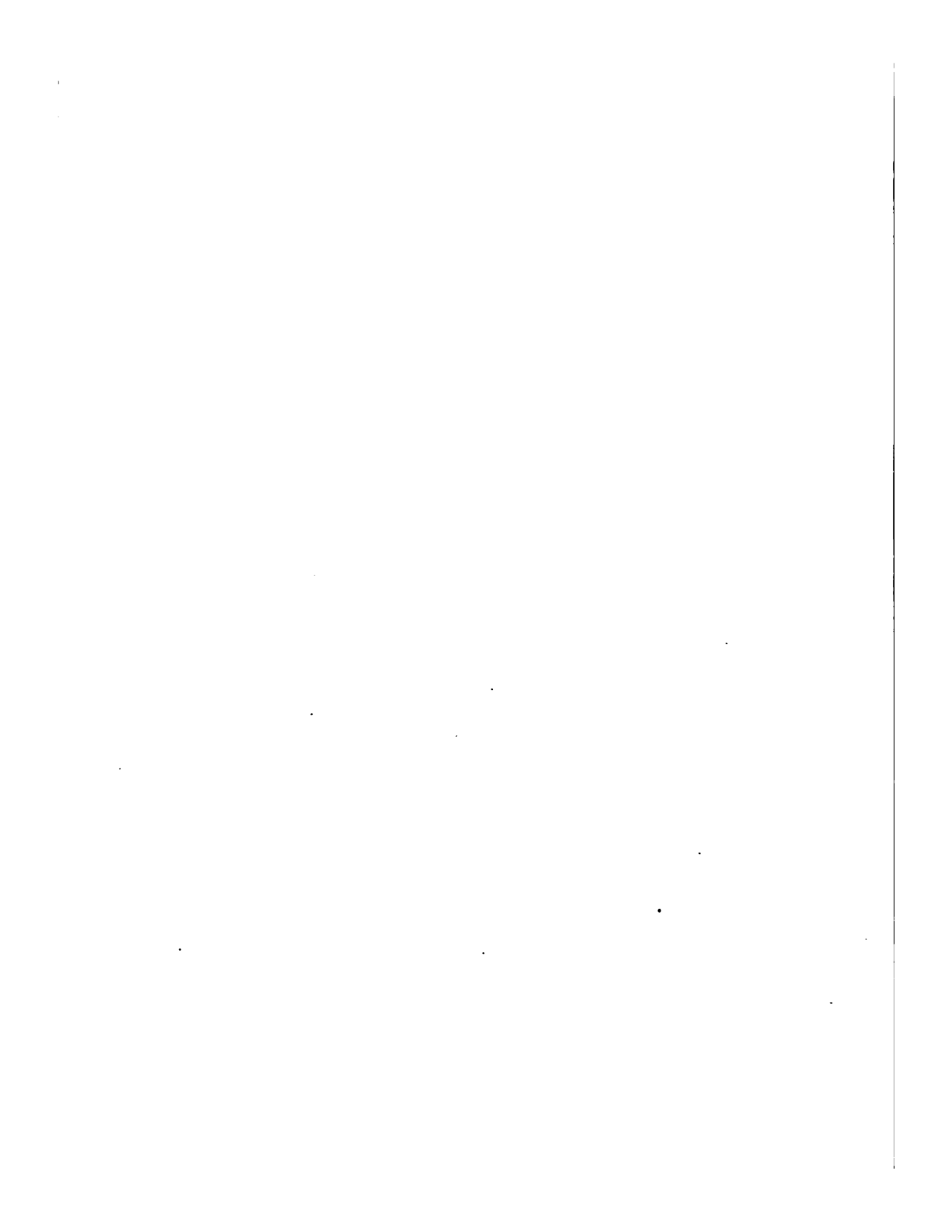
The halls were for the banquet dressed,
The astrals blazed, and waited there
The victor for the coming guests,
The knights and ladies debonair.
'T was Prince Eugene, of Blenheim's fame,
Who fought with Marlborough side by side,
Who France had awed, and Lille had ta'en,
And spoiled the Palgraves in their pride.
Eugene, of half a score of wars,
Eugene, who won a hundred stars !

The guests are in the outer halls,
Them waits the wifeless Prince Eugene,
"THE DUCHESS !" loud the herald calls ;
The Duchess came, a fallen queen.
Then rose the stately minuet,
The soul of every courtly scene,
Her slippered feet it led, and yet
A heavy heart they bore, I ween ;
Two silver pages bore her train :
She bowed, and slowly bowed again.

"SIR ROBERT WALPOLE !" loudly calls
The fine old herald, bowing low,
The expectant music fills the halls
As comes the knight, sedate and slow —
A form of velvet starred with gold,
And noiseless step ; he bows, and then



THE MINUET.



The Duchess' eye, severe and cold,
 Falls on him, and he bows again.
 And warmer now the astrals glow,
 And sweeter music's numbers flow.

"MY LORD AND LADY CASTLEWOOD!"
 "LORD ROCHESTER!" rang through the hall;
 And while confused the herald stood,
 Swept in the bishops, grave and tall.
 And while played sweet the minuet,
 Gibraltar's hardy sea-kings came,
 And knights from Oudenarde; and yet
 Rolled on the herald's call of fame,
 Till in the dusk and music sweet
 The hall was full of golden feet.

"SIR ISAAC NEWTON!" Silent all,
 Not e'en the light of jewels swayed;
 A modest form shrank through the hall,—
 Modest, yet one the stars had weighed.
 "DEAN SWIFT!" the nimble parson came;
 "DANIEL DE FOE!" his ears were gone,
 The herald lost the last great name.
 Powdered, bewigged, came Addison;
 And low they bowed like courtiers gay,
 And bowed the Prince as low as they.

Why comes the Prince to England now,
 This son of France, old Austria's pride?
 And why do Whig and Tory bow
 To him, the Duchess at his side?
 Earth has no friendships such as those
 Grand heroes form for noble ends;
 His soul had flamed as Marlborough rose,
 And war had wedded them as friends.
 And Marlborough, crushed by court and queen,
 Had touched the heart of Prince Eugene.

"LORD HARLEY!" All again was mute,
 The diplomat flashed 'cross the scene,

And said, obsequious, "I salute [*minuet*]
Earth's greatest soldier, Prince Eugene!"
"Too soon, my lord! His GRACE comes late,"
The Prince replied, and turned away;
"THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH!" lost to State,
Then came the chief of Malplaquet,
Who once had swayed the lands and seas,
From Pyrenees to Tyrolese.

The music scarcely dared to play;
The fallen hero of the land
Moved slowly 'mid the throngs to lay
In Prince Eugene's his war-browed hand.
Not so, — the true heart knows its quest,
And love is strong when true hearts meet,
Against the honored soldier's breast
The starless soldier's heart should beat;
And Prince Eugene great Marlborough drew
To his great heart, still beating true.

The mazy music's rippling tide
Swept o'er the shoals of jewelled feet,
But Prince Eugene by Marlborough's side
Scarce heard the mystic rhythms beat;
The airy pages came and went,
In blazing halls the goblets kissed,
He shared that nobler sentiment
To true hearts known, by maskers missed,
The heroic friendship more than wealth,
That loves another more than self.

Cool fell the dews, the late hours came,
And rose the moon, a midnight sun,
Uncertain shone the astrals' flame,
And guests departed one by one.
With lingering step they went away,
The lord, the knight, the wit, the beau,
Still happy in the morning gray,
And bowing low, and bowing low.
In memory's ear recalling yet
The sweet and stately minuet.

Oh, fine old times were those, I ween,
In the eye of the courtly Englishman,
When came to London Prince Eugene
To plead for Marlborough with Queen Anne.
In the halls of state the minstrels gay
Played sweet, on tapestries of gold,
How, well-a-day? — Ah, well-a-day,
In the arrased halls of old !

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VALE OF AVALON.



JOURNEY to the west of England is one of the most beautiful and historic in the world, and our tourists went by the way of old Dorchester, to see the town from which the famous Boston suburb derived its name. Dorchester is one hundred and fifteen miles from London, and is situated on the right bank of the Frome. It has a population of only about seven thousand. The town has three spacious streets. They stopped here, and visited the remains of the old Roman amphitheatre. It was two hundred and eighteen by one hundred and sixty-three feet; the seats were cut in chalk, and it would hold twelve thousand spectators. They purchased here some Roman coins, and recalled that it was this town whose memory was precious to the early settlers of Boston.

"It is a lovely place," said Helen.

"And yet the old Pilgrims amid all their hardships in the early winters in Boston Harbor," said Aunt Mar, "never wished to return. The love of a free conscience was more to them than the pleasant old towns of their ancestors and birth."

Our tourists next went to Bristol, — old Bristol, from which their own town took its name. This city was once second only to London

in wealth, and its antiquities are among the most interesting in all England. It is situated on the Avon, about eight miles from the Severn.

“The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea.”

It has about one hundred and eighty-three thousand inhabitants.

Bristol is rich from her trade with the West Indies and Ireland. The old part of the town seems smoky and dingy. The cathedral

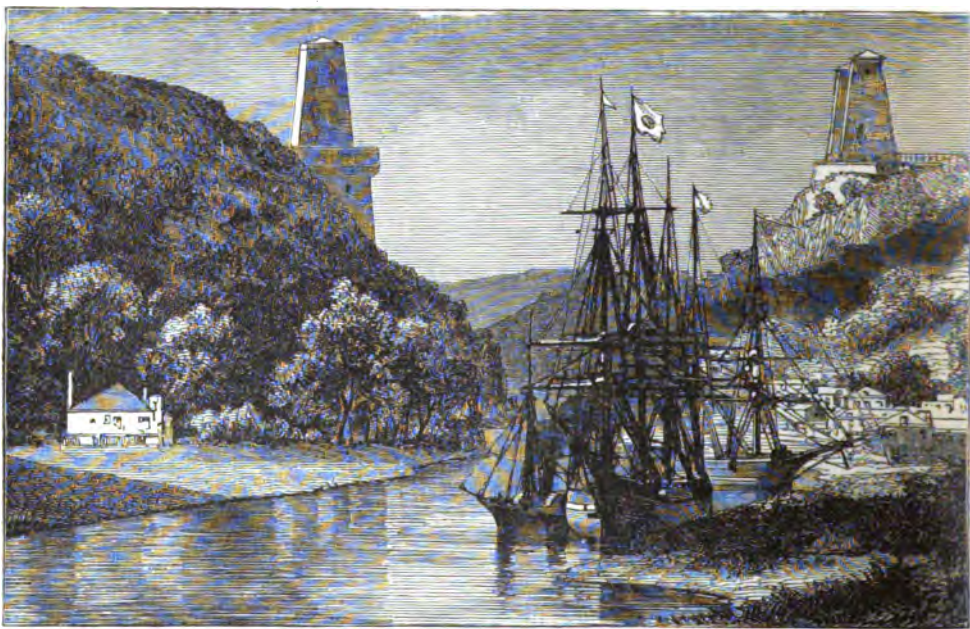


MOUTH OF THE AVON.

is its crowning glory. It contains the monuments of Bishop Butler, the author of the “Analogy,” and of the poet Southey, who was born in Bristol.

The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, that inspired Chatterton, was full of interest to them. Here are interred Sebastian Cabot, the

discoverer of Labrador, and Admiral Penn, whose illustrious son founded "Penn's Woods," or Pennsylvania. Admiral Penn was a native of Bristol, but William Penn was born in London. Bristol is full of the associations of early American pioneers.



THE AVON AT BRISTOL.

Our travellers next went to Plymouth, the historic port of the kingdom, at the mouth of the Plym. Plymouth has three harbors, formed by the estuaries of the Plym and the Tamar.

The Plymouth Breakwater is a gigantic structure composed of two million five hundred thousand tons of stone. Seven miles from it, on an insulated rock, rises the world-famous Eddystone Lighthouse. It was designed by John Smeaton the engineer, who took the trunk of an oak-tree for its model. In the Guild Hall they found a portrait of Sir Francis Drake. They sought here for the associations of



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

the curious story of "Sir Francis Drake and his Ship of Gold" as we have heard it, but found little except such as might have been gained from old books of history at home.

Plymouth was the scene of the great events of the Spanish Armada. There was something noble in the speech of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Camp, a real eloquence that sprung from the greatness of the occasion. Nothing could exceed the general feeling of love and duty toward the queen. This noble lady, with a dignity of spirit equal to the wisdom of her measures, gave a most striking example of patriotism and devotion to her country and cause, in placing herself at the head of her troops, and taking her stand at Tilbury fort, to arrest the progress of the enemy, should they dare to approach her capital. The speech she delivered on the occasion affords a memorable example of a great and noble mind. We give a picture of her from an English work, and an authentic version of her high-spirited words:—

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God and for my kingdom and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realms: to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms: I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time my

lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject; not doubting by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

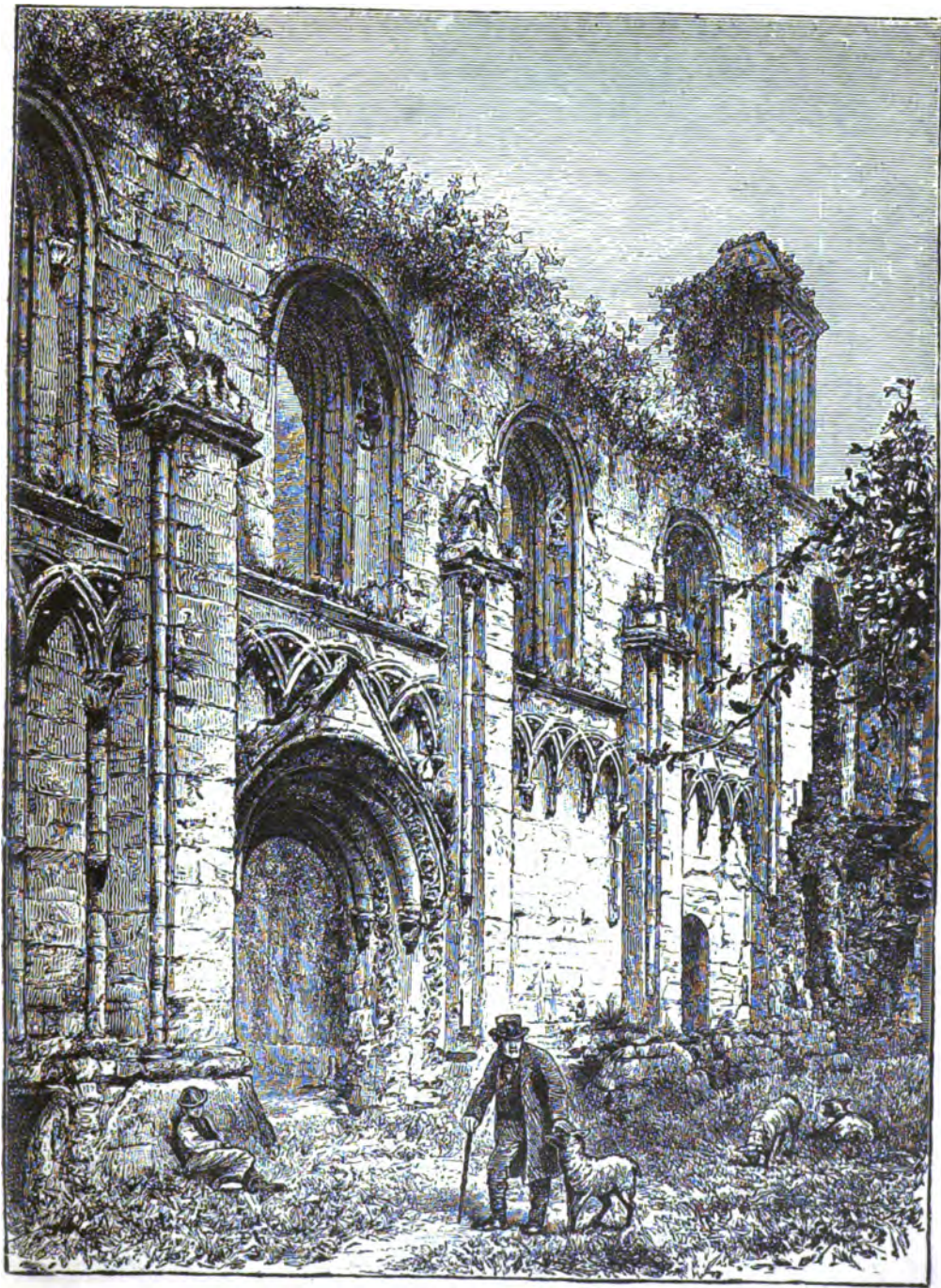
They next went to Gwinear, a small town near Truro, in Cornwall, the birthplace of Roger Williams. Sir Roger Williams, after whom the founder of Rhode Island was doubtless named, was a brave officer in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was knighted by that queen for his gallantry. He died in London, and was buried in state in St. Paul's, though his remains were afterward removed. In the register of the parish church in Gwinear is the record of Roger Williams's baptism. In this simple, picturesque place the great apostle of conscience first saw the light.

They next went to Bath, a city of some fifty thousand or more inhabitants, situated amid a circle of hills through which winds the Avon. Here they visited the cathedral, and the monuments of Gay and Waller.

Thence they went to Glastonbury, some twenty-five miles southwest of Bath. The town is built in the shape of a cross, and occupies a peninsula formed by the river Brue. This is the Isle of Avalon.

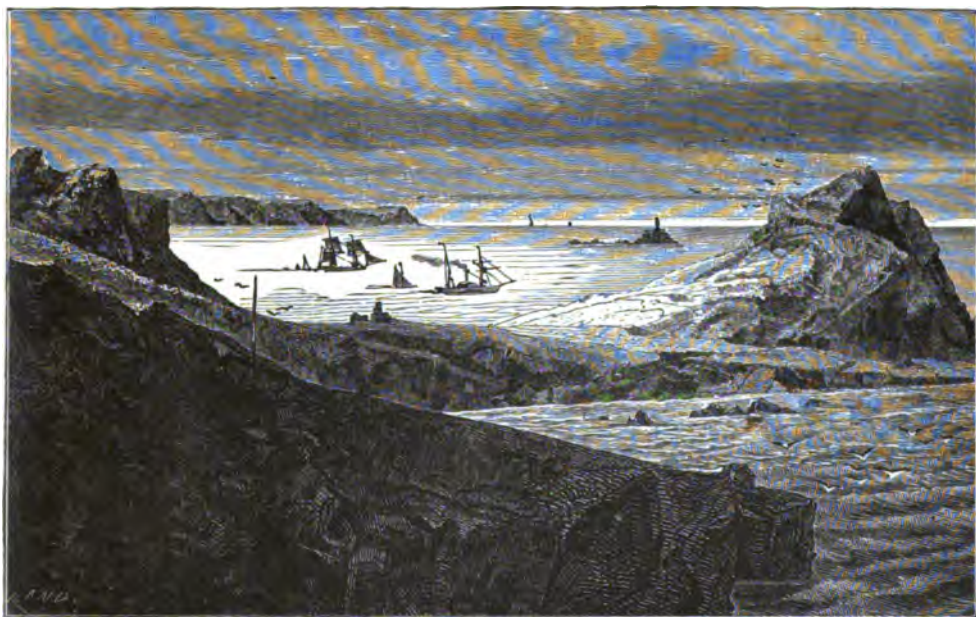
The town owes its historic importance to its once famous abbey, which is said to have been founded about 60 A. D., by Joseph of Arimathea. Here this saint was believed to have come and sat down to rest on Weary-all Hill and planted his staff, which bloomed on Christmas day for more than a thousand years.

Aunt Mar secured some leaves from a "graft" of this famous "thorn," and pressed them very carefully in her guide-book. Her dreams associated them with Saint Joseph's flowering staff, although her reason corrected the poetry of the pleasing fancy. There are many "grafts" in the place.



GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

The abbey, as we have already said, covered some sixty acres. The statement seems incredible, but most of the houses in Glastonbury, and the causeway, have been constructed out of its ruins, and yet they have not consumed them. Of this gigantic abbey only ruins and outlines remain. The chapel is roofless. The abbot's kitchen still stands; the imagination rebuilds it all, and pictures again Saint Patrick and Saint Dunstan. In the cemetery of the



CAPE CORNWALL.

abbey were buried King Arthur and his queen, Guinevere, 60 A. D.,—more than 1800 years! Of all places in England none have such pleasing and sad traditions as the Isle of Avalon. Joseph of Arimathea is one of the most lovely saints of the ancient Church, and King Arthur must ever stand as the popular hero of England. What if the legends be not true! they are noble ideals, and such ideals are worthy of the veneration of the lovers of truth, virtue, and charity

in all ages. It makes the pilgrim a better man to spend a day amid the noble ruins in the Isle of Avalon.

Charlie had interested himself in the history of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, and found in him an ideal hero. He had often said that he would like to see the Islands of Scilly, where Vane was imprisoned. These islands are on the south coast of England, and belong to the Crown; they are full of old sea romances. They are called Scilly from Sylla, probably on account of the swift ocean currents among them.

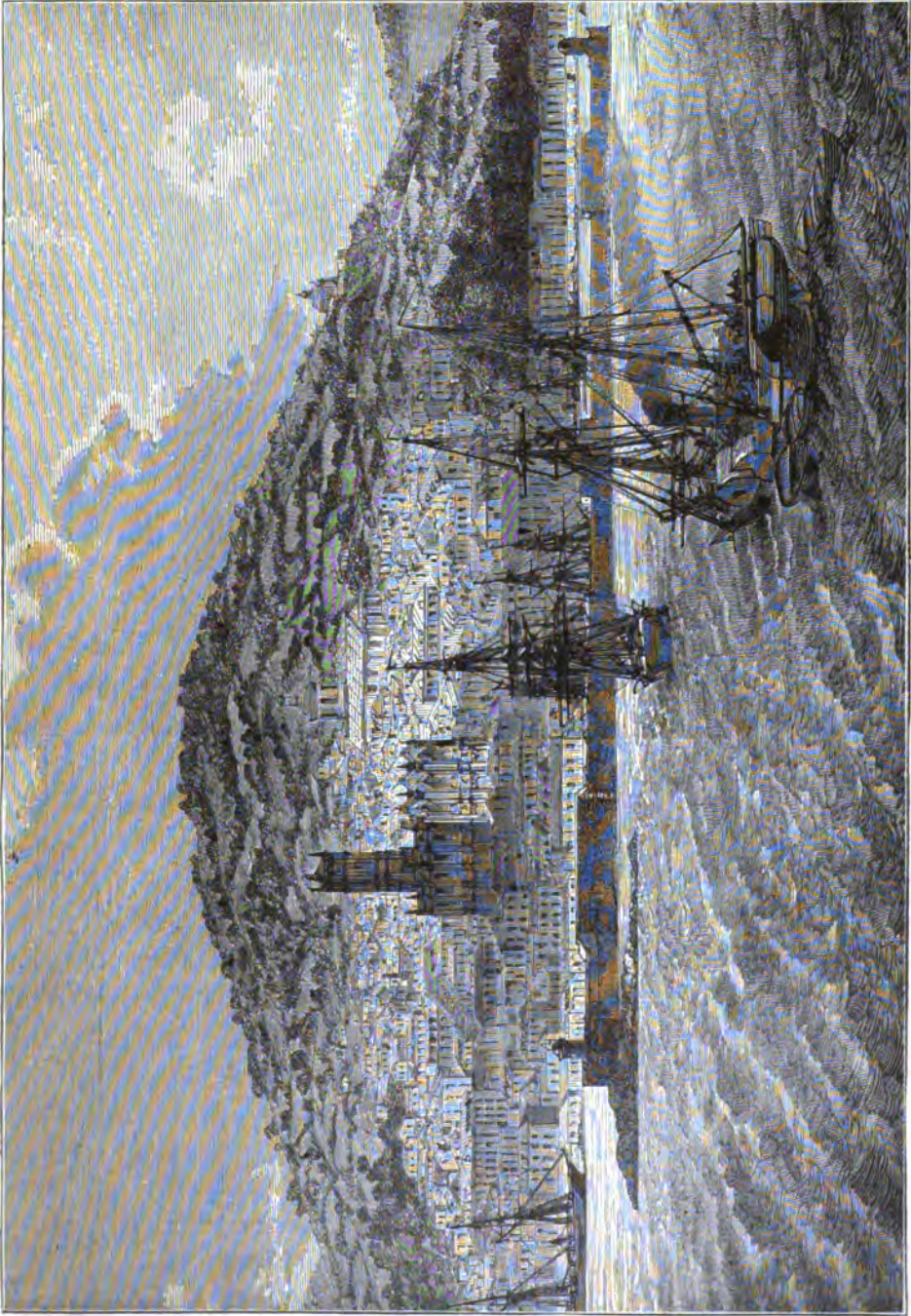
But Helen had a land of her dreams quite apart from Great Hampden, or Scrooby, or the Scilly Isles of the old Romans. It was the so-called Isle of Avalon. She had been an admiring student of Tennyson, and found her hero, not in John Hampden or Sir Henry Vane, but in King Arthur; and the Knights of the Round Table as pictured by the poet were to her the model champions of all chivalrous things.

Helen had first read Moore, and found a fairy-land in the Persian "Lalla Rookh." But when she came to study the strong "Idylls of the King," the Oriental romances vanished from her experience with all their romantic colorings.

"Why do you so much wish to see the Isle of Avalon," said Charlie to her one day; "you surely do not believe the old story of the Glastonbury Thorn?"

"No; but the legend that Joseph of Arimathea came there a pilgrim, and sat down to rest on Weary-all Hill, and planted his staff there that bloomed on Christmas for a thousand years, is the most interesting and charming in all England. But there is no ruin in England or Europe that is more wonderful than Glastonbury Abbey; the church covered sixty acres."

"Sixty acres!" exclaimed Charlie; "it cannot have been so. No church ever covered sixty acres!"



PENZANCE.

"Well, we are going there, and we will see; but it is not Wearyall Hill, or the ruins of the abbey, that I so much wish to see, as the Island of King Arthur. I like the King Arthur romances of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Tennyson's 'Idylls' more than any I have ever read. They are among the noblest legends of the world, and by far the noblest of England. The sword of Avalon made Arthur a victor; in the Isle of Avalon was hidden the Holy Grail —"

"What was that?" asked Charlie, interrupting.

"The cup that Christ 'took' and over which he 'gave thanks' at the Last Supper," said Helen. "It was to the Isle of Avalon that Arthur was taken when wounded. He died there, and there is his tomb."

"Let us read these stories together," said Charlie. "How should we begin?"

"We will ask Aunt Mar," said Helen.

"Begin with the Old Saxon Chronicle," was Aunt Mar's advice, "and with it read Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' I will arrange the readings for you and will read with you; and when we read the original story of King Lear, in the Saxon Chronicle, we can read in connection with it the 'King Lear' of Shakspeare."

So our book-loving family spent the evenings of a part of the winter in reading the Old Saxon Chronicle as given by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Shakspeare's "Lear," and Tennyson's "Idylls." All became interested in the Isle of Avalon.

The reader can easily follow them in Tennyson's "Idylls;" but we shall give in this volume several of the stories of the Old Saxon Chronicle as we find them in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

CHAPTER XIV.

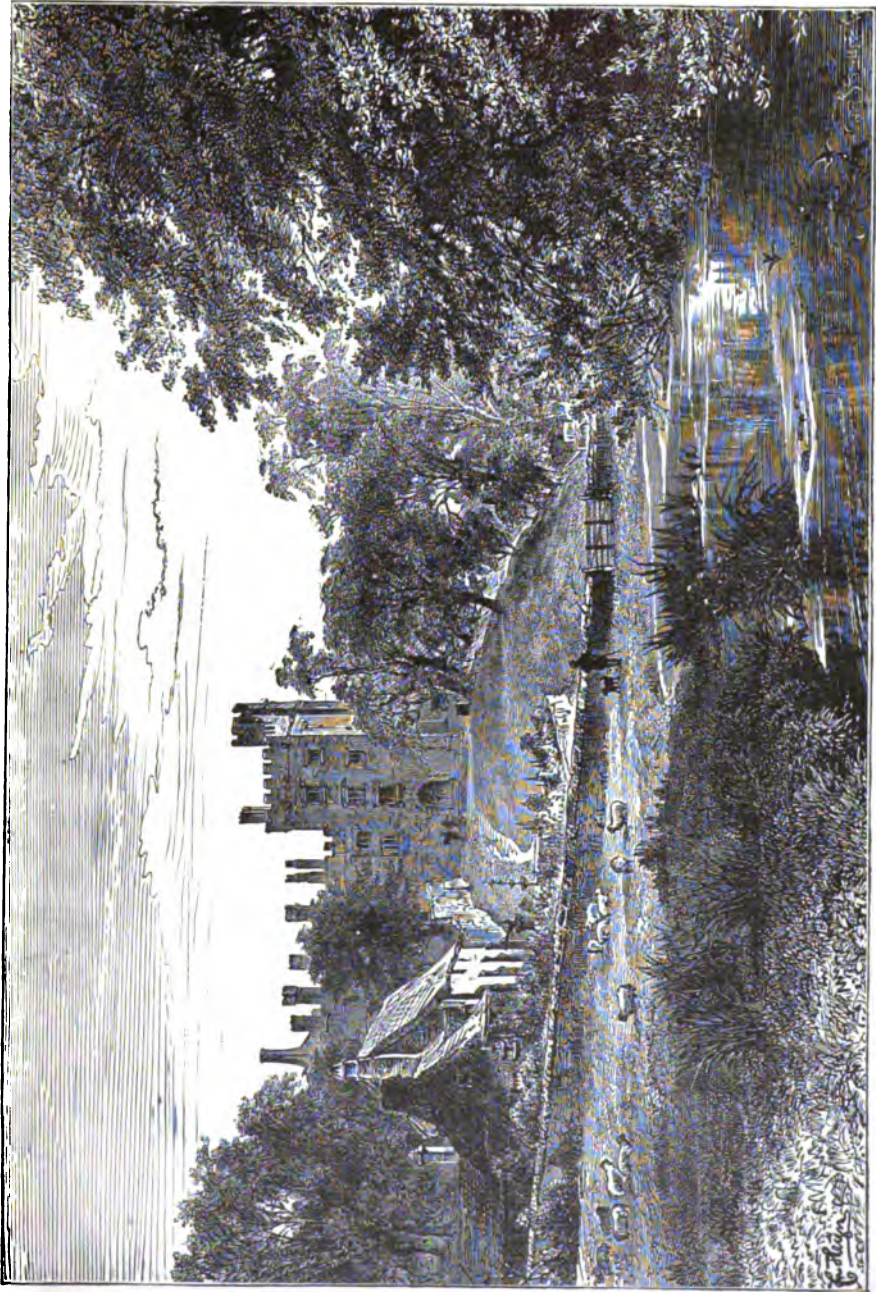
THE NATIONAL STORIES OF THE ENGLISH NURSERY AND THE COURT.



IF old English stories, 'Saint George and the Dragon' is the national legend. A large number of the English nursery stories are as familiar in America as in England, and many of them are, like the Spanish tale of Don Quixote and the ballad of the 'Babes in the Wood,' political satires.

"Take for example," continued Aunt Mar. "the Mother Goose stories. They have been attributed to an old lady by the name of Vergoose, who once lived in Boston. I do not like to dispute the claim of Boston to the honor of an industrious, good-humored lady, named Goose, who once sold toy-books: but a little investigation has shown that most of the old English nursery rhymes published under the title of 'Mother Goose's Melodies' were not written by this worthy lady. The best ditties attributed to Mother Goose's authorship were in circulation in the rural districts of England a long while before Brewster and Carver ever saw Plymouth Rock.

"Perhaps the oldest of these nursery rhymes, with the exception of Old King Cole (King Coel), is that which relates to the misfortune that happened to Buyen o' Lin and his family. Tom o' Lin seems



HADDON HALL.

to have been the real name of this unfortunate man. His misadventure is thus told in a black-letter volume called, 'The Longer Thou Livest the More Foole Thou Art,' printed in England about the year 1560.

'Tom a Lin, and his wife, and his wife's mother,
They went over a bridge all three together ;
The bridge was broken and they fell in :
. quoth Tom a Lin.'

"You will excuse me from quoting Tom's hasty remark on finding his family ties so unexpectedly severed.

"The story about good King Arthur, who obtained some barley meal in a questionable way, and made a large pudding, some of which the royal family ate that day, and some of which the Queen fried on the following morning, is also very old. It may be found under the name of 'King Stephen,' in an ancient English stage-play.

"The misfortune that befell Jack and Jill also occurred a great while ago, though the world, which is sound at heart, after all, has not yet ceased to pity. In one of the Percy Society's publications we find a parody on the Jack and Jill mishap, published in London in 1642. The title 'Jack and Jill' comes from an old English stage-play, long since lost.

"The account of the man 'in our town' (which we are happy to know positively was not Boston) who lost and regained his optics by jumping into some barberry-bushes, may be found with more or less variations in books of very ancient date. The English say, 'There was a man in Thessaly.' But it was not on the banks of the Charles River, nor by the 'old Thessalian flood,' that the great event happened. The man lived in Babylon. See Shakspeare, 'Twelfth Night,' act ii. scene 3.

"'Ding, dong, bell' is the burden of several old songs, two of which may be found in Shakspeare,—one in 'Tempest,' and the other in 'Merchant of Venice.' Tommy Lin, who put the cat in the well,

lived more recently. Perhaps he was the son of Tom o' Lin, and the loss of his mother in the sad affair at the bridge may have led to his bad behavior.

"The burden of 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' seems to have been familiar in England several centuries ago. It is probable that Sir Toby alludes to the ditty in 'Twelfth Night,' act ii. scene 3. It is quoted entire in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca.'

"The ditty about Jack Horner and his Christmas pie comes from an English poem of more than a hundred stanzas, which may be seen in the notes to the Percy Society's collection of nursery rhymes. The original story about the pie is as follows:—

' Jack Horner was a pretty lad ;
Near London he did dwell ;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

' A pretty boy, a curious wit,
All people spoke his praise ;
And in the corner he would sit
On Christmas holidays.

' And said Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,
With his thumbs pulls out the plums,
Crying, What a good boy was I !

' These pretty verses which he made
Upon his Christmas cheer
Did gain him love, as it is said,
Of all both far and near.

' For lasses loved his company
Each day above another :
For why ? They knew that he would be
A man before his mother.'

" 'There are several versions of this story,' says a recent investigator ; 'one version is that the Abbot of Glastonbury had offended

Henry VII. by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage, the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wonderful pie, the interior of which was composed of the title-deeds of twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the wagon that carried him to the king, he was induced by curiosity to lift up the crust and to abstract therefrom a title-deed, which, on his safe and successful return home, he showed to the abbot, and told him that the king had given him the deed for a reward. The deed was that of the manor of Wells. The second version of the story changes the scene to Wells, and the steward to Colonel Horner, and makes the king hang the abbot. The third version changes Wells to Mells, and the colonel to a country lad. The recent owner of Mells Park was Rev. John S. Horner, Rector of Mells and Prebendary of Wells.'

"The affecting monody on the three children who fell through the ice on a summer's day, and were drowned, which event we are informed would not have happened had they stayed at home, also comes from a long poem. The original was published in England, in 1662:—

'I'll tell you what the river's name is,
Where these three children did slide — a ;
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and tide — a.

.

'Three children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

'Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
, Ten thousand pounds to one pennie
They had not all been drowned.'

These unfortunate children did not lose their lives in the old Boston frog-pond. No such melancholy association saddens the place.

"The story of the 'Little Crooked Sixpence' follows the analogy of 'The Kid':—

'A kid, a kid my father bought
For two pieces of money,—
A kid, a kid.'

The latter comes from the Chaldee, and is an allegorical history of the Jews. We may add the *key*: *My father* is Jehovah; *the cat*, the Assyrians; *the dog*, the Babylonians; *the staff*, the Persians; *the fire*, the Grecians; *the water*, the Romans; *the ox*, the Saracens; *the butcher*, the crusaders; *the angel of death*, the Turks.

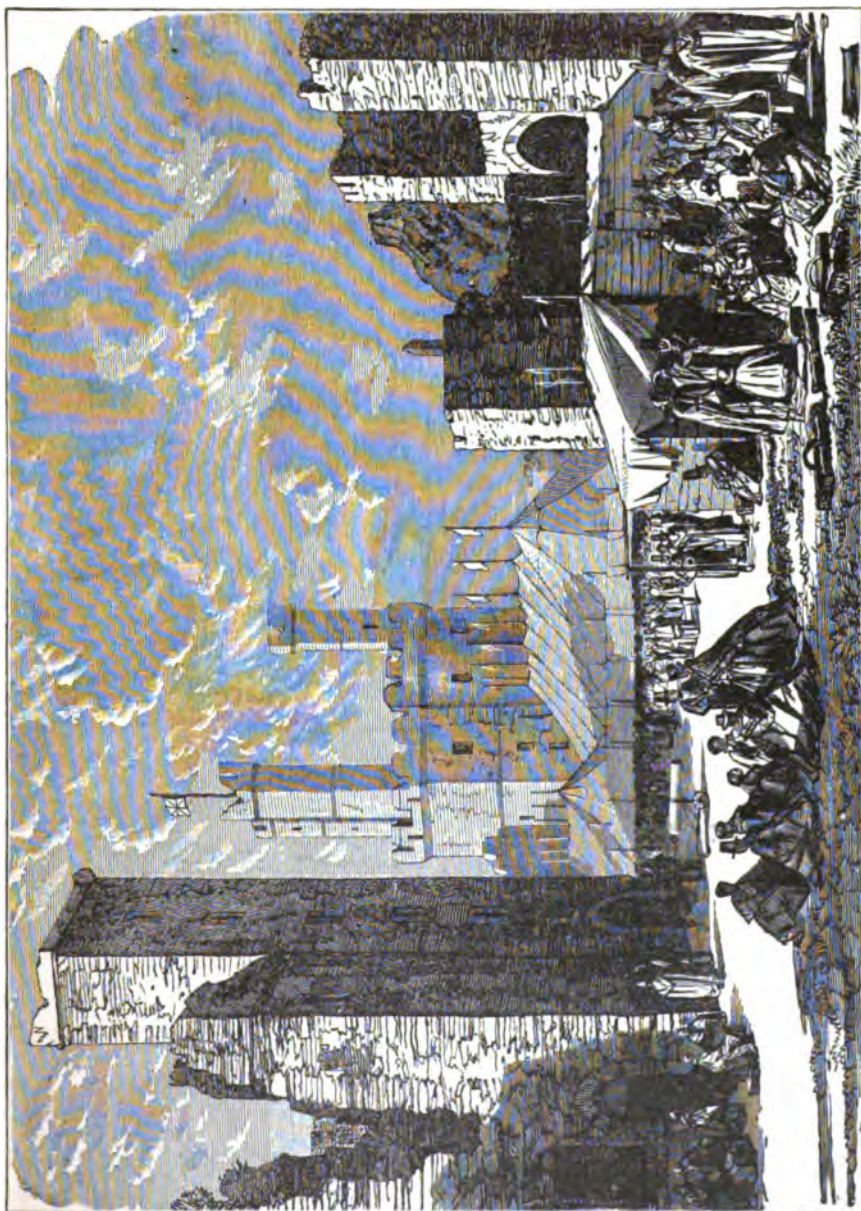
"'Taffy was a Welshman,' was sung in olden times at the merry-makings on the 1st of March, on the Welsh borders. 'Richard and Robbin, or Hunting the Wren,' used to be sung on Saint Stephen's day, in the Isle of Man. It is very old, and is associated historically with the overthrow of the superstitions of the Druids. 'Of all the gay birds I ever did see,' was published in London, in 1609.

"The story of the interesting lady who put her husband in a quart-pot—pint-pot in the original—seems to have had a Danish origin. The original version of the 'Old Woman who lived in a Shoe' was,—

'She borrowed a beetle and knocked them on the head;'

which was taking up arms against a sea of troubles indeed. The original story of the 'Mad Man who had a Mad Wife,' makes the unhappy couple ride to a very wicked place, and meet with a warm reception from a very wicked individual.

"'The Frog that would a-wooing go,' comes from an old English nursery ditty entitled 'There was a frog lived in a well.' 'Cock-robin' is very old; and Mother Hubbard, who has figured so long



CARNARVON CASTLE, WALES.

as a mourner who found unexpected consolation, begins to figure in the world with her deceased husband, and not with her dog.

"Nearly all the other ditties published under the general title of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' such as 'Ride a Jack-horse,' etc., were old English games. They may be seen in the Percy Society's collection of ballads."

Charlie asked for some of the more heroic English stories to which Aunt Mar had alluded. She related to him the fine old legend of "Boadicea," and the English national legends of "Saint George and the Dragon"¹ and of "King Arthur."

BOADICEA.

Most pupils have read Julius Cæsar's "Commentaries," the work being a part of the Latin course in almost every high school. Such are familiar with his allusions to the Druids, the priests, and the bards of the Celtic nations of the North. The religion of the Druids was a mixture of truth and error, and was perhaps the most poetic of ancient superstitions. It embraced the doctrines of a Supreme Being and of inferior deities, of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, and the observance of imposing ceremonies, in which the bodies of human beings, and of the fairest bullocks of the hills, smoked on the same mighty altars. Their more mysterious and awe-inspiring rites were performed in gigantic temples of stone, situated in the inmost recesses of the dark and solemn forests; and the relics of these rude structures are to be seen at Avebury and Stonehenge to this day. Their ordinary rites and religious teachings took place beneath the spreading branches of the oak, which tree they held in reverential awe, as sacred in the

¹ We use by permission the story of "Saint George and the Dragon" as it was once told in the "Youth's Companion" by Uncle James (James Redpath). It is a picturesque version, but substantially follows the traditions.

sight of God. The bards rehearsed the past in melancholy numbers, and the Fates forecast the future in poetic prophecies.

All their instructions were transmitted from one generation of the priesthood to another, orally and in verse. They used no books, but treasured in memory the more notable facts of history and science, and all their legendary lore. It required twenty years' study to acquire the numerous lyrics and epics embodying their history, astronomy, and theology, and to prepare the novice for holy orders. Hence the Druids are truthfully pictured as venerable in appearance, and grave and profound in mien.

The superstition passed away under the advance of Roman civilization; but with all its deformities it was so tinged with romance that it is still a favorite study of the poet and artist, and we find it portrayed on canvas and in marble, and made the theme of song.

Cæsar wrote his "*Commentarii de bello Gallico*" soon after the events he narrates occurred, or about fifty years before the Christian era. During the first century of the Christian era the Roman colonies in Britain came near being destroyed by a bold, resolute, native queen. Her name was Boadicea. She was queen of the Iceni, a very numerous tribe inhabiting what are now the countries of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. After the death of her husband, king of the Iceni, the Roman centurions took possession of her kingdom. She was a woman of great energy and spirit, and yielded no humble submission to the rapacious conquerors. She was at last seized by the Romans, and publicly whipped, and her daughters were subjected to the most brutal insults. Her fiery spirit was fully aroused by these indignities, and during the temporary absence of the Roman governor she summoned the Iceni to arms. She collected an army, and bursting upon London, laid the city in ashes, and put some seventy thousand foreigners to the sword. The barbarians now rallied to her standard in immense numbers, and she soon found herself at the head of more than two hundred thousand

warriors. She was at last defeated by Suetonius, the Roman governor, and lost in the engagement eighty thousand men. Her spirit was completely crushed by the reverse, and she ended her life by poison, A. D. 62.

The poet Cowper once wrote an ode entitled "Boadicea," in which he represents a Druid priest foretelling the destiny of Britain and Rome. It is unlike his other poems, and one that a lover of poetry would attribute to almost any pen but his. There is a quiet cast to Cowper's poetry, and it seldom ascends to the highest flights of song. But his genius burned with an unequal blaze. On several occasions he made very brilliant sallies in poetic wit, and in "Boadicea" he has given to the world one of the finest odes ever written.

"When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

"Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke,
Full of rage, and full of grief:

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish, — write that word
In the blood that she hath spilt, —
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground;
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

“ ‘ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soidier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“ ‘ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ ‘ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway :
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’

“ Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

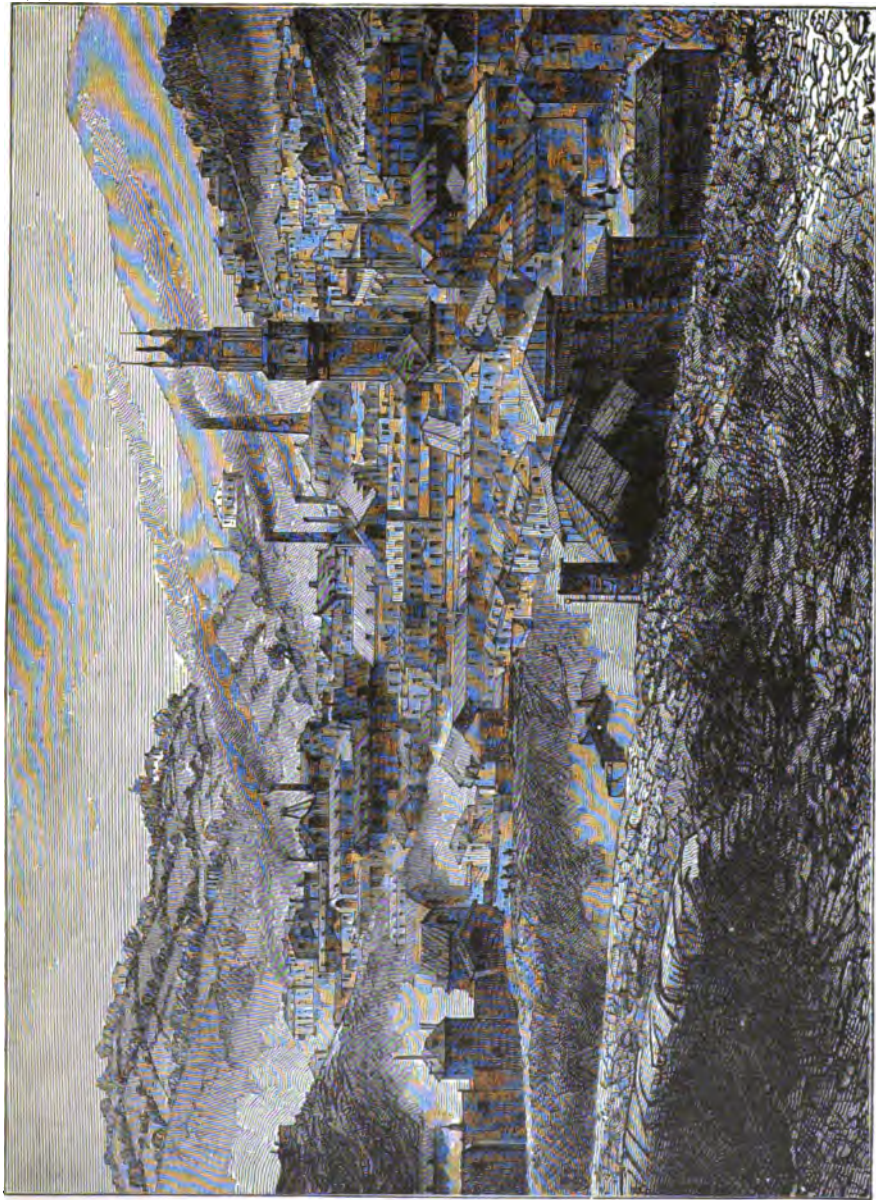
“ She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

Many years ago, in our dear old schoolroom, after the class in English history had learned something of Boadicea, a brilliant youth, with a rich, mellow voice, startled the school by declaiming this stirring ode. The exercises in declamation that afternoon had been unusually dull, but when the musical lines, —

“ When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,”

rang through the hall, every ear was attentive; and every heart was thrilled at that gem of exquisite stanzas, —



TAVISTOCK.

"Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre."

The voice of that young speaker has long been hushed. He himself died in the defence of his country. We seldom think of him, even now, without recalling "Boadicea."

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

I SUPPOSE you have seen on old English coins, or in engravings, the picture of Saint George and the dragon,—a warrior on horse-back, thrusting his lance into the open jaws of a monster beneath him. As the story is seldom read by the young people of America, I will tell it in a few words, and then say what I believe it to mean; for, like other legends and marvellous stories of antiquity, it is looked upon as an allegory, or parable, rather than a mere invention of the imagination.

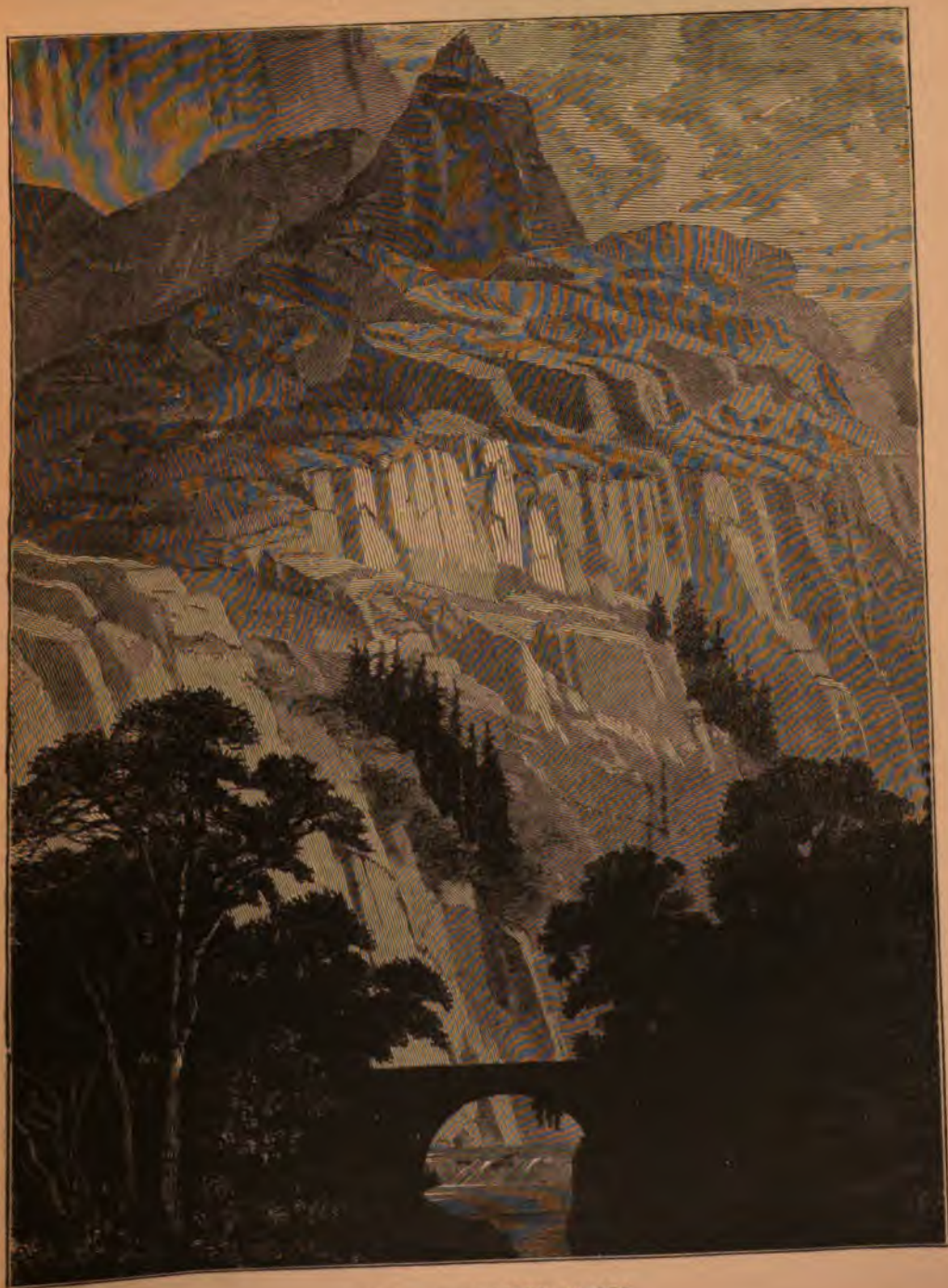
George was said to be a saintly man, a tribune, born of Christian parents, in Cappadocia. His father was a Christian martyr. After his death the mother fled to Palestine for safety. George became a soldier in his early youth, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in war. When he was nearly of age his mother died, and he became the heir of a lordly fortune. He then made up his mind to seek a career in the court of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. When he reached the town of Silene, in Libya,—so the legend runs,—he found the inhabitants in a state of panic. A monster infested a pool near the place. Every attempt to kill it by armed men had failed. The dragon drove them back in dismay. To appease this monster, the people killed two sheep every day and threw them into the pool. As long as they fed the dragon it did not molest them; but when they failed to do so it came up to the walls of the city, and by its poisonous breath caused the death of some of the people. The flocks of sheep were soon devoured.

What could they do now? A council was held, and after a long debate it was resolved to feed the dragon with a man and a beast every day, in order to turn away its anger from the city. Little babes from the cradle, boys just beginning to toddle, and girls just learning to say mother, — all were given up, one by one, each day one, until at last the lot fell on the lovely daughter of the king himself. The royal father was in anguish. He offered, in his great grief, to give any ransom for his daughter's life, — his gold, his silver, nay, half of his kingdom; anything, everything, freely and with joy, if only his darling could be saved. But the people were as stern and remorseless as the old dragon himself. They would not listen to him. The only condition they would make with the agonized king was, that he should be allowed eight days in which he might bewail the cruel lot of his beloved child. Then they insisted with one voice that she should be delivered up to the insatiate dragon.

As soon as the eight days were up, the people gathered around the palace and clamored for the death of the king's daughter. "Why," they yelled, "why do you sacrifice us for your daughter? We are all perishing from the breath of this monster."

The poor king felt that the hour was come, and that his child must be led forth to die. He clad her in royal robes, and kissed her, and said, "Alas! my daughter, I thought to have seen myself born again in your descendants. I had hoped to invite princes to your wedding, and to have clothed you in royal garments, and to have sent you away from your early home with joy and music and dancing; but I must drive you out to be eaten by the dragon! Alas! alas!" said the sobbing king, "why did I not die before you?"

The king's daughter bowed her head, and on her knees asked for her father's blessing ere she went to her living grave. He clasped her to his arms, covered her with kisses, and wept bitter tears that fell on her neck as she lay on his breast; and then — for



PONT ABERGLASLYN, WALES.

the clamor of the people rose again — she calmly went away to meet her fate; and as she walked through the streets she wept. George saw her, and asked her why she wept. She was now nearing the lake which the monster infested.

“Good youth,” said the king’s daughter, “do not stay near me; mount your horse quickly and fly, or you may perish with me.”

“Do not fear,” responded George; “tell me why you weep, and why this crowd of people watch you as you walk to the lake.”

She then gave him her sad history.

“Fear nothing,” said George; “in the name of Jesus Christ I will assist you.”

As he uttered these words the monster raised his horrid front above the surface of the lake. Inly commending his soul to God, the youth calmly advanced to grapple with the dragon. As the monster came toward him he threw his lance with such force and skill that it pinned the dragon to the earth. It writhed and twisted and floundered; but the lance held it firmly. George (as the story goes) then turned to the princess and told her to put her girdle round the body of the beast. As soon as she did as he had told her, the dragon became as tame as a kitten, and followed them into the town that it had desolated. The people fled. George shouted to them to be of good courage, to put all foolish fear aside, — for that the Lord had sent him to deliver them from the dragon. “Then,” we read, “the king and all his people assembled, twenty thousand men, without counting women and children, and George smote off the head of the monster.”

There are other versions of the legend of Saint George and the dragon in the annals of the Catholic Church.

The truth that is said to be symbolized by this fanciful legend is thus stated by an English scholar: —

“Saint George is any Christian who seeks to be Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end; who is armed with the breast-

plate of righteousness, the shield of faith, marked with its blood-red cross, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word, or power, of God. The hideous monster against whom the Christian soldier is called to fight is that 'old serpent, the devil,' who withholds or poisons the streams of grace, and who seeks to rend or devour the soul in whose defence the champion fights. If," he adds, "the warfare symbolized by this legend be carried out in life, then, in Spenser's words, —

'Thou, among those saints whom thou doest see,
Shall be a saint and thine owne nations frend
And patrone : thou Saint George shall called bee,
Saint George of Mery England, the sign of victoree.'

"How did it happen that Saint George became the patron saint of England?" asked Charlie.

"He first became a patron saint of Genoa," said Aunt Mar. "At the Council at Oxford, 1222, it was ordered that the Feast of Saint George be made a national festival. In 1330 he was made patron of the Order of the Garter by Edward III.; hence Saint George's ensign —"

"And St. George's Channel, and all the rest," said Charlie.

"Yes, and all the rest; and that means many names of societies and places. In English history, the name of Saint George is found conspicuous everywhere, and especially in the navy."

"I shall always know how to respect the ensign of Saint George," said Charlie.

THE KING ARTHUR LEGENDS.

ALL great intellectual countries have their heroes who represent the great virtues, — and they likewise have their evil geniuses who typify the evil principle. These heroes usually come out of antiquity. Some champion of right, or lovable and unselfish character, serves as

the initial figure, and about him legends grow with the ages, until he becomes grand and godlike, and is the ideal of his race. So rose King Arthur.

There was doubtless some such hero, who was a patriotic Briton, who was chivalric, and possessed a high sense of honor. He represented virtue, was an ideal, and about him legends began to form.



TINTAGEL, THE HOME OF KING ARTHUR.

Stories of all the virtues took his name. The Arthurian legends have found their latest and probably final expression in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Arthur is supposed to have lived in the sixth century, and is represented as a most virtuous prince who fought to maintain the Christian faith of the Britons against the pagan Saxons. His exploits became the subjects of the Welsh bards. Geoffrey of Monmouth threw about his name a series of fictions truly Oriental, and the

French romancers added their imaginations. So a poetic Arthur was in course of time formed around the central figure of the champion of Christ and of virtue. The prophet Merlin came into the story, like Marguerite into the Faust legend. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Arthur's father was Uther. The birth of Arthur was an enchantment. He championed every great cause. He even defeated the Roman army. He met his evil genius in the form of his nephew, Modred, who revolted against him. In a contest with this nephew he was wounded, and was taken to the Isle of Avalon to be "nursed by weeping queens." The legends grew. He became a Welsh hero. He lived in Wales with his beautiful wife Guinevere. He had hundreds of knights and ladies, all chivalrous like himself, except those who served as dark figures to brighten the forms of light. Twelve knights, the noblest of his retinue, used to sit with him at the Round Table. From his court knights went forth to champion every good and righteous cause, — to protect women, to overthrow giants, and to break enchantments. They were Knights of the Cross, and Arthur himself was the Prince of Christ.

Tennyson gathers up the best of these traditions of a thousand years, and appropriates all their poetic colorings. The grandest legend of all relates to the last battle of Arthur, and the noble words that he is said to have uttered. We give it here as found in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

THE DYING KING'S BATTLE.

THE island being by this conduct now almost laid waste, the king, having information of the matter, fell into a greater rage than his weakness could bear, and commanded all his nobility to come before him, that he might reprove them severely for their pride and cowardice ; and as soon as they were all entered into his presence, he sharply rebuked them in menacing language, and swore he himself



THE BRITONS DRAWN UP IN LINE OF BATTLE.



would lead them against the enemy. For this purpose he ordered a horse-litter to be made, in which he designed to be carried, for his infirmity would not suffer him to ride in any other sort of vehicle; and he charged them to be all ready to march against the enemy on the first opportunity. So without delay the horse-litter and all his attendants were got ready, and the day arrived which had been appointed for their march.

The king therefore being put into his vehicle, they marched directly to Verulam, where the Saxons were grievously oppressing the people. When Octa and Eosa had intelligence that the Britons were come, and that the king was brought in a horse-litter, they disdained to fight with him, saying it would be a shame for such brave men to fight with one that was half dead. For which reason they retired into the city, and, as it were in contempt of any danger from the enemy, left their gates wide open. But Uther, upon information of this, instantly commanded his men to lay siege to the city, and assault the walls on all sides; which orders they strictly executed, and were just entering the breaches which they had made in the walls, and ready to begin a general assault, when the Saxons seeing the advantages which the Britons had gained, and being forced to abate somewhat of their haughty pride, condescended so far as to put themselves into a posture of defence. They therefore mounted the walls, from whence they poured down showers of arrows, and repulsed the Britons. On both sides the contest continued till night released them from the fatigue of their arms, which was what many of the Britons desired, though the greater part of them were for having the matter quickly decided with the enemy.

The Saxons, on the other hand, finding how prejudicial their own pride had been to them, and that the advantage was on the side of the Britons, resolved to make a sally at break of day, and try their fortune with the enemy in the open field; which was accordingly done. For no sooner was it daylight, than they marched out with

this design, all in their proper ranks. The Britons, seeing them, divided their men into several bodies, and advancing toward them, began the attack first, their part being to assault, while the others were only upon the defensive. However, much blood was shed on both sides, and the greatest part of the day spent in the fight, when at last, Octa and Eosa being killed, the Saxons turned their backs, and left the Britons a complete victory. The king at this was in such an ecstasy of joy, that whereas before he could hardly raise up himself with help of others, he now without any difficulty sat upright in his horse-litter of himself, as if he was on a sudden restored to health, and said with a laughing and merry countenance, "These Ambrons called me the half-dead king, because my sickness obliged me to lie on a horse-litter; and indeed so I was. Yet victory to me half dead is better than to be safe and sound, and vanquished. For to die with honor is preferable to living with disgrace."

The Saxons, notwithstanding this defeat, persisted still in their malice, and entering the northern provinces without respite infested the people there. Uther's purpose was to have pursued them; but his princes dissuaded him from it because his illness had increased since the victory. This gave new courage to the enemy, who left nothing unattempted to make conquest of the kingdom. And now they have recourse to their former treacherous practices, and contrive how to compass the king's death by secret villany. And because they could have no access to him otherwise, they resolved to take him off by poison; in which they succeeded. For while he was lying ill at Verulam they sent away some spies in a poor habit, to learn the state of the court; and when they had thoroughly informed themselves of the posture of affairs, they found out an expedient by which they might best accomplish their villany. For there was near the court a spring of very clear water, which the king used to drink of when his distemper had made all other liquors nauseous to him. This the detestable conspirators made use of to



"THE SAXONS WITHSTOOD THE ATTACK BRAVELY."

destroy him, by so poisoning the whole mass of water which sprung up, that the next time the king drank of it he was seized with sudden death, as were also a hundred other persons after him, till the villany was discovered, and a heap of earth thrown over the well.

As soon as the king's death was divulged, the bishops and clergy of the kingdom assembled, and carried his body to the convent of Amboius, where they buried it with regal solemnity, close by Aurelius Ambrosius, within the Giant's Dance.

THE SWORD OF AVALON.

FROM THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

"SINCE these impious and detestable Saxons have disdained to keep faith with me, I, to keep faith with God, will endeavor to revenge the blood of my countrymen this day upon them. To arms, soldiers, to arms! and courageously fall upon the perfidious wretches, over whom we shall, with Christ assisting us, undoubtedly obtain the victory."

So said King Arthur. When he had done speaking, Saint Dubricius, Archbishop of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice: "You that have the honor to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to your country and fellow-subjects, whose sufferings, by the treachery of the pagans, will be an everlasting reproach to you if you do not courageously defend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory, and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself which is suffered in so glorious a cause shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins."

At these words, all of them, encouraged with the benediction of

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The Britons, seeing this, followed their leader in great multitudes, and made slaughter on all sides; so that Colgrin and Badulph his brother, and many thousands more, fell before them. But Cheldric, in this imminent danger of his men, betook himself to flight.

THE STORY OF PENDRAGON.

FROM THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

At the same time Pascentius, the son of Vortegion, who had fled over into Germany, was levying all the forces of that kingdom against Aurelius Ambrosius, with a design to revenge his father's death; and promised his men an immense treasure of gold and silver, if with their assistance he could succeed in reducing Britain under his power. When at last he had corrupted all the youth of the country with his large promises, he prepared a vast fleet, and arrived in the northern part of the island, upon which he began to make great devastations. The king, on the other hand, hearing this news, assembled his army, and marching against them, challenged the enraged enemy to a battle; the challenge was accepted, and by the grace of God the enemy was defeated and put to flight.

Pascentius, after this flight, durst not return to Germany, but shifting his sails, went over to Gillomanus, in Ireland, by whom he was well received. And when he had given him an account of his misfortune, Gillomanus, in pity to him, promised him assistance, and at the same time vented his complaint of the injuries done him by Uther, the brother of Aurelius, when he came for the Giant's Dance. At last, entering into confederacy together, they made ready their fleet, in which they embarked, and arrived at the city of Minevia. This news caused Uther Pendragon to levy his forces, and march into Cambria to fight them; for his brother Aurelius then lay sick at Winchester, and was not able to go himself. When

Pascentius, Gillomanius, and the Saxons heard of it, they highly rejoiced, flattering themselves that his sickness would facilitate to them the conquest of Britain. While this occurrence was the subject of the people's discourse, one of the Saxons, named Eopa, came to Pascentius, and said, "What reward will you give the man that shall kill Aurelius Ambrosius for you?"

To whom Pascentius answered: "Oh that I could find a man of such resolution! I would give him a thousand pounds of silver, and my friendship for life; and if by good fortune I can but gain the crown, I promise upon my oath to make him a centurion." To this Eopa replied, "I have learned the British language, and know the manners of the people, and have skill in physic. If therefore you will perform this promise, I will pretend to be a Christian and a Briton, and when, as a physician, I shall be admitted to the king's presence, I will make him a potion that shall despatch him; and to gain the readier access to him, I will put on the appearance of a devout and learned monk." Upon this offer Pascentius entered into covenant with him, and confirmed with an oath what he had promised. Eopa therefore shaved his beard and head, and in the habit of a monk hastened to Winchester, carrying with him many vials full of medical preparations.

As soon as he arrived there, he offered his service to those that attended about the king, and was graciously received by them; for to them now nobody was more acceptable than a physician. Being introduced into the king's presence, he promised to restore him to his health if he would but take his potions. Upon which he had his orders forthwith to prepare one of them, into which when he had secretly conveyed a poisonous mixture he gave it to the king. As soon as Aurelius had drunk it up, the wicked Ambron ordered him presently to cover himself close up and fall asleep, that the detestable potion might the better operate. The king readily obeyed his prescriptions, and in hopes of his speedy recovery fell asleep.

But the poison quickly diffused itself through all the pores and veins of his body, so that the sleep ended in death. In the mean time the wicked traitor, having cunningly withdrawn himself first from one and then from another, was no longer to be found in the court. During these transactions at Winchester there appeared a star of wonderful magnitude and brightness, darting forth a ray, at the end of which was a globe of fire in form of a dragon, out of whose mouth issued two rays, one of which seemed to stretch out itself beyond the extent of Gaul, the other towards the Irish Sea, and ended in seven lesser rays.

At the appearance of this star a general fear and amazement seized the people, and even Uther, the king's brother, who was then upon his march with his army into Cambria, being not a little terrified at it, was very curious to know of the learned men what it portended. Among others, he ordered Merlin to be called, who also attended in this expedition to give his advice in the management of the war, and who, being now presented before him, was commanded to discover to him the signification of the star. At this he burst out into tears, and with a loud voice cried out, "O irreparable loss! O distressed people of Britain! Alas! the illustrious prince is departed. The renowned king of the Britons, Aurelius Ambrosius, is dead! whose death will prove fatal to us all unless God be our helper. Make haste, therefore, most noble Uther, make haste to engage the enemy; the victory will be yours, and you shall be king of all Britain. For the star and the fiery dragon under it signifies yourself, and the ray extending towards the Gallic coast portends that you shall have a most potent son, to whose power all those kingdoms shall be subject over which the ray reaches. But the other ray signifies a daughter, whose sons and grandsons shall successively enjoy the kingdom of Britain."

Uther, though he doubted of the truth of what Merlin had declared, pursued his march against the enemy, for he was now come within half a day's march of Minevia. When Gillomanus, Pascentius, and the

Saxons were informed of his approach, they went out to give him battle. As soon as they were come within sight of each other both armies began to form themselves into several bodies, and then advanced to a close attack, in which both sides suffered the loss of men, as usually happens in such engagements. At last, towards the close of day, the advantage was on Uther's side, and the death of Gillomanus and



IN THE HEAT OF THE COMBAT.

Pascentius made a way for complete victory; so that the barbarians, being put to flight, hastened their ships, but were slain by their pursuers. Thus by the favor of Christ the general had triumphant success, and then with all possible expedition, after so great a fatigue, returned back to Winchester, for he had now been informed, by messengers that arrived, of the king's sad fate, and of his burial, by the bishops of the country, near the convent of Aurelius, within the Giant's Dance, which in his lifetime he had commanded to be made. For upon hearing the news of his death, the bishops, abbots, and all the clergy of the province had met together at Winchester to solemnize his funeral.



CHATSWORTH.



And because in his lifetime he had given orders for his being buried in the sepulchre which he had prepared, they therefore carried his corpse thither, and performed his obsequies with royal magnificence.

But Uther his brother, having assembled the clergy of the kingdom, took the crown, and by universal consent was advanced to the kingdom. And remembering the explanation which Merlin had made of the star above mentioned, he commanded two dragons to be made of gold, in likeness of the dragon which he had seen at the ray of the star. As soon as they were finished, which was done with wonderful nicety of workmanship, he made a present of one to the cathedral church of Winchester, but reserved the other for himself, to be carried along with him to his wars. From this time, therefore, he was called Uther Pendragon, which in the British tongue signifies the dragon's head; the occasion of this appellation being Merlin's predicting, from the appearance of a dragon, that he should be king.

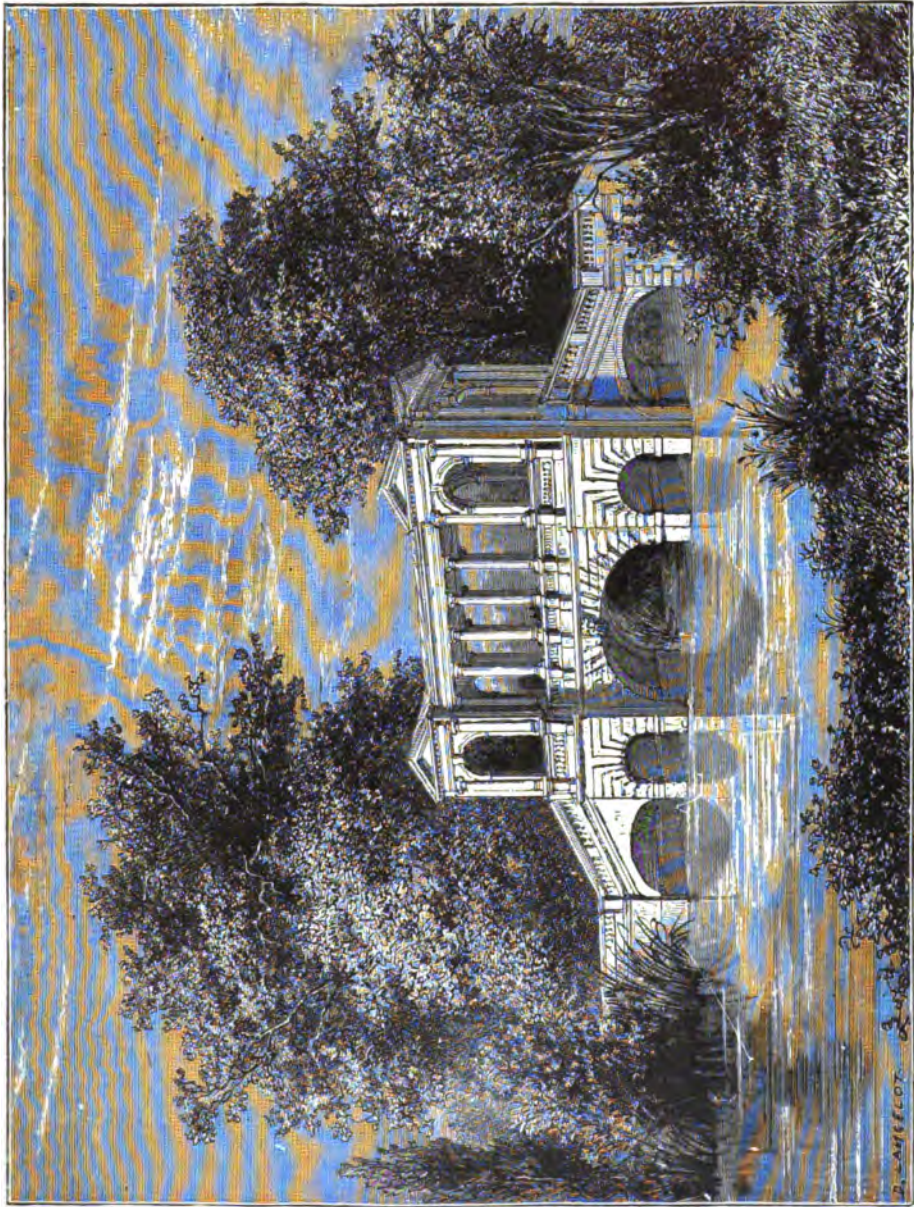
CHAPTER XV.

A LETTER FROM GREAT HAMPDEN.

GREAT HAMPDEN, February, —



DEAR MADAM,— I renew my thanks for your call at Hampden, and for presenting to me a subject that has greatly interested me. I have fulfilled my promise, and have made a study of the correspondence of John Hampden the patriot. The result is, that I have a positive conviction that John Hampden did visit America, as you suppose, and yet I fail to find the direct and positive assertion of it. What I do find is that his dream was of America, and that he had schemes of colonization, which he intended to carry out in case the popular cause should fail. He was a very reticent man, and in respect to his visiting America and his colonization schemes, he had good cause for reticence; because if it had been known that he was seeking to leave the country to establish a foreign colony, it might have tended to make him politically unpopular at home. He was accused of having colonization plans, and in regard to these was placed politically on the defensive. His correspondence shows that American matters were very familiar to him. He was an intimate friend of Sir John Eliot, and Eliot was a great admirer of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia. Eliot's great essay on the "Monarchy of Man" is full of the principles of human freedom. Eliot



IN HAMPDEN PARK.

was imprisoned for his defence of popular rights, and, on going to prison, gave his two sons to the charge of Hampden.

Eliot too had emigration schemes, evidently secretly maintained. In a letter of Hampden to Sir John Eliot in prison, these schemes are alluded to in a very guarded way. I will copy the letter, in order to show you the spirit of the times, and how plans in regard to American colonization were treated as matters of confidence by the English patriots at his time.

NOBLE SIR, — I hope this letter is conveyed to you by so safe a hand that you will be the first to open it: or if not, yet since you enjoy, as much as without contradiction you may, ye liberty of a prison, it shall be no offence to wish you to make the best use on't, and that God may find you as much his, now that you enjoy the benefit of secondary helps, as you found him yours while by deprivation of all others you were cast upon his immediate support. This is all I have to say, or am willing to say, but that *the paper of considerations concerning the plantation* might be very safely conveyed to me by this hand, and after transcribing, should be safely returned, if you vouchsafe to send it to me. I beseech you to present my service to Mr. Valentine and Mr. Long, my countrymen, if with you, and let me be honored with the style of

Your faithful friend and servant,

JOHN HAMPDEN.

"The paper of consideration concerning the plantation" refers to the great emigration schemes of the patriots. If these schemes were so secretly guarded, it is not very strange that Hampden does not directly record his early visit to America, if such were made.

Again, Hampden was sent with Edward Winslow to visit Massasoit, because a Dutch ship had been driven on to the coast near the chieftain's place of residence, and that he might prove an interpreter. Nothing could have been more reasonable than that John Hampden, if he were then in the colony, should have been sent on such a mission. We are also told that this John Hampden much "desired to see the country," which would have been exactly the case of a visit from Hampden the patriot; and he speaks and writes afterwards as

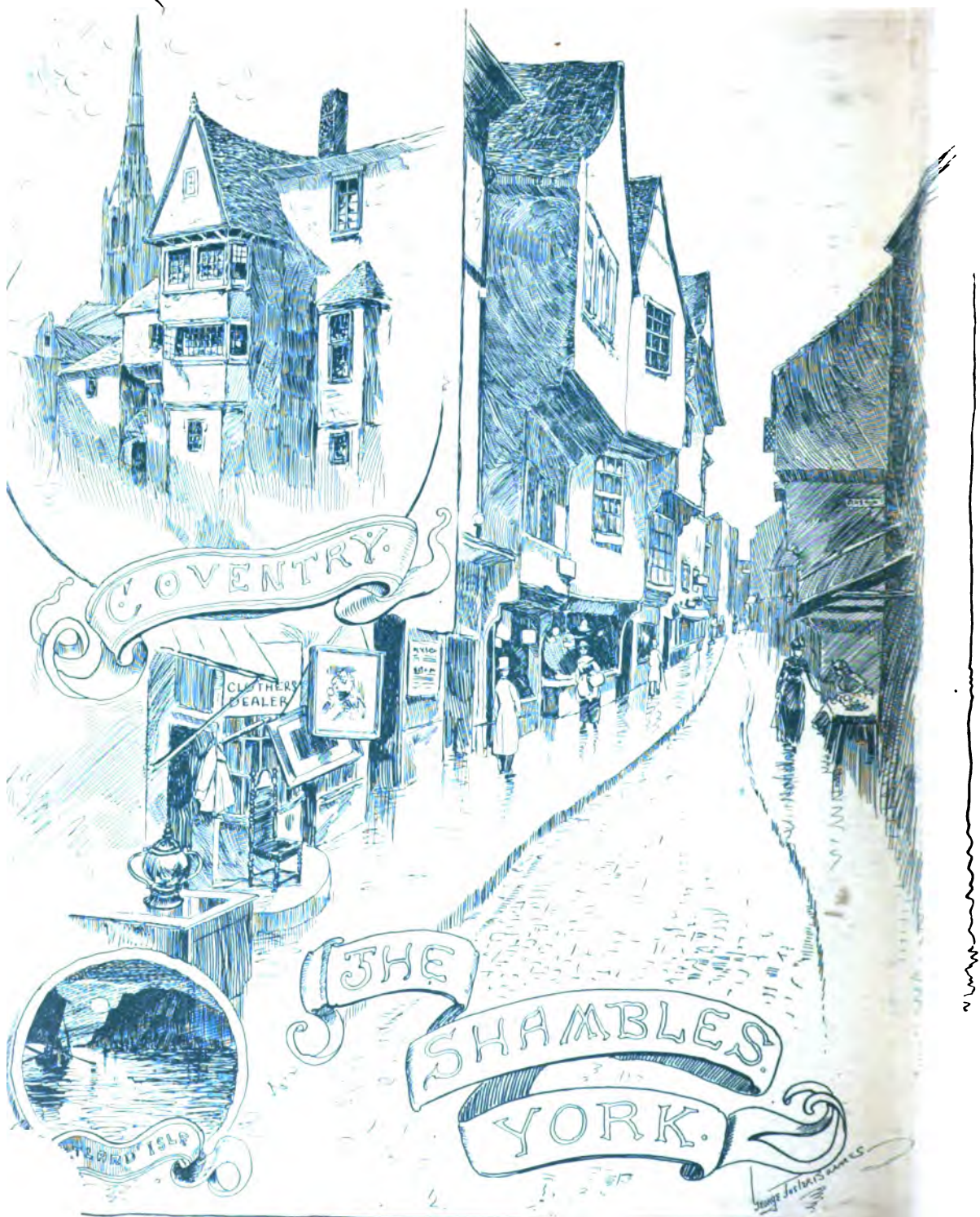
though he fully understood the country. The death of Eliot and the civil war cut off their schemes. Cromwell himself secretly entered into them. The old histories say that the patriots went so far as to start for America secretly, but that their ship was stopped in the Thames. This is denied; but the false record shows the spirit and thought of the times.

So, dear Madam, I think that your views are reasonable and probable, and that John Hampden, between the two Parliaments of James, secretly visited America. I am glad to know that by an accident his noble influence was so exerted as to save the Plymouth Colony from destruction, and to preserve the seeds of liberty which his own principles so much tended to develop. You should place in your town a monument of the interview between Hampden and Massasoit, since such great consequences followed this probable event.

I again thank you for interesting me in this most interesting subject; and with my compliments and regards am

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

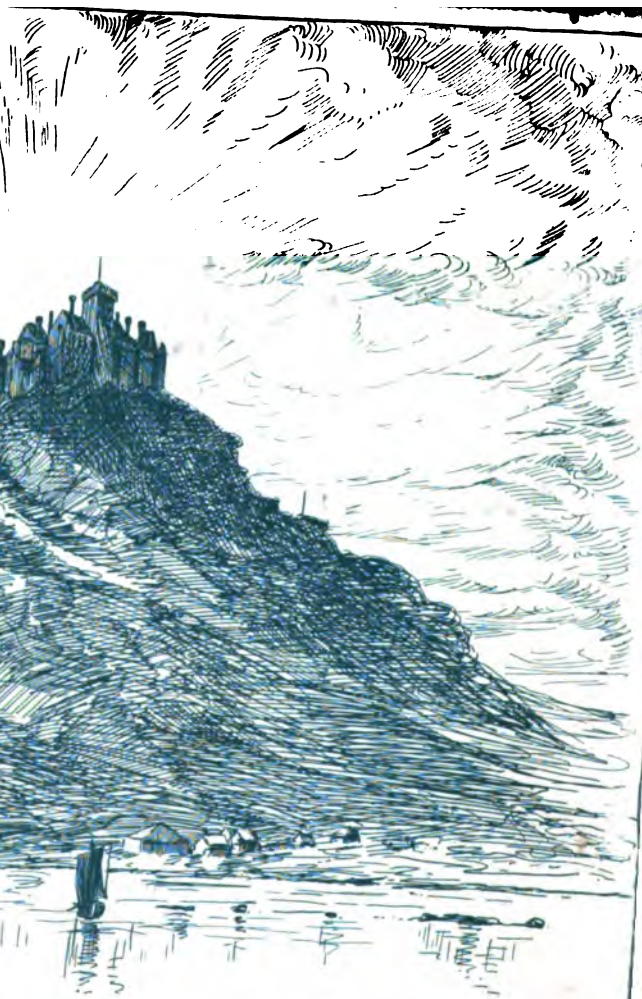
ELIZABETH HAMPDEN RUTT.



ST
MICHAEL'S
MOUNT



OWER GLENDOWER'S
PARLIAMENT HOUSE



THE
TERRACE, HADDON HALL

